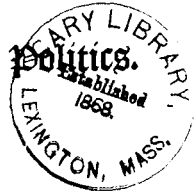


ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXI. — APRIL, 1888. — No. CCCLXVI.



YONE SANTO: A CHILD OF JAPAN.

XV.

FAIR PROMISE.

SEATED on my veranda, overlooking the broad bay of Yedo, I waited to learn the motive of this new demonstration.

"I will say once more," Milton began, "and say it for the last time, that, so far as I can judge myself, your threats of abusive treatment have no weight with me. But there are arguments at work in my own mind which do indeed affect me. Until this night, although I ought to have known, I did not fully know in what direction I was tending, nor with what insane speed. Now I do know. No harm, fortunately, has yet been done, and within a week I shall quit Japan, without again seeing Yone Santo."

He was a strange compound of weakness and impulsive vigor, of honorable and ignoble propensities. Listening to him now, marking the fervor, the apparent frankness, and the unmistakable feeling with which he spoke, no unprepared hearer could have distrusted him. For myself, I do not doubt that at the moment he was thoroughly sincere. But it would have been a lamentable folly, knowing his utter instability, to leave him in a condition of such merely superficial and probably transitory regret. His impressions might change entirely in a day; and I had — or believed I

had — ample evidence of the worthlessness of his pledges.

"Much harm *has* been done, sir," I said, in reply to one part of his observation.

"None whatever," he responded, "thanks to Yone's innocence, — not to my honesty. When I reached home, after leaving you this afternoon, I found a note from her, written at Santo's dictation, and asking for instruction about a detail of the boat. I first thought of going there to-morrow. But the evening was so bright that I determined upon an after-dinner walk to the building-yard. If you had asked me, I should have said it was mainly, if not solely, with a view to answering Santo's inquiries."

"And it would not have been true."

"It would have been true then, for, as I remember, that was certainly my conviction. Now, of course, I recognize that it was little better than a pretext, imposed by myself upon myself. But I had no foreshadowing of what would occur. The opportunity was unusual, and the temptation was great. Having settled the business question, old Santo himself proposed going into the garden; and after seeing Yone and myself seated on the bench, he straightway dropped asleep. I think we might have been there half an hour when you appeared. How much you heard I do not know. It was the first time I had ever addressed her in a way — in a way likely

to do harm. I had been friendly, and, I admit, affectionate before, — too much so, perhaps, — but I had never tried to pervert her notions of right and wrong. As you probably know, I failed completely, — and I thank God for it. I was surprised in the beginning, then vexed, at her total lack of comprehension. I could not help wondering if it was genuine, but I soon saw I might as well have endeavored to make her understand a new language as tried to sully her thoughts with a suspicion of evil.”

“Why do you tell me this?” I demanded.

“Because, whether I succeed or not, I wish to try and repair some of the damage I have done, — the only damage, I may say, — which is the uneasiness I have caused you.”

“That may rest. But it is not the only damage. The unfamiliar words and ideas you have planted in Yone’s mind will not pass out of her recollection, as if she were a girl of mean intelligence. You have laid a foundation upon which her imagination will build, until she becomes acquainted with the existence of many things yet unknown to her. It was against such a risk that I would have guarded her, at any cost.”

“But surely, Dr. Charwell, I may say — Heaven knows, without a thought of offense — that a girl of her peculiar beauty would be sure, sooner or later, to be enlightened.”

“You know little of this country, sir. She might live to old age, and never hear a whisper of such venomous stuff as you have attempted to pour into her ears to-night. That does not happen to be the style of ill-treatment which the Japanese apply to women of a decent class. It was reserved for foreigners to institute the pastime of woman-hunting in this part of the world. And a noble revelry they make of it! They remind me of that princely Nimrod, the Count de Chambord, who used to have

his deer driven so close that he could look into their eyes, and then, as he slaughtered them right and left, he called it sport. The pursuit of Japanese women by foreigners is the same sort of manly diversion. They bring down their game, not because they are expert or daring, but because their victims are all unconscious of the danger that threatens them. You and others fall in with a pretty and attractive girl, and ply her with seductive words she has never heard before, — words which she did not know *could* be spoken to her, and the sound of which awakens emotions she had never dreamed of. She becomes alive to possibilities far outside of her accustomed sphere, and to the possession of faculties as strange to her as sunlight to the blind. Think how narrow are the limits of a Japanese woman’s happiness! Maternity is the single deep and absorbing joy she can know. If she gets a husband who treats her with reasonable kindness, she may become moderately attached to him; but conjugal love is a sentiment she never feels, and never dares to feel. If she finds it stealing upon her, she knows her sole hope is to crush it out, lest she suffer the more keenly when the inevitable day of neglect and cruelty comes. As for the proud delight of courtship, the little span of bliss when the weaker becomes the stronger, when the expectant bride is the ruler and her lover the willing slave, no glimpse of such ecstasy ever dawns upon girlhood in Japan. Of all the women in the land, not one knows what it means. But you are not to suppose them any more destitute of tender sensibilities than our own daughters and sisters. The loving instincts of their sex are not called into life here, — that is all. But what is to happen when one of them listens to professions, against the danger of which *our* young women are guarded by parental vigilance or conventional education? Why should the untaught Japanese doubt the sincer-

ity of what she hears? She knows no reason why any man alive — least of all, any foreigner — should take pains to flatter or delude her by false avowals. What is *she*, to assume that it is worth any man's while to beguile her with deceitful protestations? Who would so foolishly waste time on *her*? Strange as it seems, it must be real and true. She has never before been told she possessed beauty, or grace, or other charms; certainly not as she is now told. Her thoughts have never been turned into those channels. In the ordinary course of her life they never would be. But now she is confronted by a foreigner, a being upon whom she looks as a moral and intellectual superior, who flutters her little soul with caresses which she does not know how to reject, and which open to her a rare new world of poetry and romance. Then comes her dream of happy love, which lasts a month, two months, more commonly a week, and from which she awakes with her poor fond heart broken, — broken as ruthlessly as the tie which she believed, because she had been told, would endure forever. That's the proud game of the woman-hunter in Japan. That is the game which you, Mr. Milton, start out to play with a trusting, unsuspecting child, confident that, in the unequal contest, your practiced weapons will swiftly beat down her weak defenses, and destroy her."

"I won't admit," said Milton, without a trace of the anger or impatience I had looked for, — "I won't admit that any injury can come of it, though I have no intention of exculpating myself. I will say, whether you credit it or not, that there was no premeditation. The grievous story you told me earlier in the day was fresh in my mind, and I was filled with pity for the poor girl. Pity — that is to say — well, you shall have the truth without disguise, — it was *not* all pity. She has had a hold upon me for weeks, which I could not break away from.

Not that she knew anything about it. All she has heard amiss from me she has heard to-night. It cannot hurt her. She is not one of the ignorant and unguarded class you speak of. She is well educated; her training has been ample. She is far above danger from so small a mischance as this."

"Not so. Her education has not prepared her for experiences of this kind. Warnings against the snares of unscrupulous foreigners could hardly be taught in the schools for Japanese girls. Unhappily, her culture, though far from what it should be, has advanced sufficiently to render her keenly susceptible to severe misfortune. She is one of the few whose minds have been too rapidly and maturely developed for the position they are constrained to hold. Without foreign cultivation of any kind, she might have passed through life, even as the wife of a rude mechanic, and never felt the worst of the griefs and humiliations she has now to endure. Left unaware that the conditions of her existence were a perpetual degradation, she would have known little of the shame which now oppresses her. Fortunately, her scholarship yields her some compensations, and her own beautiful nature sustains her in patience. But there is one misery from which neither her studies nor her high character can protect her, and which, if it falls upon her, will be increased a thousand-fold by the very acuteness of her intelligence. She has no knowledge yet — at least I trust not — as to what her own heart is capable of. All I can wish for her is a composed and tranquil passage, without heavy sorrows, over the course marked out for her. But if her stronger affections are ever awakened by such wiles as a reckless libertine may employ, and if she learns what passionate love means, then her peace is gone, her future is a hopeless misery. And if you, Arthur Milton, set yourself to an undertaking so cowardly and base as to draw this good and noble girl away from the

life to which she has resigned herself, only to leave her presently to everlasting despair, you are a monster of whom, I tell you plainly, I think the Almighty might well be helped to rid the world with the least possible loss of time."

"I have said I shall go away from Japan," answered Milton, "and I mean to go. I cannot bring myself to share your apprehensions, but I will act as if I did. I consent to be governed by your extravagant theories, but it will never be apparent to me that a young woman's whole life need be made wretched by a bit of harmless flirtation."

"Flirtation! I tell you again that girls of Yone's stamp know nothing of such a word. They either believe or disbelieve what is said to them. You do not require to be told whether your language and tone were calculated to delude her into a false conviction of your sincerity. You are well aware that if she had continued to listen understandingly, she would have taken your declarations in all honesty. She is not the girl to yield to them in any way affecting her good name, — never suppose that, — but she might have been touched by a spell which would endanger her peace of mind. I trust to God she has escaped it. She cannot know what a happy love is; it is too late for that. After all she has gone through, she had better die at once than learn what love in any form but that of friendship means."

"Of course you know, Dr. Charwell," said Milton, after a few moments' thought, "that I could bring a score of opinions to set against yours. I have met more than one man, with as much experience as you have had, who would scream with glee at the notion of a Japanese girl breaking her heart on any pretense. Plenty of the 'old residents' are quite as emphatic on their side of the question as you are on yours."

"Yes, you have fallen in with some of those hardened brutes — leaders of

rational public opinion, they call themselves — who strive to establish a belief in the general profligacy of Japanese women, in order to lessen the scandal of their personal iniquities. I know the set, and what their evidence is worth; and so do you, I'll warrant; though you choose to quote them as entitled to credence. But I tell you that if you listen long to those cold-blooded reptiles, you will soon wish to forget you ever had a mother or a sister."

"Bad as they may be," replied Milton, "they have facts to support them. They do get possession of Japanese women without much difficulty, and generally with the connivance or approval of their fathers or brothers."

"That is a different matter. I make no attempt to defend such Japanese *men* as condemn their wives or daughters to shameful lives. The best contrived tortures of a couple of centuries ago would be too good for them. I speak only of the women. They are victims, not willful sinners. They are brought up to believe that the highest virtue is blind obedience to parental decrees. They accept their doom as a martyrdom, and surrender themselves to a contamination which, they assume, the dire need of their elders renders inevitable. It is often the saddest of sacrifices, yet foreigners, knowing this to be true, inhumanly pretend that the vicious course is adopted with satisfaction, if not with eagerness. Worse than all, the foreign women who come here with maxims of Christian charity in their mouths, ostensibly to aid in the work of civilization, — these women, almost without exception, join in the defamatory outcry, and, from the moment of their arrival, act upon the absurd theory that they are dealing with a race of beings among whom chastity, modesty, and delicacy are unknown. They treat their charges, not as if a single one of them possessed the naturally clean instincts of girlhood, but as if they must all be put through some humiliat-

ing process of moral purification before being admitted to companionship with these over-righteous messengers of social enlightenment. And the result? But we are straying far from the track, Mr. Milton. Our subject is particular, not general. Your departure, I understand, will take place" —

"Within a week, as you shall see," he answered.

I thanked him, but with an effort, for indeed nothing would have completely satisfied me except, probably, his immediate withdrawal, even at that impracticable hour, — on foot, if necessary, — to Yokohama, and his prompt embarkation from that port early in the morning. I had obtained, however, as much as I could expect; and with that partially consolatory reflection I retired, to pass the night in conjectures as to the steps required for my ill-guarded child's welfare in future, mingled with deep regrets that, among the whole body of European and American residents settled in Japan, I could not bethink me of one true, large-hearted woman to whom I might confide the story of Yone's life, and whose generous sympathy would supply the help which my sex and my rougher nature alike disqualified me from offering. Not one!

XVI.

TREACHERY.

As I sat alone, the next morning, still musing, with many misgivings, over the difficult situation, I was startled by the abrupt entrance of Milton, in vehement haste and much disorder, and so agitated as to be for some moments incapable of speech. He flung himself into a chair, and gazed at me intently, essaying at intervals to articulate, but repeatedly failing. I carried him a glass of spirits, part of which he drank, exclaiming, afterward, in a husky voice, —

"I wish to God it was poison!"

"You don't wish anything of the sort," I replied; "and I hoped, from our understanding of last night, that there would be no more occasion for these mock heroics. What has happened?"

He left the chair he had taken on first entering, and seated himself in another, close beside my table.

"We can be alone, I hope," he said.

"Certainly;" and I locked the office doors. Returning near him, and examining him attentively, I saw that he was in an unnatural state of excitement, from which I could not but draw alarming forebodings.

"Come, what has happened?" I again demanded.

"Worse — yes, much worse — than I could have believed," he panted, in response.

"Speak plainly, man!" I cried. "To begin with, you have seen Yone."

"But I did not go to her," he protested, eagerly. "It was the purest accident."

"There, there," I answered, "leave off excusing yourself and your misdeeds. What has happened to Yone?"

"Nothing, — nothing serious, I hope — I believe. I have just left her, at the bridge near the Custom House. I think she will soon be coming to you. I — I wanted to see you first."

"Naturally," said I, giving full vent to my contempt, and concerning myself in no degree about his feelings, now that I felt assured Yone was safe, — "naturally enough; you wanted me to hear your own story before getting the absolute truth from her."

"In any case," he proceeded, "you had best listen to me, at present. You can learn what you wish to learn from her, afterward. She has gone to the school, and may be here in a few moments. God knows I don't want to see her again, — not now, if ever. I want to get over what I have to do, and be gone. No, sir, you have no conception of my motive in coming. I have broken

faith, and disgraced myself; and I choose that you shall hear of it from me, rather than from one whose kind heart would lead her to soften — to conceal — my miserable” —

He broke off abruptly, and so livid a pallor overspread his countenance that I forbore further reproaches. Presently he resumed: —

“I was at work the best part of last night, packing and making ready, and by to-morrow I should have been prepared to start for Yokohama. I had not the remotest idea of seeing Yone again. But my cursed fortune brought us face to face, as I was walking about Tsukiji, early this morning. She was on her way to see you. Her curiosity, at least, was excited by what happened last night, and she was looking forward to an explanation, I suppose.”

“No doubt I could have given her one that would have done no harm,” I answered.

“But I could not,” he rejoined, excitedly. “There was nothing for me to tell but the truth. I could have avoided her, — I tried to; but to be with her, beside her, again — Good God, Charwell, don’t you know what temptation means? I lost all thought of everything, — everything but her and myself. I forgot I had ever made a promise. I forgot that we could ever be separated. We walked together for an hour, — perhaps two hours.”

“And what did you tell her?”

“All — all that I ought not to have told her. But she acted very nobly, Charwell; you must not have a single doubt about her. She was all you could have wished. But for myself” —

“Ay, keep to yourself, young man,” I broke in, “and don’t you offend decency by undertaking to vindicate Yone Santo. We shall have the devils from hell, next, avouching the purity of the saints.”

“You may say and do to me what you please, Dr. Charwell. Take a pistol

and fire it in my face, if you like. I deserve that, and more.”

“If you have nothing in your head but theatrical shams,” said I, “you had better go. You seem to have done your worst in every way. You have lied like a scoundrel, and you have sown unending sorrow in a gentle, harmless breast. I thank God I never before knew so foul a coward and villain, and I trust I never may see your like again. Now go!”

“You strike me when I am down.”

“Not I. I would, heavily enough, if it could do any good. But you had better get out of my sight. I see another visitor approaching. Not by that door; come this side. You can find your way through the house, and go out by the rear entrance.”

He went, with hesitating steps, and paused once, as if he would have spoken again; but I would endure nothing more from him, and closed with violence the door through which he disappeared. Then, with a choking sensation, I turned to admit the child who grew dearer and dearer to me as each bitter stroke of fate befell her.

I had urgent cause to exercise all the self-control that remained to me, as I took her hand and led her to a seat. A single night, or, more probably, the last few hours, had wrought a change in her which only the most hardened in worldliness or professional self-righteousness could see unmoved. The fair, open brow was clouded, and marked with lines of pain. The soft, engaging smile, seldom brightly joyous, but always infinitely winning and endearing, had disappeared; and her lips were pressed closely together, as if to hold in restraint the expression of an unwonted grief. The rich, dark eyes, which usually shone undimmed in frank and trustful sincerity, were cast down, under the influence of an emotion which she dreaded to betray. As I saw her slender form yielding to the physical weakness which the suffer-

ing of her earlier life had fastened upon her, I felt as if some dire fatality must have interwoven itself with the unhappy girl's destiny, to overcome which no human skill could avail. All that my care had done to remedy the injuries inflicted upon her in childhood — little enough it was, I knew too well — was now, I feared, undone at a blow. It seemed impossible that she could still retain sufficient strength to carry her through another term of tribulation.

"Thank you, good doctor," she said, presently lifting her face. "You did not look for me to-day. I asked permission to come to Tsukiji before the usual time, because something had made me anxious. You are always very kind, and I am sure you will help Yone a little."

"Yone has no need to ask that," I answered. "I hope it is nothing too serious for us to dispose of easily."

"I do not know," she sighed. "I think it is serious, and I am afraid it cannot be easily mended. It hurts me a little to tell, and if I might ask for a good deal of time I should be easier. But if you are occupied I shall wait, or come another day."

"No, my child, I am not occupied," I replied, feeling at the moment that I would be willing to make it my sole business for weeks and months to come, if I could hope to heal the wound I feared she had received.

"It ought not to be difficult for me to speak to you of anything," she resumed. "I do not quite understand it, — so old a friend. Yet it is hard to begin. You will not be angry, — I know that."

"Never, Yone, never; and being an old friend, I may be able to make it easier than you think."

She glanced at me with some surprise, and I continued, clasping her right hand in a vague desire to impart to her some of my own strength: —

"Now let me save you the trouble of beginning. It is about Mr. Milton."

Again she gave me a startled look,

and then bowed her head in assent, without speaking.

"You came because of what occurred near your house, on the river, last night; but since you reached Tsukiji something more important has happened, and *that* is what I must hear about."

She now gazed full in my face.

"You have seen him," she said, in a low voice.

"Yes, I have seen him. Do not tremble so. He has not told me much, and you need not tell me any more than you wish to. I am quite sure that everything you have done is right."

"You know, perhaps, that Arthur has given me" —

"Wait, Yone: why do you call him Arthur?"

"He asked me to do so last night, but then I was unwilling. He begged me again, very earnestly, this morning, and the things he said to me made me believe that it would not be wrong."

"There is no wrong about it, so far as you are concerned; but for the present it is better for you to speak of him as you always have done."

"I am sorry for that," she murmured, dejectedly.

"Why, Yone, does it please you, — do you wish to call him Arthur?"

"No, it is not that," she answered; "but he told me it was right. I am grieved that he did so. I trusted him."

"And he deceived you. But that fault is his, not yours, my child," said I, failing to seize at once the fact that already her concern was chiefly for him, and for his repute as an honest counselor.

"He wished me to call him Arthur, because, he said, he loved me."

"No doubt, no doubt; but now, you see, since he deceived you in a small matter, it would be unwise to believe him in a larger one."

"But I did believe him," she exclaimed; "I could not help but to believe him! Why should he trouble to

tell me such a thing only for falsehood ? No one would do that. There is no reason in it. I do believe him."

"Yone, my poor girl, what can I say to you ? You must not believe him."

"Doctor," she replied, softly, but very firmly, and looking steadily into my eyes, while the delicate color of her face deepened painfully, — "doctor, I *wish* to believe him."

"Go on, then, Yone ; let me hear all you have to tell. I will speak afterward."

She passed her disengaged hand across her forehead, and, struggling to command herself, answered thus : —

"Last evening, by the river, he began to say things which were quite new to me. At first I did not listen attentively, and understood only a little part. Soon it seemed that he was making jests, for both of us to laugh at ; but suddenly he spoke and acted in a way that gave me great surprise, — yes, and pain. Then, just before you joined us, he talked so wildly that I believed some trouble had disturbed his reason, and I was deeply alarmed for him. I saw that you were displeased. I had been displeased, too, but I could not bear to ask myself why. As I sat alone, beneath the stars, and recalled what had happened, strange thoughts came upon me. They were not wise, — I knew they were not wise, but I did not put them away. Doctor, I shall keep nothing from you : I could not compel myself to drive them away. They were with me through the night."

Her lips trembled, and she paused, again pressing her hand to her brow.

"And then" — I presently suggested.

"To-day he was more clear. I met him beyond Tsukiji, as I was coming to your house. He wished me to walk with him a little, and then he said he had loved me since he first saw me, though he had never before dared to tell it. I asked him why he had not dared, but he did not explain. Yet I

know he was in earnest. His voice shook while he spoke. His cheeks were sometimes so pale as to frighten me, and sometimes like burning flames. He implored me to love him, too. He said I must go with him" —

"What — where?" I hastily demanded.

"Away, far from Japan. And that is the most serious question I have to ask you, doctor. He told me it would be right for me to go ; that if I loved him one half as well as he loved me, I ought to go, and be always with him. Oh, doctor, you can tell me, — was it true ? Is it right ? Would the good men and women in your own country say it was right for me to go ? That is what I *must* know."

"Yone, do you really wish me to tell you how you should answer him ?"

"No, no, dear doctor, you do not understand," she responded, in great agitation and distress ; "you need not tell me that. I did answer him. But what I wish to know is if he spoke — if his words were true, when he told me that he was right to ask me, and that I should be right to go."

"Tell me first, Yone, what your answer was."

"Ah, that will pain me to repeat, for I was obliged to hurt his feelings. But I must not hide it from you. I showed him, as kindly as I could, how far distant such a thought must be from my mind. I showed him that, though I could not suppose he would mislead me about what men and women might do or say in Western countries, it was my duty not to think of them, but of the rules which we in Japan learn from our elders. Only a worthless woman, I had been taught, would leave her home at a stranger's commandment. And though Yone, the last of the daughters of Yamada, was a poor unlearned girl, no wickedness or shame should ever be spoken of her, or give her ancestors reason to look at her from above with scornful faces.

It was severe, doctor, yet I did not wish to be severe; my meaning was only to be truthful and just; and he — Mr. Milton — saw that, I am sure, for he made no sign of anger."

With a long and deep breath of thankfulness I drew her toward me, and lightly kissed her forehead. What! Had I allowed the faintest shadowy outline of a doubt as to the dear girl's integrity to darken my mind, even for the briefest moment? I turned away my head, utterly subdued.

"Why, doctor, have I said anything to afflict you? The tears are in your eyes. What shall happen when our strong doctor has tears in his eyes? You have something still harder for me to hear, I am afraid. But I must know it all. Tell me, I do beg you, did he speak the truth?"

"I can do no good, my dear, by concealing my thoughts, or making light of Mr. Milton's conduct. You have to learn a rough lesson, which I hoped you might never need to be taught. That man has no truth in him. Everything about him is false. He has, I believe, an easy and indolent fancy for you, because you are a girl of much beauty, and your beauty is of a kind he never saw before. But if he loved you with honest and manly sincerity, he would never have approached you as he did. For it is not true, in any country on the earth, that a man is permitted to talk to a woman as he talked to you, unless he can honorably make her his wife. He has been a villain from first to last. He meant to persuade you to join him in a disgraceful flight, in spite of my watchfulness. He swore to me, last night, that he would never see you again, — that he would leave the country without doing more harm. He is a perjured caittiff!"

She lifted her hand with a gesture of entreaty.

"Do not use such bitter words," she said faintly. "I feel that you are right.

He is not good; but it wounds me to hear he has acted with so much unkindness, all at once. I hoped — oh, I did hope you could tell me that what he said was in some manner true; that in foreign lands there were unguilty ways of following the course he urged to me. It would have made no change in my mind, nor in my action. I must do what is right in my own eyes, and be led by the teaching of our own good men. But if you could have made me sure that he did not try to blind me by wicked lies, I should be so much less unhappy. I cannot bear to think such things of him, — such wicked, cruel things."

Again the generous spirit was troubled more by the disclosure of his craft and falsehood than by the sorrow he had inflicted upon herself. But it was impossible for her to check or disguise, by any effort, the intensity of her own suffering. She pressed her hands convulsively to her breast, in the endeavor to control an anguish alike new and poignant.

"He has done his infamous work, my poor Yone, — I see he has, — and done it swiftly."

"So swiftly, yes; all in a day, all in one little hour."

A tapping at the door of an inner room interrupted us. Supposing a servant to be there, I opened it without hesitation, but found no one on the other side. Looking about, however, I presently, to my amazement, saw Milton in an opposite corner, endeavoring to escape other observation than mine. He beckoned, and I went to him at once.

"There is no way of getting out of this house of yours," he said, in a whisper. "The doors at the back are locked, and if I go by the side I shall be seen as I pass the windows of the room where you are. Help me away, somehow."

"You have been here ever since?" I asked.

"I have," he answered.

"And have heard" —

"I have heard every word. My God! What an ordeal, and what a revelation!"

"Come this way," said I, intending to show him a passage by which he might depart unnoticed. But, as we turned, we saw Yone standing at the door. Her quick ear had caught our subdued tones, and had probably recognized Milton's voice.

"No, do not go," she said, with a firmness I could not have expected. "I beg you, doctor, to permit him to stay. It is well that Mr. Milton should know what I have heard from you, since he left me at the bridge, not long ago."

The control of events was slipping out of my hands. Certainly, at this moment, I did not feel that I could interfere.

"Come back, then," I said, "since she wishes it so."

XVII.

THE STRUGGLE OF A NOBLE SOUL.

"You need not tell me what you have heard," Milton began, as soon as he re-entered the room, addressing himself directly to Yone, and in response to her last remark. "I know it all. I was close at hand. You have been told I am a traitor, a liar, and a perjurer. Oh, yes," and he forced a laugh, "I know the whole of it."

"Ah," I interposed, "you heard what I said, and that, I see, galled your pride; but I should like to know which of your senses was touched when you heard what this brave-hearted girl said."

"Do not speak of it, — not now," he answered, in humbler accents. Then, turning again to Yone, he added, "It was all true, all that part of it. You do not know, you cannot know, how horrible it is for me to say it, but it must come out. I *have* betrayed you; I *have* spoken falsely. For this I cannot defend myself. I cannot even ask you to forgive me. But you have been

made to believe one thing which is *not* true. Neither Dr. Charwell nor any man but myself has the right to say I do not love you" —

"Stop there!" I cried.

"Why shall I?" he persisted. "Let me tell the one excuse for my perfidy, poor as you choose to think it. I swear to you, Yone, that my whole heart" —

I sprang toward him with, I imagine, a warning light in my eyes, from which he saw the madness of continuing in that strain; but before I could act upon the impulse of hurling him forth into the street, Yone's mild voice once more arrested me: —

"Be not violent, dear doctor, and do him no harm, I beseech you. He cannot hurt me any more; that is ended. And it is right he should know what my feelings are. No, Arthur Milton, I do not believe that you love me. It is not true that you did ever love me. You have caused me to love you, and that I cannot help, — not for many years, and perhaps not while I am alive. But if I love you, I do not respect you, and one single small word from my kindest friend and father, here, means more to me than all that you can avow. You have been drawn to me by what has pleased you in my foolish Japanese face. It would have been more happy for me if my miserable body had been scarred by the pestilence which disfigured so many thousands in my infancy. I was told that I had a fortunate escape. I now see that the scourge would have been a blessing. It would have saved me from your cruelty, Arthur Milton, which is worse to bear than disease, or — or death."

Her voice sank as she uttered these words, to which Milton attempted no reply, only writhing and cringing, as if each sentence stung him like a lash.

"I do not understand it," she continued; "I do not seek to understand why you came to crush and to destroy, if you could, a simple woman who never

thought harm of you, but who believed you were as good as your speech was gentle, and as honest as the face you wear. I shall never ask how a man like you could make it his sport to throw me into sorrow and shame."

"Don't say that, Yone," I exclaimed. "Not shame, my poor child, not shame. Sorrow enough, and too much, dear girl, but not a touch of shame. I never held you in such honor as I do this day."

"Doctor, you do not know the whole," she replied; "I had not time to tell you. Others do not think like you. I visited the school before I came here."

For a short space I did not comprehend the full meaning of this statement. Then suddenly it rushed upon me.

"Good Heaven, Yone," I cried, "you have not done so thoughtless a thing as to tell those people what has happened!"

"Most of it I have told to the two older ladies," she answered, calmly.

"You have made an unfortunate mistake, my child," said I.

"I fear so now," she admitted. "But I could not know. I hoped, although they were not always mild in their speech, that they were still my friends. And this grief, doctor," she continued, paying little heed to Milton, who sat apart, "was new to me. I felt it was a grief belonging to women, — for women to understand and tell me how to heal. I did believe it was my duty to ask for help from some kind and generous ladies" —

"Not there, my dear; you could not find help in that place."

"Also there is something else," she proceeded, in a lower tone than before. "You have seen, doctor, the little scrolls hanging from their walls, with beautiful words taken from the book of their faith. They have long been written in my mind, but I never had such thoughts about them as came to me this morning. One, more than all others: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' With those

words of invitation shining on their walls, it was my true hope that even if they could not welcome me as friends, they would aid me in faithful obedience to the religion they profess. Even if I had done wrong, by their rules they were bound to give me help. But I have done no wrong to any one. I told them the truth: that Milton, their countryman, had tried to make me forget the teachings of honor and uprightness; that I had closed my eyes upon him forever, notwithstanding that my heart was full of tenderness for him; and that I begged them to show me how that sacred promise of their prophet could give me ease in this great pain."

"This, also, I have driven her to!" cried Milton, when Yone paused, gathering strength to proceed. "Is there no remedy, Charwell, — is there no way out of this misery?"

"They turned away from me," she resumed. "They said I was a wicked girl. And that is false!" She rose suddenly from her seat, and a flash of indignation, the first I had ever known to be kindled within her, shot from her eyes. "Yamada's daughter has many faults, — it does not become her to deny them; but *wicked* she never was. Doctor, you will protect me from such disgrace. You cannot fail me. You always know me, and you will trust me."

A confused outburst of execrations fell from Milton's lips, but little notice of what he said was taken by Yone, who pursued intently her own train of thought: —

"Many, oh, many times they have urged me to join their religion, and more than once I have reflected on it, — not because of what I heard from their lips, but for what I read in some of their books. I think, to-day, if they had not hidden their faces from me, and wounded me in my sorrow, — wounded me in spite of those solemn pledges in a holy name with which they cover their walls, — to-day, if they had offered me the

charity of the wise and gracious Christ in whose ways they tell us that they walk, I might have willingly, and perhaps gratefully, consented to their wish. But they are not what I thought them. Now I will look to the God of my fathers, whose priests are not learned, but are pitiful and kind. They cannot give me rest, — I know that; but they can make my life active in useful labor, and help me to forget a part of my own burden in lightening the burdens of others; and that is the best I can hope for, in many dreary years to come.”

Parts of this touching lament were uncomprehended by Milton, as she had spoken alternately in English and in Japanese; and she seemed at times almost unaware that she had listeners. As she concluded, she moved toward the door, unheeding the young man's renewed appeal, —

“Yone, wait; let us see if something may not yet be done. Charwell, in Heaven's name, stop her.”

“Not against her will,” I answered. “Do you wish to go now, Yone? Are you strong enough?”

“I wish to go,” she feebly responded.

“Then I will go with you. Say nothing to hinder me. Obey your doctor; you are not well enough to be alone. You, Mr. Milton, will, I hope, be here two hours hence. I have something of serious moment to say to you, quite different from anything you have yet heard.”

“What!” he said, eagerly, “do you mean there is still a hope?”

“I mean to give you one more chance; look to it that you appreciate its importance and its value.”

I found a spacious *jîn riki sha*, and insisted on sitting beside her as she was drawn homeward. As we passed the little church which the ladies of the seminary were accustomed to attend, we encountered the Philipson twain, promising. Their heads twirled around as if simultaneously moved by machinery,

and their faces remained averted until we were at a distance. Yone grew a little paler than before, but gave no other sign of having observed the slight.

“Yes, you will have to look elsewhere for your religion,” I said, to give her ideas a more active turn.

“They could never tell me what I wish to know,” she replied; “I see that now. And I never shall enter their house again, unless great sickness or trouble is there. Or, if you mean to speak of the church itself, I do not think I should have gone to it often. I have never been there without discomfort. It is not pleasant to hear gentlemen and ladies, whose purpose I am sure is kind, telling strange things in a language which nobody can understand. I have always been sorry for them. The younger girls, with naughty mischief, would go to laugh at them, because, in spite of their earnestness, they had not really learned to speak Japanese. They would declare to us, before beginning, that their Lord would smooth away all differences of tongues and make everything plain; but in truth very few of them said anything we could comprehend. No, no; it was not by listening to them that I could have been relieved from trouble. I should have hoped to find what I needed by myself, with a little friendly help. One might almost be satisfied with those comforting legends which the ladies hang about their rooms. But though I wish to say no ill of any person, I think the words have meanings which those two stern sisters do not take into their souls.”

After this, she was silent until we had nearly reached her dwelling, when she spoke again: —

“Doctor, he said he could not ask me to forgive him, — Mr. Milton, I mean. I did not heed him then, and I could not answer. I wish you would promise me to tell him that he has no need to ask. I shall forgive him. But he must not know it until he is going away, —

just at the end. Nothing must happen that may lead him back to see me again. Only when you take leave of him, you can say that Yone will strive to forgive him, with all her — with all her strength."

XVIII.

THE LAST HOPE.

Returning to my home, two hours later, I found Milton awaiting me.

"You are punctual," I said.

"I have been here ever since. I was determined to wait for you, though I have twice been nearly driven away by one of those extraordinary missionary women, who seemed disposed to take absolute possession of the premises. She made me half wild by her attempts to drag me into conversation."

"Who was she?" I asked.

"Jackman I think she said the name was."

My heart sank. I could not comfort myself with a doubt as to the object of her call.

"Here she is again!" exclaimed Milton, impatiently. "I hope she has no business with you."

"None whatever. If she comes in, I will do my best to get rid of her, you may be sure."

The unwelcome visitor entered in breathless haste, and, without waiting for forms of salutation, began to interrogate.

"Have you heard the news, Dr. Charwell? It concerns you."

I was staggered by her audacity.

"What news?" I asked, thrown off my guard. Recovering instantly, however, I added, "I have heard no news, and if you will excuse me, Miss Jackman, I am too much occupied to listen to any now. I have an engagement with this gentleman."

She had not failed to observe my momentary confusion.

"I think you must have heard something," she said; "but if not, it is plainly my duty to inform you."

"I told you, Miss Jackman, that I have an engagement with this gentleman."

She gazed at him curiously and intently, pinching her lips together in an aguish smile.

"Perhaps this gentleman is Mr. Milton, of Boston," she observed, with extreme pungency of utterance.

I made no reply.

"Am I right, sir?" she continued, pertinaciously, addressing herself this time directly to Milton.

"That is my name, madam," he answered, shortly.

She glowed with exultation over the opportunity that had unexpectedly fallen to her. Now her proposed projectile would strike a double target.

"I am not sure," she proceeded, seating herself with stiff deliberation, "but that I have a call to deliver myself even in the presence of this very individual. The matter may be important for him to hear. A word in season is never misplaced."

Milton looked at her with surprise. He had no acquaintance with the robust and vigorous "reclaimer," and was utterly at a loss to understand the purpose of her remarks. I knew to what they tended, and endeavored to frustrate her malice by announcing an event which had been officially communicated to me the same morning, and thus introducing a theme which, I believed, would serve as a counter-irritant, and divert her fulminant energies into a new channel.

"Ah!" I cried, "of course I know your news! Speaking of delivering yourself gives me the cue. It is true: an imperial infant was born last night. I can't imagine how you heard of it."

The device was successful. A certain feature of the Mikado's domestic system, sanctioned by immemorial usage, but not amenable to the canons of West-

ern morality, had always been an object of this lady's most impassioned denunciation. She sped madly off upon the tempting tangent."

"Who — who — who" — she gasped.

"Who is the mother?" I responded, catching the meaning of her incoherent appeal. "Not the Empress, I regret to say."

"Abominable!" she burst out, stamping her foot. "If I were the Empress" —

"Ah, if you were!" I answered, quietly, by no means insensible to the humor of the suggestion, but unable, oppressed as I was by anxious cares, to derive any entertainment from it. My sole desire was to keep her ideas fixed upon this new and harmless topic. "As it is," I said, "the young prince will enjoy the customary privileges of his paternity, and probably succeed to the throne. The dignitaries go to court to-day to offer congratulations."

She rose, trembling with wrathful agitation.

"It is a court of shame and infamy," she railed; "it is a lost and abandoned court!"

"Not wholly, let us trust," I remonstrated. "There may yet be time for you to reclaim it, if you start at once."

She shot a vicious glance at me, and for an instant appeared undetermined whether to remain and pursue her original design, or rush to the dissemination of the later and more momentous intelligence. The fear of being forestalled decided her, and she darted forth to unburden herself of the interesting fact and of the presumably righteous indignation with which it inspired her.

Excepting for his restlessness at the delay she had caused, Milton had regarded her demonstrations with indifference, being ignorant of her motive in intruding. I, on the contrary, was filled with dismay, for it was evident that she had come from the Philipsons, and had taken upon herself the congenial task

of circulating their version of my poor child's sorrowful tale. Her reason for including me in the round of visitation was undoubtedly that she hoped to glean additional matter for redistribution. Milton's presence would have been no check, but would rather have instigated her to especially offensive manifestations; and it was a satisfaction to have warded off the explosion which would certainly have followed the disclosure of her errand. The expedient I used was simply the one which first presented itself, but it was vividly recalled at a later period by circumstances which impressed it indelibly upon my memory.

The moment she disappeared I locked the office doors and drew the window curtains together.

"We will not be interrupted again by anybody," I remarked.

"I thank you, Dr. Charwell."

Then, attacking the subject which had been weighing upon him, he said, —

"Your last words, when you took Yone away, gave me something like hope. I trust you intended them to do so."

Since my return he had not stirred from his position at one end of a table in an obscure corner of the room. I seated myself facing him, at the opposite side.

"It wholly depends upon yourself, Mr. Milton," I replied. "If you have manlier qualities than you have shown in the last few days; if the events of this morning have given you more correct ideas of justice and duty than you held before; to put it plainly, if you are worth the effort I may be induced to make, then I don't deny that there is something like hope."

"Do you think, Dr. Charwell, that any human being could go through what I have, see what I have seen, hear what I have heard, without becoming a changed man?"

"I don't know, I don't know. My

chief concern must be for Yone. At least, I suppose you know *her* better than you did. You will not pretend to question her goodness and nobleness now."

"God knows I do not."

"Her beauty needs no praise; and her cleverness and intelligence are not far behind it. She is not perfection. Persons of my age do not look for that in men or women. But she is as near to it as any being I ever saw. Now, the question is, Shall I attempt a thing most distasteful to myself, the wisdom of which I more than half distrust, but which will enable you to thoroughly comprehend and profit by the girl's rare virtues; or shall I take the safer course of sending you away, and allowing time to heal her bruises?"

"I am bound to go if you exact it, but is it not possible to find a way that may be better for her?"

"You can be sure, young man, that I have no other object in view. I understood you to say you would do anything in your power to repair the injury you have caused."

"I did; and so I will, gladly, eagerly. Only show me that it is possible."

"I can make it possible. Or, not to be too positive, I do not doubt my ability to do so. But let there be no mistakes. You are to remember that I attempt it only by reason of my affection for Yone. If you second me heartily, and do your best to make her happy again, I will more than forgive you. And yet" —

"You hesitate, because you still distrust me," broke in Milton. "I have given you cause. If I did not feel this, you know I could not have undergone so patiently what you have said to me. But let me have the chance, and this time I will prove my title to confidence. There! I will offer you no more pledges. Try me, and you shall see."

The haggard look already began to pass from his face, and his eyes brightened, apparently with good promise and sincere hopefulness. But this, again,

might be only a transient phase of his variable, shifting nature.

"After all," I said, "if my plan fails, it will only be another downward step on your part. Yone will not hear of it. Now, Mr. Milton, be good enough to tell me exactly what you proposed doing, if she had been the woman you thought her, and you had succeeded in getting her away."

It was an unexpected question, and he answered with some confusion: —

"If I had succeeded — I meant — perhaps I had no fixed or immediate intention; but I certainly ~~pro~~posed to keep to the letter every promise I had made for her happiness."

"You would have taken her from Japan?"

"Yes, surely."

"Clandestinely, I presume."

"Is this line of inquiry necessary, Dr. Charwell?"

"I must see my way, sir. I have no desire to say disagreeable things. I will try to avoid them. But we are on a new track now, and I must have a clear course before me."

"Certainly I could not have taken her otherwise than secretly."

"And what was your destination?"

"Oh, that I cannot tell. Any place in the wide world where she would have wished to go."

"And for how long?"

"For how long? I don't understand you."

"I wish to know at what time and place you would have proposed to desert her."

"Desert her! You are trifling with me, Dr. Charwell. Desert her! I wish you could read my thoughts. She should never have ceased to be cherished and protected. I would have assisted her to realize every desire of her heart. Her lightest fancies should always have been gratified. I have abundant means, for that matter; more than enough, most persons will say. She should have asked

for nothing on earth a second time, as long as she lived."

"Ah, as long as she lived," I repeated, drawing my chair close to him, and looking him steadily in the face. "Well, then, since you would not have deserted her, and would have devoted yourself to her as long as she lived, at what time and place would you have proposed to marry her?"

He started violently, knocking from the table a set of bronze ornaments, which he immediately stooped to pick up, keeping his face averted from me as he did so.

"Why — why — you know," he stammered, "as regards that, there is an obstacle; as matters stand, it is impossible. She is married already."

"I perceive, Mr. Milton, that you have not made yourself completely familiar with the phenomena of Japanese social life. You evidently know very little about the conjugal relation here; which, to be sure, is too repulsive, in many features, to attract ardent inquirers. It happens to be the case that for the most trivial causes — I might almost say for any cause, or, indeed, no cause — a husband can cast off his wife, and leave her to follow a separate course of life. He is entirely free; and, for all practical considerations that we need look at, so is she. Therefore there would have been no impassable barrier to marriage, at your earliest pleasure. But you will not imagine that I should approve any irregular proceeding. Nothing of that sort is in my mind. Nothing which might be deemed indecorous would satisfy my notion of what is fitting for Yone Santo. No running away for her; no law-breaking, bad as the law may be. She has a husband already, as you say, and you consequently assume that she cannot marry you. But now let us suppose that I remove the obstacle; that I make it all clear and practicable, — reputably, and in perfect accordance with every conventional requirement."

He changed his attitude as I thus addressed him, and stared at me, as if suddenly bereft of his senses.

"You astound me, Charwell. I can't take in such a train of thought. How can you make it possible? How can it be done?"

"For that matter," I replied, "the best explanation is in the byword of our immaculate spinster, Miss Sophia Philipson, — 'because we are in Japan.' For once in a way, a beneficent use can be made of a detestable system. It is absurd to imagine that Santo Yorikichi is capable of estimating the worth of a woman like Yone, and he never had an idea of deep attachment to any human being. He married her with a dim notion that he might thus 'get even' with the aristocratic class, to which, as he knew, she belonged. But he has outgrown that fancy, and I have little doubt that the constant proximity of a creature so delicate and refined, so antipathetic in all respects to his own coarse fibre, begins to weary him. Now, then, you see my drift."

Another set of ideas began to work in his unstable mind. He clutched nervously at the arms of his chair, grasped his head in his hands, and by divers signs and gestures indicated an extreme disquietude.

"I hardly think so," he said, hesitatingly. "No, not yet. All these things are so new, — so remarkable to me. I am not sure I understand you, even now."

"The sole difficulty is that Santo is a well-to-do man, for his station, and may not come readily to terms. He dotes on money, but he has already a fair amount of it. However, I will undertake to satisfy him in one solid way or another. The separation can and shall be effected. In less than a week, I trust, Yone may be liberated, without any deviation from proper and recognized Japanese practice. She shall stand before you free from entanglement, ut-

terly free from reproach, ready — unless she is more unforgiving than I can believe — to overlook what has passed, and to become your wife.”

“My wife!” he cried, while an expression of blank amazement and incredulity settled on his face, — “my wife! In God’s name, what are you raving about? Are you talking to *me* of marriage with the divorced wife of a Japanese mechanic? You must be mad!”

For a moment I was powerless to

speak. Then my temper, never under the steadiest mastery, burst forth uncontrolled, and a blinding rage possessed me.

“By the Lord, I believe I am mad!” I stormed. “I swear I must have been out of my senses for the last half hour. I thought I was talking with a man, and I only now discover that it’s a dog. Come, take advantage of the hallucination, you hound! Get out of my sight and reach, before I have time to think again what you really are.”

E. H. House.

ENGLISH FAITH IN ART.

IN England, during the last fifty years or more, visible religious influence — using the word “religious” in its accepted Christian meaning — has gradually weakened. During the same space of time there has been a marked revival of interest in art. Whether any actual relation exists between these two facts, whether one is the cause of the other, would be difficult to prove. But the study of this art movement makes it seem possible that, while some men have sought to rekindle the fire of religious love and faith by flying to Rome with Dr. Newman or to ritualism with Dr. Pusey, by organizing the Salvation Army with General Booth or by disfiguring the fair English country with the tents of evangelizing societies; while others have endeavored to replace the old ideals by setting up new temples to humanity, or reërecting the old altars to Isis, a few have unconsciously turned to art as to a fitting substitute for the religion that may perish.

If the new apostles of art have not, like the lovers of humanity, attempted to establish a definite creed and regular form of worship, they have persistently striven to give art a higher and broader meaning, and to find for it a higher and

broader sphere, than have hitherto been ascribed to and supposed possible for it. The significance of their efforts is clear to any one who will pause a moment to contrast modern English thought on art with old, or indeed with foreign, methods.

The Italian painters, who are the saints of the new belief, were esteemed by their contemporaries, and have been found worthy to live forever, chiefly and above all because of their technical skill; perfect, if not according to our standard, at least to that of the age in which they lived. Cimabue’s Madonna was carried in triumph through the streets of Florence because it far surpassed Byzantine conventionalism, and Florentines saw its greater excellence. Giotto was summoned by the Pope to Rome not because of his faith and humility, but because he knew how to draw better than any other man then living. Would Andrea del Sarto have received the favors of Francis had he not been the Faultless Painter? Would Cellini have called Michelangelo divine if the latter had not been perfect master of brush and chisel? It is the same with all those giants of the olden time, whether of Italy or Spain, of Belgium or Holland, whose paintings and

sculptures fill the galleries of the world. It is not for moral, mystic, or religious qualities in their work, but because they were great artists, that they have been given shrines in the Temple of Fame. Even in England, as late as the last century, when a school of art first received royal and national support, the chief end of art was still held to be technical knowledge and skill. Work, work, work, was the refrain to all that Sir Joshua Reynolds said to the students. Study old masters who could paint and draw, not merely those who could pray and love. If he spoke to them of the ideal in art, it was but to urge them to study,—study of nature, of the human body, of the works of great sculptors and painters; and perhaps the study of poetry, ancient and modern, might not be amiss. The attitude of French and Germans, of Italians and Spaniards, of Americans, to-day is that of early Italians, of Velasquez and Rembrandt, of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

But Englishmen of our times, who are looked up to as artistic authorities, would change all this. It is, they say, in its sanctity and sweetness, its morality and holy beauty, its earnestness and hopefulness, that the greatness of art consists. Of course it would be foolish always to look at pictures only for their technique, just as it would be to read poetry solely for the metre. But the other extreme is still more absurd. It would be no less a folly to make a man who murders the queen's English poet laureate because he is morally sound, than it would be to praise an artist because, though his work is bad, his sentiment has a religious, moral, or poetic value; and yet this is the extreme to which art teaching and criticism are leading. Because of the beauty of their principles, the greatness of the pre-Raphaelites in art must not be denied, no matter how poor their drawing, crude their color, or defective their perspective; a picture is great if it is "the record of a man's endurance in

high aims, and his conquest over numberless difficulties." Fancy such criticism being applied to Titian's Sacred and Profane Love, Michelangelo's Sibyls, Rembrandt's Night Watch! What was the artist's thought is now the all-important point to be decided, though the artist himself may agree with a painter whose pictures always find a place in the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery, and are noted in England and America for their beauty and suggestiveness, and who told a modern art critic, eager to know what was in his mind when he painted a certain picture, "An artist has got no business to think at all." When Mr. Ruskin was appointed professor at Oxford, his first care was to ground his pupils in the relation of art to religion, morals, and use. Once, at least, when the president of the Royal Academy delivered an address to the students, he devoted it to the same question. It is true, the latter did not uphold the didactic theory with Mr. Ruskin, but it is the prominence given to the subject rather than the conclusion reached that is significant. Others of the new teachers care less for the morality and religion of art than for its unfathomable mystery and ineffable melancholy, for the property a painting or statue has "of affecting one with a special unique impression of pleasure." What difference does it make *how* Botticelli painted his weary, wan Madonnas? Or what should we look for in Lionardo but the strange blossoms and fruits brought out of the secret places of a unique temperament? The great matter is not that the artist should know his art, but that his work should arouse in its admirers rare and unspeakable emotions and sensations. Beautiful as is this æsthetic criticism, and thankful as we should be for the power painting and sculpture have to inspire it, its influence is for evil when, as is threatened, it utterly supplants the honest, practical criticism, without which it is worthless, and

which is well expressed in the following lines from a late notice, written by the art critic of the *New York Nation*: "In hard words, after all, the best criticism of a picture of Christ on the cross may be expressed in this wise, for instance: 'The chest is luminous and well in relief, the arms are well drawn, the movement is good, and the legs belong to the body; the head is well constructed.' Apply this sort of criticism to the great pictures of the world, and they will always bear it. There are brutal pictures of the Crucifixion, and there are refined ones; but they must be good from the point of view of the soulless technician, or they will not live."

I do not mean to say that no writers in England recognize the true value of technique, or that it is altogether ignored by those who give the first place to ethical and poetic beauty in art. Though Mr. Ruskin does distinctly say that in fine art hand must go together with head and heart, the principal lesson taught by his writings — I except, of course, the *Elements of Drawing* — is that art will make man good and pure, life holy and righteous; so, though a few English critics have a healthy and hearty appreciation of technical skill, the tendency of the majority is to overlook or belittle its importance. Were it not so, this would not be the age of art literature as Sir George Trevelyan justly called it, when he opened the exhibition in St. Jude's schoolhouse. Technique is not a subject to inspire beautiful and brilliant writing. It really seems as if Englishmen, filled with the passion and poetry and love of the writers of Hindu Vedas and Hebrew Scriptures, but without their supernatural inspiration, had chosen art upon which to expend their intensity of feeling. Of all this school of writers it may be said, as Mr. Morris has written of Mr. Ruskin, their "wonderful eloquence would, whatever its subject matter, have gained [them] some sort of a hearing in a time that has not

lost its relish for literature." But no sooner had it gained them a hearing than their beautiful theorizing began to bear practical fruit. They might have gone on forever talking about the weirdness, and mysticism, and holiness of artists who lived centuries ago, and no great harm would have been done. But the worst of it was that painters living to-day began to believe that in a picture the idea is everything, and the technique nothing, and consequently have filled their canvases to overflowing with ideas and bad painting; so that their finished work needs a book, or at least a pamphlet, to explain it and point out its beauties. Even as Vedic singers and Scriptural prophets were followed by commentators and theologians, so a host of critics, as serious and conscious of their high calling as an Augustine or a Thomas Aquinas, have sprung up to develop theory into doctrine, until even common folk are convinced that good drawing, direct simplicity, and beauty that explains itself are enough to damn a picture. Studios of artists whose work is based on the new teaching are thrown open on Sundays to the few against whom church doors may be said to be closed. Pictures whose beauty is that of holiness, whose greatness is that of intention, are exhibited in a dim religious light, while before them are ranged chairs, where the initiated sit and worship in solemn silence; and if the mystery is too deep for them, as it assuredly was in the *Triumph of the Innocents*, leaflets full of Mr. Ruskin's sayings are scattered here and there, to be consulted as a good Christian might refer to his Thomas à Kempis. It is to be regretted that so great an artist as Munkácsy has condescended to these puerile accessories, since he has found that in England and America they pay. Sects have arisen within sects, and the most devout of the art worshipers still cling, like those of other creeds who love the better part, to a peculiar dress, by which they may be

known, and hence respected. The very story in *Punch* of the æsthetes trying to live up to their blue china is not without significance.

It may be said that all this is the passing folly and fashion of men who are forever seeking some new excitement, some new sensation for their jaded senses, and that, moreover, Postlethwaite and Bunthorne are the physicians who all but cured the English world of its æsthetic fever. Only the other day, the art critic of the *Standard* asserted that English painting seen in the Royal Academy, the most conservative of places, is far less literary than it was a dozen years ago. I do not dispute this, and indeed it matters little to my argument if it be true. For if art had been tried as a substitute for religion only for so small a minority as the æsthetes, it would not be indicative of the feeling or tendency of the age. But of latter days more practical exponents of the new gospel have arisen to preach it, not to a select handful, but to the great mass of the people at large. No one who pays the least attention to what is going on in England can have failed to notice the concern of the benevolent nowadays for the cheerlessness of life as it is lived by the working classes. There is as much effort made to relieve its dullness as to add to its comfort. It was all very well for the charitable man of other days to leave money for almshouses and weekly distributions of bread. But his modern successor must busy himself in giving the poor concerts and sociables, and finally building for them a huge Palace of Delight. The latter bids fair to prove a huge Palace of Instruction, but this was not the object of the principal instigators and agitators of the movement. Their desire was to provide the people with recreation: not only that which has physical exercise for an object, but recreation that can elevate thought, dignify action, and fill life with the beauty and meaning engendered by high ideals and

ends; in a word, recreation that should answer much the purpose that is served in Italy by the Church, with its many ceremonies, and processions, and feasts. Slumming is going the way of æstheticism, but earnest men work on, and it is to art they too have turned for the cheer that religion is apparently fast losing the power to give. The people, they cry, are starving not so much for bread as for beauty; are sickening not so much from overwork as from joyless work and aimless amusement. Therefore, throw open picture galleries on Sundays; give picture exhibitions in the East End; teach the people wood-carving mosaic-work, modeling, — in fact, all the decorative arts that for so many years have languished. Nor has this new crusade against ugliness and dullness and their consequent evils been confined to London and large English towns. The minor arts have been carried in triumph to village after village in England, and finally to Ireland, where they are to achieve that which Reform and Coercion bills have never yet accomplished. With the acceptance of art by the people the social millennium will come. The hungry workman will forget his hunger, according to one of the Rothschilds, by looking at pictures; according to the hero of the day, by the practice of one of the minor arts. Once he has learned to seek consolation and to centre his aspirations in art, he will no longer be unhappy. If this reasoning be pushed to its logical conclusion, it follows that with the death of unhappiness all striving will cease; and hence, once the rich have given the poor what has been called the splendid and priceless gift of bringing art as a familiar factor into the lives of the latter, they themselves will have nothing more to fear from socialists and anarchists, who are beginning to cause them some uneasiness.

I believe with the new reformers that that which makes poverty, even of the

most respectable kind, in England so bitter by comparison with the still greater poverty on the Continent, for example, is its joylessness. Every man is the better for having something in his life besides actual necessities. I also believe that the study of art cannot be too zealously encouraged. What I do question is whether art can accomplish all that these enthusiastic dreamers and doers promise, and prove the great reformer of modern times. Will the most beautiful pictures, painted by the greatest artists, help a workman to forget his hunger and the misery of his children? Will the power to carve wood or work in metal reconcile the discontented to a life of toil? I confess the question is one that interests me; and to find an answer to the first proposition apart from that based on theory, I have been to the National Gallery on bank holidays, and to the Whitechapel art exhibition on Sundays, less to see the pictures than the people. It is but reasonable to suppose that from the beginning of the good work may be foretold something of its future. Let me admit at once, and that very emphatically, that in both these places I thought art was fulfilling at least one of the ends set forth by its present apostles. It served excellently as a pleasant pastime, a cheerful presence. The National Gallery was crowded; the flags decorating St. Jude's Church and the adjoining schoolhouse, where the pictures were exhibited, did much to break and relieve the far-famed and overestimated monotony and ugliness of the East End. But I saw and heard little to encourage the expectation that art will prove something more and mightier than a refining and pleasure-giving factor in the lives of the so-called lower classes. I must explain that the classes were not quite so low as I should have liked. The man with the handkerchief around his neck and the girl with the big hat and feather and long coat were there, but they were not in the majority,

being far outnumbered by small tradesmen and the higher class of artisans. But in matters of taste the former seemed of the same mind as the latter. In the National Gallery, the most striking fact was that the pictures which tell a story plainly were in greatest demand. Those of the Flemish and Dutch schools were popular above all others in the east galleries. Often as I passed Rubens's Abduction of the Sabine Women, I never failed to find a crowd in front of it. The people, who as a rule stood in spellbound silence, may never have heard of Romans and Sabines, but it was quite evident to them that, as I heard a genuine old workman in corduroys, bolder than the rest, explain to his wife, "they'd been to war, and the conquerors was a-carryin' of 'em off." The story told itself; the unmistakable signs of a fight appealed to the manly Briton. Even the Pinturicchios, with their tall, slim young men in striped hose and painted shoes, and the little caps so jauntily set on their thick flowing hair, were not without admirers. The Story of Griselda a small boy pronounced "a very good picture;" others followed Ghirlandaio's Procession to Calvary with interest; one girl, at least, thought Velasquez's Adoration of the Magi "very pretty;" and I noticed that the British matron, as she was represented on these occasions, was not outraged by the nude.

It was the same in the west galleries: the stories carried the day. Ward's picture of James receiving the news of the landing of William of Orange, Wilkie's of Knox preaching, and Maclise's of the play in Hamlet were surrounded hour after hour, while Rossetti's Annunciation and Turner's sunsets and seas were passed unnoticed. The only Turners that seemed to be looked at were the paintings of Greenwich and Richmond parks. The people knew the places, and tried to find them in the pictures.

It was the same at the exhibition in

St. Jude's schoolhouse. This, as is known, was a loan exhibition, and, probably that it might do the greatest possible good to the people of Whitechapel, many of the pictures lent were paintings by Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Watts, Walter Crane, and others, who seek in their work to express what the *Pall Mall Gazette*, apparently unconscious of the satire, calls the "gospel of quaintness," and to realize Mr. Ruskin's definition of greatness in art, — a definition printed on the cover of the catalogue: "Painting is nothing but a noble and expensive language; invaluable as an article of thought, but by itself nothing. He is the greatest artist who has embodied in the sum of his works the greatest number of the greatest ideas." I was curious to see the effect of the ideas which have been artistically embodied during our age upon men and women who have no culture, but who, since they live in the same age, should find them easy of comprehension; that is, if art belongs to the people, and not merely to Grosvenor Galleryites. Unfortunately for my purpose, the exhibition proved as attractive to the West as to the East End, and was, moreover, like the National Gallery on bank holidays, patronized by people belonging to what I suppose is the lower middle class, — small clerks and tradesmen, the men and women who are always seen at the Derby, at Margate and Ramsgate, during holiday seasons, and who, in the galleries at least, have the power of crushing the workman. The latter but too often passed from picture to picture, silent and crestfallen. His silence may have been merely another instance of the British reserve which makes so many Englishmen of the highest class non-committal upon their first visit to cathedrals at home and churches abroad, until one wonders if reserve is not sometimes a polite name for stupidity. However, by returning time and time again to the pictures in question, and spending hours in front of them,

within earshot of promising parties of workmen, I succeeded in forming some idea of the impression that was being made. I have little to record. I am surprised that an Unpretentious Guide for the General Public through this year's Grosvenor, in his indignation against critics who find one half of Mr. Burne-Jones's work preposterous, the other a clever piece of manipulation, should declare, "Yet when the necessary attempt is made — as in Mr. Barnett's East End exhibitions — to show that the manipulation is not all, the pictures of the mythic school are actually as popular, even with the most 'general' public, as any representations of Grandmother's Pet, or That's Where Pa Is." The mere fact of the pictures being exhibited in Whitechapel is not an assurance of their popularity in Whitechapel. The result of my observations was, that such pictures as Mr. Watts's *Sir Galahad*, Rossetti's *David the Shepherd*, *David the King*, and the *Son of David*, and his *Marigolds*, were utterly neglected, while Mr. Walter Crane's *La Belle Dame sans Merci* fared little better. "Wot's that?" was the sole criticism it drew from the people to whom it was intended to appeal. It is only fair to add that the same artist's *Pan-Pipes* awakened one response, for the shepherd's pipings set, not only the village maidens in the picture, but two factory-girls in front of it, to dancing. I almost hesitate to speak of the reception given to Mr. Burne-Jones; that which I have to say will, to many, seem sacrilegious. His *Days of the Creation* occupied a conspicuous place in one of the lower rooms, but it was absolutely a dead letter to the people, who scarcely waited to look at more than the first stage of the picture. One man expressed the general verdict when he exclaimed, "But I don't understand!" Another, when he turned away with, "*Days of Creation! Wot you givin' us?*" In one of the rooms up-stairs was *The Mill*, representing

three tall and slim maidens, with wan faces and clinging draperies, joining hands in a solemn dance in the foreground; beyond is a building, at which you must look twice before you recognize it to be a mill. All who have seen the picture will remember that its color is very rich, its lines beautiful, but that its meaning, however intelligible to the artist, is obscure to the average mortal. The catalogue, as if the compilers felt this obscurity, contained an elaborate explanation, rather pretty to read: "In the quiet hush of the evening, an old mill, its busy day's work over, its wheel at rest, stands reflected in the stream. Pigeons settle down to rest, and while the men refresh themselves in the cool water, after the day's toil, the girls dance gravely to the music which, unseen by them, Love is playing to their hearts, — the music of inward peace and happy memories; for Love is crowned with forget-me-nots, which grow by every such mill-stream as this."

"Where's the bloody mill?" asked the to-be-reformed British workman.

One girl, with the big hat and feather and heavy fringe, called it "grand," and hurried on. Two Jews flippantly sang *The Maid of the Mill*, as they passed. A young man and girl, arm in arm, consulted the catalogue. "Wot is it?" asked the girl, staring at the picture. "The Mill," read the man. "It is n't!" she cried, with indignation; and he had to show her the catalogue to prove it was not "his fun." Next came an old man and woman, very shabby and ragged. The woman read aloud the little paragraph, slowly and carefully, and the man was silent for quite a minute. Here at last, thought I, is one who appreciates beauty and poetry. Then the man gave his criticism: "There ain't no dress improvers wanted there." And he, too, like the others, went his way.

But, on the other hand, as in the National Gallery, a picture that told a

story — whether Mr. Herkomer's *Arrest of the Poacher* or Sir George Hayter's *Christening of the Prince of Wales*, Mr. Eyre Crowe's *Day after the Battle of Chierici's A Ghost Story* in the Apennines — was examined, discussed, and enjoyed. Any that suggested sport, dearer than aught else to Englishmen, from the Prince of Wales to the London rough, had its knot of admirers all day long, and I am not sure that the tigers in Mr. Briton Rivière's *Roman Holiday* were not the success of the exhibition. I am sorry not to be able to agree with the more flattering conclusion of the Unpretentious Guide, that in the East End representations of the Grandmother's Pet type are not more popular than Burne-Jones-y (the adjective is his, not mine) mythicism. While *The Days of Creation* and *The Mill* were deserted, *Fortune Favors the Brave* and *Childhood's Treasures*, by artists comparatively unknown, met with cheerful and hearty favor. In the first, a kitten is withheld from drinking out of a near saucer of milk by a big dog standing over it. "Better give 'er a little drop," suggested a jovial workman. The other picture showed some children and puppies, and the latter were the great attraction. "Look at this 'ere little 'un, — jes' loike loife," I heard one of a group of men exclaim. I include in story-telling pictures landscapes and paintings of houses and churches. Three copies of Turner elicited but an expressive "Hum!" and the remark that *Storm Wind and Speed* must be an American scene. But *Southwark Inns*, by Mr. Philip Norman, and Mr. Herbert Marshall's London sketches were carefully, and I might even say lovingly, studied; while in proof that good painting is appreciated by the "most 'general' public," the picture that in popularity ranked only second to Briton Rivière's *Roman Holiday* and the war scenes was technically by far the best in the exhibition, namely, Rico's *Venice on the Grand*

Canal. I was struck with the fact that though Mr. Burne-Jones and Mr. Watts failed signally to teach the people the spiritual truths which they sought to express by quaintness and soft, visionary forms, Rico impressed them at once with the material truths which he had expressed by good technical work. "It must be a nice place to live in," I heard one man in corduroys declare; and "There's color for you!" another cried out, as if he had been an art critic. I thought Rico himself must be satisfied that his picture had achieved its purpose, and reproduced for others the loveliness and brilliancy of Venice as he saw it.

My conclusion, then, is that Mr. Barnett, by giving art exhibitions in White-chapel, is accomplishing a good work that cannot be too highly praised, since he thus contributes to the recreation of the masses; but I am also convinced that it is by its realism, and not by its idealism, that art appeals to the people, to whom pictures may prove a lasting amusement, but hardly ministering agents to their spiritual life. Mr. Gambier Parry, in a to me somewhat unintelligible essay, says that "fine art, profoundly more a thing of spirit than of sense, is the minister commissioned to interpret its lovely parables to the world." But by his own admission on a previous page, that "as the course of life is often rough, and the ways of it not ways of pleasantness, but of uniformity and depression, it too often happens that, amid the absorbing necessities which harden practical life, fine art is valued by the multitude rather for its furniture than its poetry," he shows why it is impossible for art to succeed as a spiritual interpreter to the very classes whom it is intended to reform.

I know it will be said that it is entirely too soon to measure the true good to be accomplished by art exhibitions. The working-classes must be educated before they can be influenced and elevated and consoled by pictures, and their

art education has but begun. Mr. Besant asserts that the many exhibitions in the Bethnal Green Museum have done little good; that the people who do not come to them with the sense of beauty and feeling for artistic work acquire nothing of it there, the pictures saying no more to the crowd than would a Hit-tite inscription. But in the country and the ages where art attained a height of glory and popularity it never reached before or since, there was no need to prepare the people for its acceptance. There was no talk then of education that Florentines might understand the meaning of Giotto, and Luca Della Robbia, and Michelangelo; or Venetians that of Carpaccio and Bellini, and even of Titian and Tintoret; or Romans that of the great artists who came from every part of Italy to decorate the Sistine Chapel. I do not deny that allowance must be made for the fact that Italians are naturally the art-loving people which Englishmen have never been. But there is another important reason for this contrast, which, in the new fanaticism, self-appointed teachers forget. In those times, art was looked to, not to teach great ideas and holy truths hitherto unknown to the people, but, on the contrary, to express those ideas and truths which were their birthright, and hence had long been familiar to the lowliest; or else it was a record of beauty which, like the charm and color in Rico's Venice, was so well rendered that all men could see and feel it.

Nowadays, if a copy in mosaic of one of Mr. Watts's pictures is set up in White-chapel, its explanation must be placed at its side; when Mr. Burne-Jones's pictures are exhibited, interpretations though they are supposed to be, they must in turn be interpreted by the catalogue. But the peasant from Tuscan hills or Venetian waters could have explained as clearly, though perhaps not in as beautiful language, as Mr. Ruskin the true meaning of Giotto's frescos or

Carpaccio's pictures, because Giotto or Carpaccio had taken his legend from the people, not given it to them. There was no need of long and elaborate explanations to point out that Titian's women were all-fair, Michelangelo's men all-powerful. Artists represented on their canvases and in their marbles what they and the people knew, and this was the reason that they gave life and popularity to their pictures and statues. The things of religion were as real to them, especially to the men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, as were the things of state; and when they painted the Annunciation and the Resurrection, their meaning was as clear to the people as when they painted the triumph of doge, or gonfalonier, or pope. Moreover, to make their pictures of sacred subjects more real, they put into them the men and women, the houses and churches, the rivers and mountains, about them. The Virgin was but a Florentine, or Venetian, or Roman maiden, with a halo around her head; saints and angels but Florentine, or Venetian, or Roman youths, each with special marks of martyrdom, — the arrows of St. Sebastian, the gridiron of St. Lawrence, the wings of Gabriel and Michael, — symbols as helpful to mediæval Italians as were the lyre of Apollo and the vine-leaves and thyrsus of Bacchus to their Roman forefathers. In the background to Gospel tales and scenes of martyrdom were the hills, bare save for their pines, the cypress groves, and the winding rivers of Tuscany, the canals and campanili of Venice, even as we see them now. Vernon Lee, in pointing out the sameness between the religious pictures painted in Florence in the fourteenth and those painted in Venice in the sixteenth century, really demonstrates not so much their similarity as the vital difference between them; for if, taking the subject of the Presentation as an example, "the long flight of steps stretching across the fresco in Santa Croce

stretches across the canvas of the Venetians, and the little girl climbs up them, presenting her profile to the spectator, . . . at the top of the steps there is in one case a Gothic portal, and in the other a Palladian portico; and at the bottom of the steps in the fresco stand Florentines who might have known Dante, and at the bottom of the steps in the pictures stand Venetian patrons of Aretino." That men went on painting these subjects in the same way is due to that same tendency to give a realistic representation of any and every subject which filled Venetian canvases with Venetians, Florentine canvases with Florentines. Just as the arrows were indispensable in a picture of St. Sebastian, so certain "definite conceptions of situations and definite arrangements of figures" became absolutely necessary in pictures of the Presentation or Resurrection, the Annunciation or Crucifixion, if these were to be understood at once by the people to whom, during the two centuries that separate the Gaddi from Titian and Tintoret, the traditional conceptions and arrangements were made as familiar as the stories upon which they were based. The only change permissible was in those very particulars in which Vernon Lee shows how much they did differ, and because of this change Venetians endeared their pictures to the people for whom they were painted.

This realistic interpretation was not confined to pictures of sacred subjects. Pinturicchio's Ulysses was but another young fifteenth-century Italian, like those who stalk around in his *Story of Griselda*; according to Veronese, the ladies and gentlemen of the court of Darius were resplendent in full Venetian costume; you have seen many of Titian's women in the flesh, as they fill their buckets at the wells, or carry them over the bridges of Venice. These are but a few of endless examples.

I have spoken entirely of Italy, because, in the first place, it is usually to

Italy we look for religious art in its perfection; and in the second, there is not space here to treat the subject exhaustively. But that which has been said of Italian art is applicable to the art of every country and age in the past, whether expressed in the frieze of the Parthenon or on the canvases of Velasquez and Murillo, of Rembrandt and Rubens. Hitherto artists have not separated themselves from the people, but have gone to them, to their life and belief, for inspiration. Art has been loved by the people when it has been the embodiment, not merely of the artist's conception and aspirations, but of life as they knew it; the record, not of his commendable industry, but of beliefs dear to them; the representation, not of mystic or mythic beauty, but of beauty created for all times and all men.

It is the fact that churches and monasteries contain, or have contained, many of the most famous pictures of the world that has misled us to imagine a mysterious connection between art and religion, until we sometimes fancy them to be inseparable. Because Mr. Ruskin asks how far art may have been literally directed by spiritual powers, and how in any of its agencies it has advanced the cause of the creeds it has been used to recommend, it never occurs to us that temporal and material powers were responsible for even its most religious expressions, and that it is extremely doubtful if real art, however much an ornament, was ever a stimulus to any creed. If in Italy religion secured the service of art, it was because religion, in the shape of popes and bishops, monks and nuns, was best able to pay for it. The relation between religion and art was there eminently business-like and unspiritual. It was because of his cheapness, for example, that the monks of Monte Oliveto brought to their monastery Sodoma, of whose name as he is best known to us the less said the better. It was because Perugino had the

best regulated shop that he had such innumerable commissions for his pretty Madonnas and tripping saints and angels; the priest or monk who ordered a picture from him could count upon having it at the promised date, when it was brought to him by the young Raphael, perhaps, with the bill in his pocket. Artists like Fra Angelico were the exception; those like Perugino on the one hand, Sodoma on the other, were the rule. They loved art with a love that cannot be fostered by Royal Academies, or even Grosvenor Galleries and pre-Raphaelite brotherhoods; but they looked upon it as a trade, not as a religion. Their ambition was to excel in it, not to use it to preach a sermon or enforce a moral. It may be argued that, no matter what the artist was, his art was an aid to the piety of the people. But if you will ask a great number of good Christians what art has done for religion, you will be told that it has done nothing, since it led to Mariolatry and other damnable idolatries. To look at the question from the standpoint of the pious Catholic or of Mr. Ruskin is not much more encouraging. For, admitting the possibility of Art becoming the handmaid of Religion, there can be no doubt that in devout, artistic Italy pictures and carvings absolutely without art — staring Bambinos and blackened, battered Madonnas — excited the deepest reverence and devotion in the faithful. That art can make religion beautiful there is no doubt. There must necessarily be more pleasure — not spiritual, however — in prayers offered in the church of Assisi than in those uttered in the ordinary Wesleyan chapel, just as there is more of the same kind of pleasure to the people of Whitechapel in wandering through the picture-hung halls of St. Jude's schoolhouse than in staying all day in their own bare rooms. But it is the mission of art, if indeed it may be said to have any mission whatsoever, to awaken, satisfy, or stimulate

our love of beauty and joy therein, not to purify or sanctify us. When the Christian religion was a subject of general interest, artists painted its history, legends, and traditions; when the Renaissance set men's thoughts to paganism, they painted pagan myths. Whatever seemed to them fair or lovely in life they put upon their canvas. So little concerned were they with mythical or mystical meaning that some of the greatest pictures in the world — and Titian's *Sacred and Profane Love* is the supreme example of pictures of this class — are, according to modern standards, meaningless.

If pictures, then, judging from the past, when art was most loved by the people, most honored by artists, cannot be expected to give men faith and hopes they do not already possess, the question remains, Can decorative art be looked to to accomplish this, — to become a source of happiness, peace, and consolation to the millions? The theory so enthusiastically advocated to-day by many Englishmen is, that once the minor arts are taught to the masses, factory-girls and sewing-women, workmen and laborers, will no longer crowd the streets and saloons of the East End, but, coming home tired from factory or shop, will fill their leisure hours carving wood, beating brass, setting mosaics, and by so doing will make life worth living. This is all very well in theory, but hardly in practice. There are two serious drawbacks to the scheme, overlooked by its upholders. Decorative art is not play, but work; to treat it as play is to bring about its deterioration. That mediæval artists chuckled over their carving and hammering, that Eastern weavers and embroiderers delighted in the color and texture of their wools and silks, may be unquestionable. But it is less certain that nine hours in a factory or over a sewing-machine would have left them in fit humor for chuckles and delight. To say that art helps a man to take pleasure

in his work is very different from saying that art makes work a recreation. The decorative artist may not find his daily occupation irksome, but he is as thoroughly tired out by it as the mill-hand or the stone-breaker is by his labors. There would be an outcry if a shop-keeper forced his assistants to keep at their posts for twelve, fourteen, or sixteen hours a day. And yet it is not much more merciful to ask the man who has been adding up figures, or the woman who has been measuring silks, from eight in the morning until six in the evening, to hurry at once to a workshop, only to take up the chisel or the chaser. That the people to be redeemed will rebel against such means for their redemption I have no doubt. There may be exceptions, of course. Some men are born artists, just as others are born musicians. To Giotto the shepherd there was no pleasure equal to that of drawing the sheep and lambs of his flock, and there have been Giottoes in England. What is true of the painter of pictures is true as well of the decorator. But the Giottoes are always the exceptions, and we are here concerned with the rule. Those who have it in them to do art work will probably, as in the case of one artist I know, endeavor to toil at the desk all day, and in the studio all the evening, until brain fever makes a choice between the two compulsory. But to the average English workman or workwoman the most beautiful tasks of the studio will have less charm than the freedom of the streets, the sociability of the public house.

My conclusions are not founded wholly upon theory, but upon experience. I had at one time not a little to do with art classes opened for public-school teachers, in connection with the School of Industrial Art established by Mr. Leland in Philadelphia. The school was for public-school children, and its idea and objects were admirable. It has been often pointed out that much of the good accomplished by our public-

school system is counterbalanced by the fact that it unfits the younger generation for manual work. Mr. Leland's school was started to counteract this evil. In it children were taught the minor arts, that they might learn to use their hands, and thus be the better prepared, later, to learn a trade; and at the same time to have their eyes opened to the fact that manual work, so far from being disgraceful, is always honorable, and often beautiful. Classes, free in every sense of the word, were next begun for the teachers, that they might have the same advantages, and then, having mastered these arts, teach the children under their charge. At first they came in crowds, and for several weeks were regular in attendance. Then they began to fall off in enthusiasm and numbers, until after a few months, just when the children's school was established on a firm basis, the teachers' classes were discontinued altogether. The reason was not difficult to find. They had supposed the minor arts, because they were minor, could be learnt in a few lessons, and could almost at once be turned to good use in eking out the too slender school salary. When they discovered, on the contrary, that these arts meant steady application and not immediate pay, the additional work seemed too great a tax upon their leisure, too exhausting after the other labors of the day. If this be true of teachers, whose hours are comparatively short, and whose daily occupation is one that might be expected to make the study of art congenial, is it likely there will be a more satisfactory result when the same experiment is tried with men and women who are shut up many hours every day in mill and factory, shop and warehouse? So long as decorative art can be made to seem to the working people — I am speaking of the great majority, be it remembered — as no work and all play or pay, it will prove attractive. When experience teaches them the truth, their

enthusiasm will, I think, like that of the teachers, be lessened.

This is only as it should be. For if the masses could be taught to look upon it as play, decorative art would lose, and not gain, thereby. It never has been great except when men have made and held it to be their life's work, and it is therefore reasonable to assert that hard work on the part of those who practice it has been a condition of its greatness. In the East, men and women for so many generations worked in metal, clay, wood, or silks with the unremitting toil of slaves that now their children inherit, not their inventiveness, perhaps, but their designs and facility in the use of tools; and we exclaim at the marvel, and think for us the work of these children would be but child's play. During the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, when decorative art reached its greatest originality and perfection, it was looked upon as a trade, as Cellini, the prince of such tradesmen, called it, to be seriously and honestly acquired, and as seriously and honestly followed when the days of apprenticeship were passed. The suggestion that men of other trades could take to it in their lighter moments and hours of relaxation, Cellini and his fellow-workers would have laughed to scorn. It is not easy for English philanthropists to realize this, because just as they have come to expect impossibilities of pictures to-day, so they have come to believe impossibilities of stone-cutters, wood-carvers, metal-workers, in the past. Because in the decorative work of the Middle Ages are the unmistakable signs of that pleasure in the making or doing without which it would not be good work, it is supposed that to the mediæval artisan the conception of beautiful ornament was always a chance, the execution an unmixed joy. Eloquent writers on art platitudinize about the "sad sincerity" with which men worked, until they make us believe that love and faith could guide the commonest workman's

hand to carve the leaves and flowers clustering around the capitals and the misereres, which either shock or delight in Gothic cathedrals; to fill the niches with the statues which, mutilated and defaced as they are by time and vandals, are still so fair to look upon. All the while we never pause to remember that it was not the common workmen, but the master workmen, close students and men of genius, who wrought these wonders. In Italy we know their names; for in Siena, and Orvieto, and Pisa, is it not of the Pisani sculptures we talk? In Pistoia and Florence, is it not of the Della Robbia bas-reliefs? And so on, with almost all the lovely ornaments in duomo or palazzo, in busy city or lonely monastery. If this were the case in art-loving Italy, is it likely that in England those who covered with ornament the minsters and abbeys which are still its glory, who carved the figures peeping out from under the foliage in nave and transepts, and looking down from the west front at Wells, or crowning the loveliness of the south door at Lincoln, were common workmen? No, they were the greatest artists in the land, even though their names are now unknown to fame.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not question the advantage of teaching all the arts to all men who wish to learn. There may be, and have been,

great amateur as well as professional artists. If the rudiments and principles of decorative art are rightly taught to the children of the present generation, there will be more hope of developing love and true feeling for art in the men of the next. But it seems to me that it should be made distinctly clear that art is serious work. If it be turned into a mere plaything, then will its standard be lowered to the level of those who use it as such, and the second state of art in nineteenth-century England will assuredly be worse than the first. Decoration may be made to accomplish its two purposes as defined by Mr. Morris, and "give people pleasure in the things they must perforce *use*," and in those "they must perforce *make*." But it is dreaming idle dreams and encouraging false hopes to preach a possibility of its giving a pleasure beyond and above this, and becoming a factor to draw the workman, wearied by other labors, out of himself, and reconcile him to a world in which he lives to toil, and toils to live.

Should the religion now held perish, art may make beautiful that which will surely come to take its place, just as when the paganism of Rome was destroyed its services could still be employed by the new worship of Christ. But to think that art can in any way fulfill the functions of religion is to imagine vain things.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

THE ASPERN PAPERS.

IN THREE PARTS. PART SECOND.

V.

I WAS seldom at home in the evening, for when I attempted to occupy myself in my apartments the lamplight brought in a swarm of noxious insects, and it

was too hot for closed windows. Accordingly I spent the late hours either on the water (the moonlight of Venice is famous), or in the splendid square which serves as a vast forecourt to the strange old basilica of Saint Mark. I

sat in front of Florian's café, eating ices, listening to music, talking with acquaintances: the traveler will remember how the immense cluster of tables and little chairs stretches like a promontory into the smooth lake of the Piazza. The whole place, of a summer's evening, under the stars, and with all the lamps, all the voices and light footsteps on marble (the only sounds of the arcades that enclose it), is like an open-air saloon, dedicated to cooling drinks and to a still finer degustation — that of the exquisite impressions received during the day. When I did n't prefer to keep mine to myself there was always a stray tourist, disencumbered of his Bädeler, to discuss them with, or some domesticated painter rejoicing in the return of the season of strong effects. The wonderful church, with its low domes and bristling embroideries, the mystery of its mosaic and sculpture, looked ghostly in the tempered gloom, and the sea-breeze passed between the twin columns of the Piazzetta, the lintels of a door no longer guarded, as gently as if a rich curtain were swaying there. I used sometimes, on these occasions, to think of the Misses Bordereau and of the pity of their being shut up in apartments which, in the Venetian July, even Venetian vastness did n't prevent from being stuffy. Their life seemed miles away from the life of the Piazza, and no doubt it was really too late to make the austere Juliana change her habits. But poor Miss Tita would have enjoyed one of Florian's ices, I was sure; sometimes I even had thoughts of carrying one home to her. Fortunately, my patience bore fruit, and I was not obliged to do anything so ridiculous.

One evening, about the middle of July, I came in earlier than usual — I forget what chance had led to this — and instead of going up to my quarters made my way into the garden. The temperature was very high; it was such a night as one would gladly have spent in the

open air, and I was in no hurry to go to bed. I had floated home in my gondola, listening to the slow splash of the oar in the narrow, dark canals, and now the only thought that solicited me was the vague reflection that it would be pleasant to recline at one's length, in the fragrant darkness, on a garden bench. The odor of the canal was doubtless at the bottom of that aspiration, and the breath of the garden, as I entered it, gave consistency to my purpose. It was delicious — just such an air as must have trembled with Romeo's vows when he stood among the flowers and raised his arms to his mistress's balcony. I looked at the windows of the palace, to see if by chance the example of Verona (Verona being not far off), had been followed; but everything was dim, as usual, and everything was still. Juliana, on summer nights, in her youth, might have murmured down from open windows at Jeffrey Aspern, but Miss Tita was not a poet's mistress, any more than I was a poet. This, however, did n't prevent my gratification from being great as I became aware, on reaching the end of the garden, that Miss Tita was seated in my little bower. At first I only made out an indistinct figure, not in the least counting on such an overture from one of my hostesses; it even occurred to me that some sentimental maid-servant had stolen in, to keep a tryst with her sweetheart. I was going to turn away, not to frighten her, when the figure rose to its height and I recognized Miss Bordereau's niece. I must do myself the justice to say that I did n't wish to frighten her either, and much as I had longed for some such accident I should have been capable of retreating. It was as if I had laid a trap for her by coming home earlier than usual and adding to that eccentricity by creeping into the garden. As she rose she spoke to me, and then I reflected that perhaps, secure in my almost inveterate absence, it was her nightly practice to take a lonely air-

ing. There was no trap, in truth, because I had had no suspicion. At first I took for granted that the words she uttered expressed discomfiture at my arrival; but as she repeated them — I had n't caught them clearly — I had the surprise of hearing her say, "Oh, dear, I'm so very glad you have come!" She and her aunt had in common the property of unexpected speeches. She came out of the arbor almost as if she were going to throw herself into my arms.

I hasten to add that she did nothing of the kind; she did n't even shake hands with me. It was a gratification to her to see me, and presently she told me why — because she was nervous when she was out-of-doors, at night, alone. The plants and bushes looked so strange in the dark, and there were all sorts of queer sounds — she could n't tell what they were — like the noises of animals. She stood close to me, looking about her with an air of greater security, but without any demonstration of interest in me as an individual. Then I guessed that nocturnal prowlings were not in the least her habit, and I was also reminded (I had been struck with the circumstance, in talking with her before I took possession), that it was impossible to overestimate her simplicity.

"You speak as if you were lost in the backwoods," I said, laughing. "How you manage to keep out of this charming place, when you have only three steps to take to get into it, is more than I have yet been able to discover. You hide away mighty well so long as I am on the premises, I know; but I had a hope that you peeped out a little at other times. You and your poor aunt are worse off than Carmelite nuns in their cells. Should you mind telling me how you exist without air, without exercise, without any sort of human contact? I don't see how you carry on the common business of life."

She looked at me as if I were talking some strange tongue, and her answer

was so little of an answer that I was considerably irritated. "We go to bed very early — earlier than you would believe." I was on the point of saying that this only deepened the mystery, when she gave me some relief by adding, "Before you came we were not so private. But I never have been out at night."

"Never in these fragrant alleys, blooming here under your nose?"

"Ah," said Miss Tita, "they were never nice till now!" There was a melancholy reference in this, and a flattering comparison, so that it seemed to me I had gained a small advantage. As it would help me to follow it up to establish a sort of grievance, I asked her why, since she thought my garden nice, she had never thanked me in any way for the flowers I had been sending up in such quantities for the previous three weeks. I had not been discouraged — there had been, as she would have observed, a daily armful; but I had been brought up in the common forms, and a word of recognition now and then would have touched me in the right place.

"Why, I did n't know they were for me!"

"They were for both of you. Why should I make a difference?"

Miss Tita reflected, as if she might be thinking of a reason for that, but she failed to produce one. Instead of this, she asked abruptly, "Why in the world do you want to know us?"

"I ought, after all, to make a difference," I replied. "That question is your aunt's; it is n't yours. You would n't ask it if you had n't been put up to it."

"She did n't tell me to ask you," Miss Tita replied, without confusion; she was the oddest mixture of the sensitive and the placid.

"Well, she has often wondered about it herself, and expressed her wonder to you. She has insisted on it, so that she has put the idea into your head that I

am insufferably pushing. Upon my word, I think I have been very discreet. And how completely your aunt must have lost every tradition of sociability, to see anything out of the way in the idea that respectable people, living as we do, under the same roof, should occasionally exchange a remark! What could be more natural? We are of the same country, and we have some, at least, of the same tastes, since, like you, I am very fond of Venice."

My interlocutress appeared incapable of grasping more than one clause in any proposition, and she declared, quickly, eagerly, as if she were answering my whole speech, "I am not in the least fond of Venice. I should like to go far away!"

"Has she always kept you back so?" I went on, to show her that I could be as irrelevant as herself.

"She told me to come out to-night; she has told me very often," said Miss Tita. "It is I who would n't come. I don't like to leave her."

"Is she too weak, is she failing?" I demanded, with more emotion, I think, than I intended to show. I judged this by the way her eyes rested upon me in the darkness. It embarrassed me a little, and to turn the matter off I continued, genially, "Do let us sit down together, comfortably, somewhere, and you will tell me all about her."

Miss Tita made no resistance to this. We found a bench less secluded, less intimate, as it were, than the one in the arbor; and we were still sitting there when I heard midnight ring out from those clear bells of Venice which vibrate with a solemnity of their own over the lagoon, and hold the air so much more than the chimes of other places. We were together more than an hour, and our interview gave, as it struck me, a great lift to my undertaking. Miss Tita accepted the situation without a protest; she had avoided me for three months, yet now she treated me almost

as if these three months had made me an old friend. If I had chosen, I might have inferred from this that, though she had avoided me, she had given a good deal of consideration to doing so. She paid no attention to the flight of time — did n't worry at my keeping her so long away from her aunt. She talked freely, answering questions and asking them, and not even taking advantage of certain longish pauses, with which they inevitably alternated, to say she thought she had better go in. It was almost as if she were waiting for something — something I might say to her — and she wished to give me my opportunity. I was the more struck by this as she told me that her aunt had been less well for a good many days, or at any rate had fallen into a condition without precedent. She was weaker; at moments it seemed as if she had no strength to speak of, yet more than ever before she wished to be left alone. That was why she had told her to come out — not even to remain in her own room, which was alongside; she said her niece disturbed her, made her nervous. She sat still for hours together, as if she were asleep; she had always done that, to a certain extent, but at such times, formerly, she gave, at intervals, some small sign of life, of interest, and she liked her companion to be near her with her work. Miss Tita confided to me that at present her aunt was so motionless that she sometimes feared she was dead, and she took hardly any food; she did n't see what she lived upon. The great thing was that she still, on most days, got up; the serious job was to dress her, to wheel her out of her bedroom. She clung to as many of her old habits as possible, and she had always, little company as they had received for years, made a point of sitting in the parlor.

I scarcely knew what to think of all this — of Miss Tita's sudden conversion to sociability and of the strange circumstance that the more the old lady ap-

peared to decline towards her end the less she should desire to be looked after. The story did n't hang together, and I even asked myself whether it were not a trap laid for me, the result of a design to make me show my hand. I could n't have told why my companions (as they could only by courtesy be called) should have this purpose — why they should try to trip up so lucrative a lodger. At any rate, I kept on my guard, so that Miss Tita should n't have occasion again to ask me if I had an *arrière-pensée*. Poor woman! before we parted for the night, my mind was really at rest as to any capacity on her own part for entertaining one.

She told me more about their affairs than I had hoped; there was no need to be prying, for it evidently drew her out simply to feel that I listened, that I cared. She ceased wondering why I cared, and at last, as she spoke of the brilliant life they had led years before, she almost chattered. It was Miss Tita who judged it brilliant; she said that when they first came to live in Venice, years and years before (I saw that her mind was essentially vague about dates and the order in which events had occurred), there was n't a week that they had n't some visitor or that they did n't make some delightful *passaggio* in the city. They had seen all the curiosities; they had even been to the Lido, in a boat (she spoke as if I might think there was a way on foot); they had had a collation there, brought in three baskets and spread out on the grass. I asked her what people they had known, and she said, Oh, very nice ones — the Cavaliere Bombicci and the Contessa Altemura, with whom they had had a great friendship. Also English people — the Churtons, and the Goldies, and Mrs. Stock-Stock, whom they had loved dearly; she was dead and gone, poor dear. That was the case with most of their pleasant circle (this expression was Miss Tita's own), though a few were left,

VOL. LXI. — NO. 366.

which was a wonder, considering how they had neglected them. She mentioned the names of two or three Venetian old women; of a certain doctor, very clever, who was so kind — he came as a friend, he had really given up practice; of the *avvocato* Pochintesta, who wrote beautiful poems and had addressed one to her aunt. These people came to see them, without fail, every year, usually at the *capo d'anno*, and of old her aunt used to make them some little present — her aunt and she together: small things that she, Miss Tita, made herself, like paper lamp-shades, or mats for the decanters of wine at dinner, or those woolen things that in cold weather were worn on the wrists. The last few years there had n't been many presents; she could n't think what to make, and her aunt had lost her interest and did n't suggest. But the people came all the same; if the Venetians liked you once they liked you forever.

There was something affecting in the good faith of this sketch of former social glories; the picnic at the Lido had remained vivid through the ages, and poor Miss Tita evidently was of the impression that she had had a brilliant youth. She had, in fact, had a glimpse of the Venetian world, in its gossiping, home-keeping, parsimonious, professional walks, for I observed for the first time that she had acquired, by contact, something of the manner of the familiar, soft-sounding, almost infantile speech of the place. I judged that she had imbibed this invertebrate dialect, from the natural way the names of things and people — mostly purely local — rose to her lips. If she knew little of what they represented, she knew still less of anything else. Her aunt had drawn in — her failing interest in the table-mats and lamp-shades was a sign of that — and she had not been able to mingle in society, or to entertain it, alone; so that the matter of her reminiscences struck one as an old world altogether. I found

30

myself falling into the error of thinking of her, too, as one of Jeffrey Aspern's contemporaries; this came from her having so little in common with my own. It was possible, I said to myself, that she had n't even heard of him; it might very well be that Juliana had not cared to lift even for her the veil that covered the temple of her youth. In this case, she perhaps would n't know of the existence of the papers, and I welcomed that presumption — it made me feel more safe with her — until I remembered that we had believed the letter of disavowal received by Cumnor to be in the handwriting of the niece. If it had been dictated to her she had of course to know what it was about; yet, after all, the effect of it was to repudiate the idea of any connection with the poet. I did n't believe, at all events, that Miss Tita had read a word of his poetry. Moreover, if, with her companion, she had always escaped the interviewer, there was little occasion for her having got it into her head that people were "after" the letters. People had not been after them, inasmuch as they had n't heard of them, and Cumnor's fruitless feeler would have been a solitary accident.

When midnight sounded Miss Tita got up; but she only stopped at the door of the house after she had wandered two or three times with me round the garden. "When shall I see you again?" I asked, before she went in; to which she replied, with promptness, that she should like to come out the next night. She added, however, that she should n't come — she did n't do everything she liked.

"You might do a few things that I like," I said, with a sigh.

"Oh, you — I don't believe you!" she declared, at this, looking at me with her simple solemnity.

"Why don't you believe me?"

"Because I don't understand you."

"That is just the sort of occasion to have faith." I could n't say more, though I should have liked to, as I saw that I

only mystified her; for I did n't want seriously to have it on my conscience that I might pass for having made love to her. Nothing less should I have seemed to do, had I continued to beg a lady to "believe in me," in an Italian garden, on a midsummer night. There was some merit in my scruples, for Miss Tita lingered and lingered; I perceived that she felt that she should n't really soon come down again, and wished therefore to protract the present. She insisted, too, on making the talk between us personal to ourselves, and altogether her behavior was such as would have been possible only to a completely innocent woman.

"I shall like the flowers better, now that I know they are also meant for me."

"How could you have doubted it? If you will tell me the kind you like best, I will send a double lot of them."

"Oh, I like them all best!" Then she went on, familiarly, "Shall you study — shall you read and write — when you go up to your rooms?"

"I don't do that at night, at this season. The lamplight brings in the animals."

"You might have known that when you came."

"I did know it!"

"And in winter, do you work at night?"

"I read a good deal, but I don't often write." She listened as if these details had a rare interest, and suddenly a temptation, quite at variance with the prudence I had been teaching myself, associated itself with her plain, mild face. Ah yes, she was safe, and I could make her safer! It seemed to me, from one moment to another, that I could n't wait any longer — that I really must take a sounding. So I went on: "In general, before I go to sleep — very often in bed (it's a bad habit, but I confess to it), I read some great poet. In nine cases out of ten, it's a volume of Jeffrey Aspern."

I watched her well as I pronounced that name, but I saw nothing wonderful. Why should I, indeed; and was n't Jeffrey Aspern the property of the human race?

"Oh, we read him — we *have* read him," she quietly replied.

"He is my poet of poets — I know him almost by heart."

For an instant Miss Tita hesitated; then her sociability was too much for her.

"Oh, by heart — that's nothing!" she murmured, smiling. "My aunt used to know him — to know him" — she paused an instant, and I wondered what she was going to say — "to know him as a visitor."

"As a visitor?" I repeated, staring.

"He used to call on her, and take her out."

I continued to stare. "My dear lady, he died a hundred years ago!"

"Well," she said, mirthfully, "my aunt is a hundred and fifty."

"Mercy on us!" I exclaimed; "why did n't you tell me before? I should like so to ask her about him."

"She would n't care for that — she would n't tell you," Miss Tita replied.

"I don't care what she cares for! She *must* tell me — it's not a chance to be lost."

"Oh, you should have come twenty years ago: then she talked about him."

"And what did she say?" I asked, eagerly.

"I don't know — that he liked her immensely."

"And she — did n't she like him?"

"She said he was a god." Miss Tita gave me this information flatly, without expression; her tone might have made it a piece of trivial gossip. But it stirred me deeply, as she dropped the words into the summer night; it seemed such a direct testimony.

"Fancy, fancy!" I murmured. And then, "Tell me this, please — has she got a portrait of him? They are distressingly rare."

"A portrait? I don't know," said Miss Tita; and now there was discomfiture in her face. "Well, good-night!" she added; and she turned into the house.

I accompanied her into the wide, dusky, stone-paved passage which, on the ground floor, corresponded with our grand sala. It opened at one end into the garden, at the other upon the canal, and was lighted now only by the small lamp that was always left for me to take up as I went to bed. An extinguished candle, which Miss Tita had apparently brought down with her, stood on the same table with it. "Good-night, good-night!" I replied, keeping beside her as she went to get her light. "Surely you would know, would n't you, if she had one?"

"If she had what?" the poor lady asked, looking at me queerly over the flame of her candle.

"A portrait of the god. I don't know what I would n't give to see it."

"I don't know what she has got. She keeps her things locked up." And Miss Tita went away, towards the staircase, with the sense, evidently, that she had said too much.

I let her go — I did n't wish to frighten her — and I contented myself with remarking that Miss Bordereau would n't have locked up such a glorious possession as that — a thing a person would be proud of and hang up in a prominent place on the parlor wall. Therefore, of course, she had n't any portrait. Miss Tita made no direct answer to this, and candle in hand, with her back to me, she ascended two or three stairs. Then she stopped short and turned round, looking at me across the dusky space.

"Do you write — do you write?" There was a tremor in her voice; she could scarcely bring out what she wished to ask.

"Do I write? Oh, don't speak of my writing on the same day with Aspern's!"

"Do you write about *him*—do you pry into his life?"

"Ah, that's your aunt's question; it can't be yours!" I said, in a tone of slightly wounded sensibility.

"All the more reason, then, that you should answer it. Do you, please?"

I thought I had allowed for the falsehoods I should have to tell; but I found that in fact, when it came to the point, I had n't. Besides, now that I had an opening, there was a kind of relief in being frank. Lastly (it was perhaps fanciful, even fatuous), I guessed that Miss Tita personally would n't, in the last resort, be less my friend. So after a moment's hesitation, I answered, "Yes, I have written about him, and I am looking for more material. In Heaven's name, have you got any?"

"*Santo Dio!*" she exclaimed, without heeding my question; and she hurried up-stairs and out of sight. I might count upon her in the last resort, but for the present she was visibly alarmed. The proof of it was that she began to hide again, so that for a fortnight I never beheld her. I found my patience ebbing, and after four or five days of this I told the gardener to stop the flowers.

VI.

One afternoon, as I came down from my quarters, to go out, I found Miss Tita in the sala; it was our first encounter on that ground since I had come to the house. She put on no air of being there by accident; there was an ignorance of such arts in her nude, diffident directness. That I might be quite sure she was waiting for me she informed me of the fact, and told me that Miss Bordereau wished to see me; she would take me into the room at that moment, if I had time. If I had been late for a love-tryst I would have stayed for this, and I quickly signified that I should be delighted to wait upon

the old lady. "She wants to talk with you—to know you," Miss Tita said, smiling, as if she herself appreciated that idea; and she led me to the door of her aunt's apartment. I stopped her a moment before she had opened it, looking at her with some curiosity. I told her that this was a great satisfaction to me, and a great honor; but, all the same, I should like to ask what had made Miss Bordereau change so suddenly. It was only the other day that she would n't look at me. Miss Tita was not at all embarrassed by my question; she had as many little unexpected serenities as if she told fibs, but the odd part of them was that they had, on the contrary, their source in her truthfulness. "Oh, my aunt changes," she answered; "it's so terribly dull—I suppose she's tired."

"But you told me that she wanted more and more to be alone."

Poor Miss Tita colored, as if she found me over-insistent. "Well, if you don't believe she wants to see you—I haven't invented it! I think people often are capricious, when they are very old."

"That's perfectly true. I only wanted to be clear as to whether you have repeated to her what I told you the other night."

"What you told me?"

"About Jeffrey Aspern—that I am looking for materials."

"If I had told her, do you think she would have sent for you?"

"That's exactly what I want to know. If she wants to keep him to herself she might have sent for me to tell me so."

"She won't speak of him," said Miss Tita. Then, as she opened the door, she added, in a lower tone, "I have told her nothing."

The old woman was sitting in the same place in which I had seen her last, in the same position, with the same mystifying bandage, as it seemed to me, over her eyes. Her welcome was to

turn her almost invisible face to me and show me that while she sat silent she saw me clearly. I did n't advance to shake hands with her; I felt too well, on this occasion, that that was out of place forever. It had been sufficiently enjoined upon me that she was too sacred for that sort of reciprocity — too venerable to touch. There was something so grim in her aspect (it was partly the accident of her green shade), as I stood there to be measured, that I ceased on the spot to feel any doubt as to her knowing my secret, though I did n't in the least doubt that Miss Tita had just spoken the truth. She had not betrayed me, but the old woman's brooding instinct had served her; she had turned me over and over, in the long, still hours, and she had guessed. The worst of it was that she looked terribly like an old woman who, at a pinch, would burn her papers. Miss Tita pushed a chair forward, saying to me, "This will be a good place for you to sit." As I took possession of it I asked after Miss Bordereau's health; expressed the hope that in spite of the very hot weather it was satisfactory. She replied that it was good enough — good enough; that it was a great thing to be alive.

"Oh, as to that, it depends upon what you compare it with!" I exclaimed, laughing.

"I don't compare — I don't compare. If I did that, I should have given everything up long ago."

I liked to think that this was a subtle allusion to the rapture she had known in the society of Jeffrey Aspern — though it was true that such an allusion would have accorded ill with the wish I imputed to her to keep him buried in her soul. What it accorded with was my constant conviction that no human being had ever had a more delightful social gift than his, and what it seemed to convey was that nothing in the world was worth speaking of if one pretended to speak of that. But one did n't!

Miss Tita sat down beside her aunt, looking as if she had reason to believe some very interesting conversation would come off between us.

"It's about the beautiful flowers," said the old lady; "you sent us so many — I ought to have thanked you for them before. But I don't write letters, and I receive only at long intervals."

She had n't thanked me while the flowers continued to come, but she departed from her custom so far as to send for me as soon as she began to fear that they would n't come any more. I noted this; I remembered what an acquisitive propensity she had shown when it was a question of extracting gold from me, and I privately rejoiced at the happy thought I had had in suspending my tribute. She had missed it, and she was willing to make a concession to bring it back. At the first sign of this concession I could only go to meet her. "I am afraid you have n't had many, of late, but they shall begin again immediately — to-morrow, to-night."

"Oh, do send us some to-night!" Miss Tita cried, as if it were an immense circumstance.

"What else should you do with them? It is n't a manly taste to make a bower of your room," the old woman remarked.

"I don't make a bower of my room, but I am exceedingly fond of growing flowers, of watching their ways. There is nothing unmanly in that: it has been the amusement of philosophers, of statesmen in retirement; even, I think, of great captains."

"I suppose you know you can sell them — those you don't use," Miss Bordereau went on. "I dare say they would n't give you much for them; still, you could make a bargain."

"Oh, I have never made a bargain, as you ought to know. My gardener disposes of them and I ask no questions."

"I would ask a few, I can promise you," said Miss Bordereau; and it was the first time I had heard her laugh. I

could n't get used to the idea that this vision of pecuniary profit was what drew out the divine Juliana most.

"Come into the garden yourself and pick them; come as often as you like; come every day. They are all for you," I pursued, addressing Miss Tita and carrying off this veracious statement by treating it as an innocent joke. "I can't imagine why she does n't come down," I added, for Miss Bordereau's benefit.

"You must make her come; you must come up and fetch her," said the old woman, to my stupefaction. "That odd thing you have made in the corner would be a capital place for her to sit."

The allusion to my arbor was irrelevant; it confirmed the impression I had already received that there was a flicker of impertinence in Miss Bordereau's talk, a strange, mocking lambency which must have been a part of her adventurous youth and which had outlived passions and faculties. None the less I asked, "Would n't it be possible for you to come down there yourself? Would n't it do you good to sit there in the shade, in the sweet air?"

"Oh, sir, when I move out of this it won't be to sit in the air, and I'm afraid that any that may be stirring around me won't be particularly sweet! It will be a very dark shade indeed. But that won't be just yet," Miss Bordereau continued, cannily, as if to correct any hopes that this courageous allusion to the last receptacle of her mortality might lead me to entertain. "I have sat here many a day, and I have had enough of arbors in my time. But I'm not afraid to wait till I'm called."

Miss Tita had expected some remarkable talk, but perhaps she found it less genial on her aunt's side (considering that I had been sent for with a civil intention) than she had hoped. As if to give the conversation a turn that would put our companion in a more favorable light, she said to me, "Did n't I tell

you, the other night, that she had sent me out? You see that I can do what I like!"

"Do you pity her — do you teach her to pity herself?" Miss Bordereau demanded, before I had time to answer this appeal. "She has a much easier life than I had when I was her age."

"You must remember that it has been quite open to me to think you rather inhuman."

"Inhuman? That's what the poets used to call the women a hundred years ago. Don't try that; you won't do as well as they!" Juliana declared. "There is no more poetry in the world — that I know of, at least. But I won't bandy words with you," she pursued, and I well remember the old-fashioned, artificial sound she gave to the speech. "You have made me talk, talk! It is n't good for me at all." I got up at this, and told her I would take no more of her time; but she detained me to ask, "Do you remember, the day I saw you about the rooms, that you offered us the use of your gondola?" And when I assented, promptly, struck again with her disposition to make a "good thing" of my domestication and wondering what she now had in her eye, she broke out, "Why don't you take that girl out in it and show her the place?"

"Oh, dear aunt, what do you want to do with me?" cried the "girl," with a piteous quaver. "I know all about the place!"

"Well, then, go with him as a cicerone!" said Miss Bordereau, with an effect of mockery in her quiet, sweet-voiced readiness — an incongruous suggestion that she was a sarcastic, profane, cynical old woman. "Have n't we heard that there have been all sorts of changes, in all these years? You ought to see them, and, at your age (I don't mean because you're so young), you ought to take the chances that come. You're old enough, my dear, and this gentleman won't hurt you. He will

show you the famous sunsets, if they still go on—*do* they go on? The sun set for me so long ago. But that's not a reason. Besides, I sha'n't miss you; you think you are too important. Take her to the Piazza; it used to be very pretty," Miss Bordereau continued, addressing herself to me. "What have they done with the funny old church? I hope it has n't tumbled down. Let her look at the shops; she may take some money, she may buy what she likes."

Poor Miss Tita had got up, discounted and helpless, and as we stood there before her aunt it would certainly have seemed to a spectator of the scene that the old woman was amusing herself at our expense. Miss Tita protested, in a confusion of exclamations and murmurs; but I lost no time in saying that if she would do me the honor to accept the hospitality of my boat, I would engage that she should not be bored. Or if she did n't want so much of my company, the boat itself, with the gondolier, was at her service; he was a capital oar, and she might have every confidence. Miss Tita, without definitely answering this speech, looked away from me, out of the window, as if she were going to cry; and I remarked that once we had Miss Bordereau's approval we could easily come to an understanding. We would take an hour, whichever she liked, one of the very next days. As I made my obeisance to the old lady I asked her if she would kindly permit me to see her again.

For a moment she said nothing; then she inquired, "Is it very necessary to your happiness?"

"It entertains me more than I can say."

"You are wonderfully civil. Don't you know it almost kills me?"

"How can I believe that, when I see you more animated, more brilliant, than when I came in?"

"That is very true, aunt," said Miss Tita. "I think it does you good."

"Is n't it touching, the solicitude we each have that the other shall enjoy herself?" sneered Miss Bordereau. "If you think me brilliant to-day you don't know what you are talking about; you have never seen an agreeable woman. Don't try to pay me a compliment; I have been spoiled," she went on. "My door is shut, but you may sometimes knock."

With this she dismissed me, and I left the room. The latch closed behind me, but Miss Tita, contrary to my hope, had remained within. I passed slowly across the hall, but before taking my way down-stairs I waited a little. My hope was answered; after a minute Miss Tita followed me. "That's a delightful idea, about the Piazza," I said. "When will you go—to-night, to-morrow?"

She had been disconcerted, as I have mentioned, but I had already perceived, and I was to observe again, that when Miss Tita was embarrassed she did n't (as most women would have done) turn away from you and try to escape, if it was in some degree your fault; but came closer, as it were, as if to rest on you, almost to cling, to beg you to desist, to support and protect her. Her attitude was perpetually an appeal for assistance, for explanation; and yet no woman in the world could have been less of a comedian. From the moment you were kind to her she depended on you absolutely; her self-consciousness dropped from her quickly, and she took the greatest intimacy, the innocent intimacy, which was the only thing she could conceive, for granted. She told me she did n't know what had got into her aunt; she had changed so quickly, she had got some idea. I replied that she must find out what the idea was, and then let me know; we would go and have an ice together at Florian's, and she should tell me while we listened to the band.

"Oh, it will take me a long time to find out!" she said, rather ruefully;

and she could promise me this satisfaction neither for that night nor for the next. I was patient now, however, for I felt that I had only to wait; and in fact, at the end of the week, one lovely evening, after dinner, she stepped into my gondola, to which, in honor of the occasion, I had attached a second oar.

As we swept, in the course of five minutes, into the Grand Canal, she uttered a murmur of ecstasy as fresh as if she had been a tourist just arrived. She had forgotten how splendid the great water-way looked on a clear, hot summer evening, and how the sense of floating between marble palaces and reflected lights disposed the mind to sympathetic talk. We floated long and far, and though Miss Tita gave no high-pitched voice to her satisfaction I felt that she surrendered herself. She was more than pleased, she was transported; the whole thing was an immense liberation. The gondola moved with slow strokes, to give her time to enjoy it, and she listened to the plash of the oars, which grew louder and more musically liquid as we passed into narrow canals, as if it were a revelation of Venice. When I asked her how long it was since she had been in a boat she answered, "Oh, I don't know; a long time — not since my aunt began to be ill." This was not the only example she gave me of her extreme vagueness about the previous years and the line which marked off the period when Miss Bordereau flourished. I was not at liberty to keep her out too long, but we took a considerable *giro* before going to the Piazza. I asked her no questions, but kept the conversation, on purpose, away from her domestic situation and the things I wanted to know; I poured treasures of information about Venice into her ears, described Florence and Rome, discoursed to her on the charms and advantages of travel. She reclined, receptive, on the deep leather cushions, turned her eyes conscientiously to everything I pointed out to her,

and never mentioned to me till some time afterwards that she might be supposed to know Florence better than I, as she had lived there for years with Miss Bordereau. At last she asked, with the shy impatience of a child, "Are n't we really going to the Piazza? That's what I want to see!" I immediately gave the order that we should go straight; after which we sat silent, with the expectation of arrival. As some time still passed, however, she said, suddenly, of her own movement, "I have found out what is the matter with my aunt: she is afraid you will go!"

"What has put that into her head?"

"She has had an idea you have not been happy. That is why she is different now."

"You mean she wants to make me happier?"

"Well, she wants you not to go; she wants you to stay."

"I suppose you mean on account of the rent," I remarked, candidly.

Miss Tita's candor showed itself a match for my own: "Yes, you know; so that I shall have more."

"How much does she want you to have?" I asked, laughing. "She ought to fix the sum, and I will stay till it's made up."

"Oh, that would n't please me," said Miss Tita. "It would be unheard of, your taking that trouble."

"But suppose I should have my own reasons for staying in Venice?"

"Then it would be better for you to stay in some other house."

"And what would your aunt say to that?"

"She would n't like it at all. But I should think you would do well to give up your reasons and go away altogether."

"Dear Miss Tita," I said, "it's not so easy to give them up!"

She made no immediate answer to this; after a moment she remarked, "I think I know what your reasons are."

"I dare say, because the other night I almost told you how I wish you would help me to make them good."

"I can't do that without being false to my aunt."

"What do you mean, being false to her?"

"Why, she would never consent to what you want. She has been asked, she has been written to. It made her fearfully angry."

"Then she *has* got papers of value?" I asked, quickly.

"Oh, she has got everything!" sighed Miss Tita, with a curious weariness, a sudden lapse into gloom.

These words caused all my pulses to throb, for I regarded them as precious evidence. For some minutes I was too agitated to speak, and in the interval the gondola approached the Piazzetta. After we had disembarked I asked my companion whether she would rather walk round the square or go and sit at the door of the café; to which she replied that she would do whichever I liked best — I must only remember again how little time she had. I assured her there was plenty to do both, and we made the circuit of the long arcades. Her spirits revived at the sight of the bright shop-windows, and she lingered and stopped, admiring or disapproving of their contents, asking me what I thought of things, theorizing about prices. My attention wandered from her; her words of a while before, "Oh, she has got everything!" echoed so in my consciousness. We sat down, at last, in the crowded circle at Florian's, finding an unoccupied table among those that were ranged in the square. It was a splendid night, and all the world was out-of-doors; Miss Tita could not have wished the elements more auspicious for her return to society. I saw that she enjoyed it even more than she told; she was agitated with the multitude of her impressions. She had forgotten what an attractive thing the world is, and it

was coming over her that, somehow, she had for the best years of her life been cheated of it. This did n't make her angry; but as she looked all over the charming scene, her face had, in spite of its smile, the flush of a sort of wounded surprise. She became silent, as if she were thinking, with a secret sadness, of opportunities forever lost, which ought to have been easy; and this gave me a chance to say to her, "Did you mean, a while ago, that your aunt has a plan of keeping me on by admitting me occasionally to her presence?"

"She thinks it will make a difference with you if you sometimes see her. She wants you so much to stay that she is willing to make that concession."

"And what good does she consider that I think it will do me to see her?"

"I don't know; she thinks it's interesting," said Miss Tita, simply.

"So it is; but every one does n't think so."

"No, of course not, or more people would try."

"Well, if she is capable of making that reflection, she is capable also of making this further one," I went on: "that I must have a particular reason for not doing as others do (in spite of the interest she offers), for not leaving her alone." Miss Tita looked as if she failed to understand this rather complicated proposition; so I continued, "If you have not told her what I said to you the other night, may she not at least have guessed it?"

"I don't know; she is very suspicious."

"But she has n't been made so by indiscreet curiosity, by persecution?"

"No, no; it is n't that," said Miss Tita, turning on me a somewhat troubled face. "I don't know how to say it: it's on account of something — ages ago, before I was born — in her life."

"Something? What sort of thing?" I asked, as if I myself could have no idea.

"Oh, she has never told me," Miss Tita answered; and I was sure she was speaking the truth.

Her extreme limpidity was almost provoking, and I felt for the moment that she would have been more satisfactory if she had been less genuine. "Do you suppose it's something to which Jeffrey Aspern's letters and papers — I mean the things in her possession — have reference?"

"I dare say it is!" my companion exclaimed, as if this were a very happy suggestion. "I have never looked at any of those things."

"None of them? Then how do you know what they are?"

"I don't," said Miss Tita, placidly. "I have n't had them in my hands. But I have seen them when she has had them out."

"Does she have them out often?"

"Not now, but she used to. She is very fond of them."

"In spite of their being compromising?"

"Compromising?" Miss Tita repeated, as if she did n't know the meaning of the word. I felt almost as one who corrupts the innocence of youth.

"I mean their containing painful memories."

"Oh, I don't think they are painful."

"You mean you don't think they affect her reputation?"

At this a singular look came into the face of Miss Bordereau's niece — a kind of confession of helplessness, an appeal to me to deal fairly, generously, with her. I had brought her to the Piazza, placed her among charming influences, paid her an attention she appreciated, and now I seemed to let her perceive that all this had been a bribe — a bribe to make her turn in some way against her aunt. She was of a yielding nature, and capable of doing almost anything to please a person who was kind to her; but the greatest kindness of all would be not to presume too much on

this. It was strange enough, as I afterwards thought, that she had n't the least air of resenting my want of consideration for her aunt's character, which would have been in the worst possible taste, if anything less (from my point of view) had been at stake. I don't think she really measured it. "Do you mean that she did something bad?" she asked, in a moment.

"Heaven forbid I should say so, and it's none of my business. Besides, if she did," I added, laughing, "it was in other ages, in another world. But why should n't she destroy her papers?"

"Oh, she loves them too much."

"Even now, when she may be near her end?"

"Perhaps when she's sure of that she will."

"Well, Miss Tita," I said, "it's just what I should like you to prevent."

"How can I prevent it?"

"Could n't you get them away from her?"

"And give them to you?"

This put the case very crudely, though I am sure there was no irony in her intention. "Oh, I mean that you might let me see them and look them over. It is n't for myself; there is no personal avidity in my desire. It is simply that they would be of such immense interest to the public, such immeasurable importance as a contribution to Jeffrey Aspern's history."

She listened to me in her usual manner, as if my speech were full of reference to things she had never heard of, and I felt particularly like the reporter of a newspaper who forces his way into a house of mourning. This was especially the case when, after a moment, she said, "There was a gentleman who some time ago wrote to her in very much those words. He also wanted her papers."

"And did she answer him?" I asked, rather ashamed of myself for not having her rectitude.

"Only when he had written two or three times. He made her very angry."

"And what did she say?"

"She said he was a devil," Miss Tita replied, simply.

"She used that expression in her letter?"

"Oh no; she said it to me. She made me write to him."

"And what did you say?"

"I told him there were no papers at all."

"Ah, poor gentleman!" I exclaimed.

"I knew there were, but I wrote what she bade me."

"Of course you had to do that. But I hope I sha'n't pass for a devil."

"It will depend upon what you ask me to do for you," said Miss Tita, smiling.

"Oh, if there is a chance of *your* thinking so, my affair is in a bad way! I sha'n't ask you to steal for me, nor even to fib — for you can't fib, unless on paper. But the principal thing is this — to prevent her from destroying the papers."

"Why, I have no control of her," said Miss Tita. "It's she who controls me."

"But she does n't control her own arms and legs, does she? The way she would naturally destroy her letters would be to burn them. Now, she can't burn them without fire, and she can't get fire unless you give it to her."

"I have always done everything she has asked," my companion rejoined. "Besides, there's Olympia."

I was on the point of saying that Olympia was probably corruptible, but I thought it best not to sound that note. So I simply asked if that faithful domestic could n't be managed.

"Every one can be managed by my aunt," said Miss Tita. And then she observed that her holiday was over; she must go home. I laid my hand on her arm, across the table, to stay her a moment, and pursued —

"What I want of you is a general promise to help me."

"Oh, how can I — how can I?" she asked, wondering and troubled. She was partly surprised, partly frightened, at my wishing to make her play a part.

"This is the main thing: to watch her carefully and warn me in time, before she commits that horrible sacrilege."

"I can't watch her when she makes me go out."

"That's very true."

"And when you do, too."

"Mercy on us!" I exclaimed, "do you think she will have done anything to-night?"

"I don't know; she is very cunning."

"Are you trying to frighten me?" I asked.

I felt this inquiry sufficiently answered when my companion murmured, in a musing, almost envious way, "Oh, but she loves them — she loves them!"

This reflection, repeated with such emphasis, gave me great comfort; but to obtain more I said, "If she should n't intend to destroy the objects we speak of before her death, she will probably have made some disposition by will."

"By will?"

"Has n't she made one for your benefit?"

"Why, she has so little to leave. That's why she likes money," said Miss Tita.

"Might I ask, since we are really talking things over, what you and she live on?"

"On some money that comes from America, from a lawyer. He sends it every quarter. It is n't much!"

"And won't she have disposed of that?"

My companion hesitated — I saw she was blushing. "I believe it's mine," she said; and the look and tone which accompanied these words were such that I almost thought her charming. The next instant she added, "But she had a lawyer once, ever so long ago."

And some people came and signed something."

"They were probably witnesses. And you were not asked to sign? Well, then," I argued, rapidly and hopefully, "it is because you are the legatee; she has left all her documents to you!"

"If she has, it's with very strict conditions," Miss Tita declared, rising quickly; and this movement gave the words a little character of decision. They seemed to imply that the bequest would be accompanied with a command that the articles bequeathed should remain concealed from every inquisitive eye, and that I was very much mistaken if I thought she was the person to depart from so solemn an injunction.

"Oh, of course you will have to abide by the terms," I replied; and she said nothing to mitigate the severity of this conclusion. None the less, later, just before we disembarked at her own door, on our return, which had taken place, in the gondola, almost in silence, she said to me, abruptly, "I will do what I can to help you." I was grateful for this — it was very well so far as it went; but it did n't keep me from remembering, that night, in a worried waking hour, that I now had her word for it, to reinforce my own impression, that the old woman was very cunning.

VII.

The fear of what this side of her character might have led her to do made me nervous for days afterwards. I waited for an intimation from Miss Tita; I almost figured to myself that it was her duty to keep me informed, to let me know definitely whether or no Miss Bordereau had sacrificed her treasures. But as she gave no sign I lost patience and determined to judge, so far as was possible, with my own senses. I sent, late one afternoon, to ask if I might pay the ladies a visit, and my

servant came back with surprising news. Miss Bordereau could be approached without the least difficulty; she had been moved out into the sala and was sitting there, by the window that overlooked the garden. I descended, and found this picture correct; the old lady had been wheeled forth into the world and had a certain air, which came mainly, perhaps, from some brighter element in her dress, of being prepared again to have converse with it. It had not yet, however, begun to flock about her; she was perfectly alone, and though the door leading to her own quarters stood open, I had at first no glimpse of Miss Tita. The window at which she sat had the afternoon shade, and, one of the shutters having been pushed back, she could see the pleasant garden, where the summer sun had by this time dried up too many of the plants — the yellow light and the long shadows.

"Have you come to tell me that you will take the rooms for six months more?" she asked, as I approached her, startling me by something coarse in her avidity almost as much as if she had not already given me a specimen of it. Juliana's desire to make our acquaintance lucrative had been, as I have sufficiently indicated, a false note in my image of the woman who had inspired a great poet with immortal lines; but I may say here definitely that I recognized, after all, that it behoved me to make a large allowance for her. It was I who had kindled the unholy flame; it was I who had put into her head that she had the means of making money. She appeared never to have thought of that; she had been living wastefully, for years, in a house five times too big for her, on a footing that I could explain only by the presumption that, excessive as it was, the space she enjoyed cost her next to nothing, and that, small as were her revenues, they left her, for Venice, an appreciable margin. I had descended on her one day and taught her to calcu-

late, and my almost extravagant comedy on the subject of the garden had presented me, irresistibly, in the light of a victim. Like all persons who achieve the miracle of changing their point of view when they are old, she had been intensely converted; she had seized my hint with a sort of desperate, tremulous clutch.

I invited myself to go and get one of the chairs that stood, at a distance, against the wall (she had given herself no concern as to whether I should sit or stand); and while I placed it near her I began, gayly, "Oh, dear madam, what an imagination you have, what an intellectual sweep! I am a poor devil of a man of letters, who lives from day to day. How can I take palaces by the year? My existence is precarious. I don't know whether, six months hence, I shall have bread to put in my mouth. I have treated myself for once; it has been an immense luxury. But when it comes to going on" —

"Are your rooms too dear? if they are you can have more for the same money," Juliana remarked. "We can arrange, we can *combinare*, as they say here."

"Well, yes, since you ask me, they are too dear," I said. "Evidently, you suppose me richer than I am."

She looked at me, in her barricaded way. "If you write books don't you sell them?"

"Do you mean don't people buy them? A little — not as much as I could wish. Writing books, unless one be a great genius — and even then! — is the last road to fortune. I think there is no more money to be made by literature."

"Perhaps you don't choose good subjects. What do you write about?" Miss Bordereau inquired.

"About the books of other people. I'm a critic, an historian, in a small way," I replied, wondering what she was coming to.

"And what other people, now?"

"Oh, better ones than myself: the great writers, mainly — the great philosophers and poets of the past; those who are dead and gone and can't speak for themselves."

"And what do you say about them?"

"I say they sometimes attached themselves to very clever women!" I answered, laughing. I spoke with great deliberation, but as my words fell upon the air they struck me as imprudent. However, I risked them, and I was not sorry, for perhaps, after all, the old woman would be willing to treat. It seemed to be tolerably obvious that she knew my secret; why, therefore, drag the matter out? But she did n't take what I had said as a confession; she only asked —

"Do you think it's right to rake up the past?"

"I don't know that I know what you mean by raking it up; but how can we get at it unless we dig a little? The present has such a rough way of treading it down."

"Oh, I like the past, but I don't like critics," the old woman declared, with her fine tranquillity.

"Neither do I, but I like their discoveries."

"Are n't they mostly lies?"

"The lies are what they sometimes discover," I said, smiling at the quiet impertinence of this. "They often lay bare the truth."

"The truth is God's, it is n't man's; we had better leave it alone. Who can judge of it — who can say?"

"We are terribly in the dark, I know," I admitted; "but if we give up trying, what becomes of all the fine things? What becomes of the work I just mentioned, that of the great philosophers and poets? It is all vain words, if there is nothing to measure it by."

"You talk as if you were a tailor," said Miss Bordereau, whimsically; and then she added, quickly, in a different manner, "The house is very fine; the

proportions are magnificent. To-day I wanted to look at this place again. I made them bring me out here. When your man came, just now, to learn if I would see you, I was on the point of sending for you, to ask if you did n't mean to go on. I wanted to judge what I'm letting you have. This sala is very grand," she pursued, moving a little, as I guessed, her invisible eyes. "I don't believe you often have lived in such a house, eh?"

"I can't often afford to!" I said.

"Well, then, how much will you give for six months?"

I was on the point of exclaiming — and the air of exasperation in my face would have denoted a moral fact — "Don't, Juliana; for *his* sake, don't!" But I controlled myself and asked, less passionately, "Why should I remain so long as that?"

"I thought you liked it," said Miss Bordereau, with her shriveled dignity.

"So I thought I should."

For a moment she said nothing more, and I left my own words to suggest to her what they might. I half expected her to say, coldly enough, that if I had been disappointed we need n't continue the discussion, and this in spite of the fact that I believed her now to have in her mind (however it had come there), what would have told her that my disappointment was natural. But to my extreme surprise she ended by observing, "If you don't think we have treated you well enough, perhaps we can discover some way of treating you better." This speech was somehow so incongruous that it made me laugh again, and I excused myself by saying that she talked as if I were a sulky boy, pouting in the corner, to be "brought round." I had not a grain of complaint to make; and could anything have exceeded Miss Tita's kindness in accompanying me, a few nights before, to the Piazza? At this, the old woman went on: "Well, you brought it on yourself!" And then, in a different tone, "She is a very

nice girl." I assented, cordially, to this proposition, and she expressed the hope that I did so not merely to be civil, but that I really liked her. Meanwhile, I wondered still more what Miss Bordereau was coming to. "Except for me, to-day," she said, "she has n't a relation in the world." Did she, by describing her niece as amiable and unencumbered, wish to represent her as a *parti*?

It was perfectly true that I could not afford to go on with my rooms at a "fancy" price and that I had already devoted to my undertaking almost all the hard cash I had set apart for it. My patience and my time were by no means exhausted, but I should be able to draw upon them only on a more usual Venetian basis. I was willing to pay the venerable woman with whom my pecuniary dealings were such a discord twice as much as any other *padrona di casa* would have asked, but I was not willing to pay her twenty times as much. I told her so, plainly, and my plainness appeared to have some success, for she exclaimed, "Very good; you have done what I asked — you have made an offer!"

"Yes, but not for half a year. Only by the month."

"Oh, I must think of that, then." She seemed disappointed that I would n't tie myself to a period, and I guessed that she wished both to secure me and to discourage me; to say severely, "Do you dream that you can get off with less than six months? Do you dream that even by the end of that time you will be appreciably nearer your victory?" What was more in my mind was that she had a fancy to play me the trick of making me engage myself when in fact she had annihilated the papers. There was a moment when my suspense on this point was so acute that I all but broke out with the question, and what kept it back was but a kind of instinctive recoil (lest it should be a mistake), from the last violence of self-exposure.

She was such a subtle old witch that one could n't tell where one stood with her. You may imagine whether it cleared up the puzzle when, just after she had said she would think of my proposal, and without any formal transition, she drew out of her pocket, with an embarrassed hand, a small object wrapped in crumpled white paper. She held it there a moment and then she asked, "Do you know much about curiosities?"

"About curiosities?"

"About antiquities, the old gimcracks that people pay so much for to-day. Do you know the kind of price they bring?"

I thought I saw what was coming, but I said ingenuously, "Do you want to buy something?"

"No, I want to sell. What would an amateur give me for that?" She unfolded the white paper and made a motion for me to take from her a small oval portrait. I possessed myself of it with a hand of which I could only hope that she did n't perceive the tremor, and she added, "I would part with it only for a good price."

At the first glance I recognized Jeffrey Aspern, and I was well aware that I flushed with the act. As she was watching me, however, I had the consistency to exclaim, "What a striking face! Do tell me who it is!"

"It's an old friend of mine, a very distinguished man in his day. He gave it to me himself, but I'm afraid to mention his name, lest you never should have heard of him, critic and historian as you are. I know the world goes fast, and one generation forgets another. He was all the fashion when I was young."

She was perhaps amazed at my assurance, but I was surprised at hers; at her having the energy, in her state of health and at her time of life, to wish to sport with me that way — simply for her private entertainment to test me and practice on me. This, at least, was the interpretation that I put upon her production

of the portrait, for I did n't believe that she really desired to sell it or cared for any information I might give her. What she wished was to dangle it before my eyes and put a prohibitive price upon it. "The face comes back to me, it torments me," I said, turning the picture this way and that, and looking at it very critically. It was a careful but not a brilliant work of art, larger than the ordinary miniature, and representing a young man with a remarkably handsome face, in a high-collared green coat and a buff waistcoat. I judged the picture to have a valuable quality of resemblance and to have been painted when the model was about twenty-five years old. There are, as all the world knows, three other portraits of the poet in existence, but none of them is of so early a date as this elegant production. "I have never seen the original, but I have seen other pictures," I went on. "You expressed doubt of this generation having heard of the gentleman, but he strikes me for all the world as a celebrity. Now who is he? I can't put my finger upon him. Was n't he a writer? Surely he's a poet." I was determined that it should be she, not I, who should first pronounce Jeffrey Aspern's name.

My resolution was taken in ignorance of Miss Bordereau's extremely resolute character, and her lips never formed, in my hearing, the syllables that meant so much for her. She neglected to answer my question but raised her hand to take back the picture, with a gesture which, though ineffectual, was in a high degree peremptory. "It's only a person who should know, for himself, that would give me my price," she said, with a certain dryness.

"Oh, then, you have a price?" I did n't restore the precious object; not from any vindictive purpose, but because I instinctively clung to it. We looked at each other hard while I continued to retain it.

"I know the least I would take.

What it occurred to me to ask you about is the most I should be able to get."

She made a movement, drawing herself together, as if, in a spasm of terror at having lost the picture, she were going to attempt the immense effort of rising to snatch it from me. I instantly placed it in her hand again, saying as I did so, "I should like to have it myself, but with your ideas I could never afford it."

She turned the small oval plate over in her lap, with its face down, and I thought I saw her catch her breath a little, as if she had been strained or had an escape. This, however, did n't prevent her from saying, in a moment, "You would buy a likeness of a person you don't know, by an artist who has no reputation?"

"The artist may have no reputation, but that thing is wonderfully well painted," I replied, to give myself a reason.

"It's lucky you thought of saying that, because the painter was my father."

"That makes the picture indeed precious!" I exclaimed, laughing; and I may add that a part of my laughter came from my satisfaction in finding that I had been right in my theory of Miss Bordereau's origin. Aspern had of course met the young lady when he went to her father's studio as a sitter. I observed to Miss Bordereau that if she would entrust me with the picture for twenty-four hours I should be happy to take advice upon it; but she made no answer to this save to slip it, in silence, into her pocket. This convinced me still more that she had no sincere intention of selling it during her own lifetime, though she may have desired to satisfy herself as to the sum her niece, should she leave it to her, might expect eventually to obtain for it. "Well, at any rate, I hope you will not offer it without giving me notice," I said, as she remained irresponsible. "Remember that I am a possible purchaser."

"I should want your money first!"

she returned, with unexpected rudeness; and then, as if she bethought herself that I had just cause to complain of such an insinuation, and wished to turn the matter off, asked abruptly what I talked about with her niece when I went out with her that way in the evening.

"You speak as if we had set up the habit," I replied. "Certainly, I should be very glad if it were to become a habit. But in that case I should feel still greater scruples at betraying a lady's confidence."

"Her confidence? Has she got confidence?"

"Here she is — she can tell you herself," I said; for Miss Tita now appeared on the threshold of the old woman's parlor. "Have you got confidence, Miss Tita? Your aunt wants very much to know."

"Not in her, not in her!" the younger lady declared, shaking her head with a dolefulness that was neither jocular nor affected. "I don't know what to do with her; she has fits of horrid imprudence. She is so easily tired, and yet she has begun to roam, to drag herself about the house." And she stood looking down at her immemorial companion with a sort of helpless wonder, as if all their years of familiarity had not made her perversities, on occasion, any more easy to follow.

"I know what I'm about. I'm not losing my mind. I dare say you would like to think so," said Miss Bordereau, with a cynical little sigh.

"I don't suppose you came out here yourself. Miss Tita must have had to lend you a hand," I interposed, with a pacifying intention.

"Oh, she insisted that we should push her; and when she insists!" said Miss Tita, in the same tone of apprehension, as if she did n't know what service that she disapproved of her aunt might force her next to render.

"I have always got most things done I wanted, thank God! The people I

have lived with have humored me," the old woman continued, speaking out of the ashes of her vanity.

"I suppose you mean that they have obeyed you."

"Well, whatever it is, when they like you."

"It's just because I like you that I want to resist," said Miss Tita, with a nervous laugh.

"Oh, I suspect you'll bring Miss Bordereau up-stairs next, to pay me a visit," I went on; to which the old lady replied —

"Oh, no; I can keep an eye on you from here!"

"You are very tired; you'll certainly be ill to-night," Miss Tita remarked.

"Nonsense, my dear; I feel better at this moment than I have done for a month. To-morrow I shall come out again. I want to be where I can see this gentleman."

"Shouldn't you perhaps see me better in your sitting-room?" I inquired.

"Don't you mean, shouldn't you have a better chance at me?" she returned, fixing me a moment with her green shade.

"Ah, I have n't that anywhere! I look at you, but I don't see you."

"You excite her dreadfully, and that is not good," said Miss Tita, giving me a reproachful, appealing look.

"I want to watch you—I want to watch you!" the old lady went on.

"Well, then, let us spend as much of our time together as possible—I don't care where—and that will give you every facility."

"Oh, I've seen you enough for to-day. I'm satisfied. Now I'll go home." Miss Tita laid her hands on the back of her aunt's chair and began to push, but I begged her to let me take her place. "Oh, yes, you may move me this way—you sha'n't in any other!" Miss Bordereau exclaimed, as she felt herself propelled firmly and easily over the smooth, hard floor. Before we

reached the door of her own apartment she commanded me to stop, and she took a long, last look up and down the noble sala. "Oh, it's a magnificent house!" she murmured; after which I pushed her forward. When we had entered the parlor Miss Tita told me that she should now be able to manage, and at the same moment the little red-haired *donna* came to meet her mistress. Miss Tita's idea was evidently to get her aunt immediately back to bed. I confess that in spite of this urgency I was guilty of the indiscretion of lingering; it held me there to think that I was nearer the documents I coveted—that they were probably put away somewhere in the faded, unsocial room. The place had indeed a bareness which did n't suggest hidden treasures; there were no dusky nooks nor curtained corners, no massive cabinets nor chests with iron bands. Moreover, it was possible, it was perhaps even probable, that the old lady had consigned her relics to her bedroom, to some battered box that was shoved under the bed, to the drawer of some lame dressing-table, where they would be in the range of vision by the dim night-lamp. None the less I scrutinized every article of furniture, every conceivable cover for a hoard, and noticed that there were half a dozen things with drawers, and, in particular, a tall old secretary, with brass ornaments, of the style of the Empire—a receptacle somewhat rickety, but still capable of keeping a great many secrets. I don't know why this article fascinated me so, inasmuch as I certainly had no definite purpose of breaking into it; but I stared at it so hard that Miss Tita noticed me and changed color. Her doing this made me think I was right and that, wherever they might have been before, the Aspern papers at that moment languished behind the peevish little lock of the secretary. It was hard to remove my eyes from the dull mahogany front when I reflected that a simple panel

divided me from the documents of my desire; but I remembered my prudence and, with an effort, took leave of Miss Bordereau. To make the effort graceful I said to her that I should certainly bring her an opinion about the little picture.

"The little picture?" Miss Tita asked, surprised.

"What do *you* know about it, my dear?" the old woman demanded. "You need n't mind. I have fixed my price."

"And what may that be?"

"A thousand pounds."

"Oh Lord!" cried poor Miss Tita, irrepressibly.

"Is that what she talks to you about?" said Miss Bordereau.

"Imagine your aunt's wanting to know!" I had to separate from Miss Tita with only those words, though I should have liked immensely to add, "For Heaven's sake meet me to-night in the garden!"

Henry James.

TURNER'S OLD TÉMÉRAIRE.

UNDER A FIGURE SYMBOLIZING THE CHURCH.

THOU wast the fairest of all man-made things;
The breath of heaven bore up thy cloudy wings,
And, patient in their triple rank,
The thunders crouched about thy flank,
Their black lips silent with the doom of kings.

The storm-wind loved to rock him in thy pines,
And swell thy vans with breath of great designs;
Long-wildered pilgrims of the main
By thee relaid their course again,
Whose prow was guided by celestial signs.

How didst thou trample on tumultuous seas,
Or, like some basking sea-beast stretched at ease,
Let the bull-fronted surges glide
Caressingly along thy side,
Like glad hounds leaping by the huntsman's knees!

Heroic feet, with fire of genius shod,
In battle's ecstasy thy deck have trod,
While from their touch a fulgor ran
Through plank and spar, from man to man,
Welding thee to a thunderbolt of God.

Now a black demon, belching fire and steam,
Drags thee away, a pale, dismantled dream,
And all thy desecrated bulk
Must landlocked lie, a helpless hulk,
To gather weeds in the regardless stream.

Woe's me, from Ocean's sky-horizoned air
 To this! Better, the flame-cross still aflame,
 Shot-shattered to have met thy doom
 Where thy last lightnings cheered the gloom
 Than here be safe in dangerless despair.

Thy drooping symbol to the flagstaff clings,
 Thy rudder soothes the tide to lazy rings,
 Thy thunders now but birthdays greet,
 Thy planks forget the martyrs' feet,
 Thy masts what challenges the sea-wind brings.

Thou a mere hospital, where human wrecks,
 Like winter-flies, crawl those renowned decks,
 Ne'er trodden save by captive foes,
 And wonted sternly to impose
 God's will and thine on bowed imperial necks!

Shall nevermore, engendered of thy fame,
 A new sea-eagle heir thy conqueror name,
 And with commissioned talons wrench
 From thy supplanter's grimy clench
 His sheath of steel, his wings of smoke and flame?

This shall the pleased eyes of our children see;
 For this the stars of God long even as we;
 Earth listens for his wings; the Fates
 Expectant lean; Faith cross-propt waits,
 And the tired waves of Thought's insurgent sea.

James Russell Lowell.

FERDINAND LASSALLE, THE SOCIALIST.

IN the cemetery of Breslau, a plain monument bears the inscription, "Ferdinand Lassalle, thinker and fighter." The epitaph is from August Boeckh, the great philologist and classical antiquary, whom Lassalle had known in his Berlin days, and it epitomizes the character of a man who was only thirty-nine years of age when he died. Lassalle was wont to resent the application to himself of the epithet "socialist," for he claimed to stand on scientific ground, and to be a genuine economist, which he may yet come to be considered. Thus far his

fame is associated with the revival and reorganization of the German Social-Democratic Party, amongst whom his influence is still felt. It is also with weapons of his fabrication that Bismarck strives to overthrow the men whom "the thinker and fighter" marshaled upon the political field, and gave the guidons of battle.

Lassalle's greatest work was done in the last three years of his life, although his previous history was but a preparation for it. Like most other leaders, he made enthusiastic adherents and passion-

ate antagonists, and it is a sign of his greatness that his adversaries steadily diminish in number and cease from personalities. Soon after his death, J. M. Ludlow wrote for English readers a critical notice, which, while admitting his versatility and intellectual strength, attempted to discredit him by accusing him of ambition and an utter absence of the moral sense. Twelve years later, John Rae presented him afresh to the same public, with a far more studious estimate of his work and far fewer insinuations of his depravity. Twice since then Dr. Ingram, of Dublin, has enrolled him among the practical economists of Germany, with simple acceptance of his honorable historical place; abstaining from solicitations for condemnation upon the extraneous grounds of his origin, his gallantries, or his religious deficiencies. If the process goes on, like the once vilified Spinoza or Mazzini, he may yet be revered for his services to mankind.

What Lassalle accomplished in Germany will be better understood if we first gain some idea of his personality. Few men have been more strictly the product of their environment than Ferdinand Lassalle. Even the vices which his foes attributed to him, such as audacity, ambition, and salaciousness, are characteristics of turbulent times. He was a Jew. Many of the first promoters of German socialism were of this race, as Karl Marx and his disciples, Friedrich Engels, Edward Lasker, and Paul Singer, while the basis of their economical arguments is the teaching of David Ricardo, another Israelite. Ferdinand's father was a prosperous trader in Breslau, where, in his day, reminiscences of the great Frederick's invasions chilled the attachment of the people to the Hohenzollern house. The grandfather had many times paid the infamous *Leibzoll*, or tax assessed on every Hebrew as many times as he passed the municipal boundaries, or those of the petty state within which he resided. In his distress, the handsome Fred-

erick William III., anxious to push the French to the wall as they returned from Russia, invited the Jews to help, promising them the civil rights of Gentiles; but a few years later he was compelled by public sentiment to revoke their army commissions, and to exclude their teachers from the universities. To the credit of the royal house of Prussia, it ought to be said that for a century few of its members have been guilty of the savage sentiment which first outlaws and then persecutes the children of Abraham. It was the social influence emanating from the apothegm of the present Crown Prince, that "educated men could not despise Jews," which repressed Court Chaplain Stöcker's late anti-Semitic agitation. This attitude of the reigning house has had much to do with the position of German Israel; for in earlier times a patent of nobility made the Jew "court-qualified," and, what was far more important, pointed out the way in which he was to seek civil emancipation. It confirmed his predilection for town life, and stimulated his taste for fashion, learning, and politics.

One other influence must not be lost from sight, and that arose among the educated classes. Scholastic life performs in Germany something of the same function that the Church did for feudal Europe. It is the one domain in Germany where all other distinctions than those of personal ability are leveled. Unusual significance must be attached to this fact in a country which affords no other field for the growth of cosmopolitan standards of manners and intercourse, and where provincialism and caste are factors to be daily confronted. The nobility still cling to court precedence, to army commissions, and to the diplomatic service; but even hereditary right to a seat in the *Herrenhaus* has not arrested the lapse of aristocracy into a segregated and uninfluential element of national life, while the crown right to create members of that house greatly

enhances the social patronage of the government. In rural and municipal life, the great body of the people is still impotent, for the tax assessor determines what relative weight the voter is to have in the control of public affairs.

Forty years ago, the Church was suffering from the effects of a court Erastianism, and for a generation had dissipated its energies in the petty controversies which arose out of the attempt to enforce a scheme of union conceived in a paralytic stage of rationalism. What influence it had grew out of the force with which its scholars threw themselves into university life. As a social institution, either to bind classes together and promote their intercourse, or to open definite careers to its adherents, its function was small.

The rural population was a peasantry, and the artisan guilds of the towns despotically repressed the enterprise of ingenious mechanics, or slowly crumbled before the concentrations of capital, caused by the introduction of machinery and its attendant subdivisions of labor. While manual toil was daily performing greater services for civilization, the toilers were sinking into a more isolated depression. Indeed, it was to arrest the gradual extinction of the small shops, with their masters, journeymen, and apprentices, and to stay the spread of the English type of industrial centralization, that Schultze-Delitzsch entered upon his tardily recognized coöperative schemes.

The one solvent of outgrown conditions was, and still is, culture. Here men are emancipated from conventional disabilities, here the prizes are open to merit, here affiliations are natural, here a vital reorganization of society seems possible, — a fact which goes far to explain why Germany strode so fast and surely to the front of scholarship. The court affected and patronized learning. Pretensions of birth were scorned in the schools, while the aristocracy, exclusive in temper and impoverished by frequent

distribution of ancestral inheritances, was a *noblesse faînéante*. Examinations were the door to preferment in the gymnasium, the university, the civil service, and the church. While diplomacy and the army commands were tenaciously monopolized by the hereditary nobility, yet there were a few regiments and some staff appointments conceded to those who could win them by scholarship. A man who escaped from the oppressions of the farm or the shop, and from the contempt of hereditary pride, into the democratic air of a university was practically emancipated from all limitations but those of his own faculties. What other career, then, could an ambitious Jew choose in Germany but that of a scholar and a politician? Ferdinand Lassalle did not hesitate, and it is infinitely to his credit that he became so undisputed a scholar and so disinterested a politician. When he is charged with an insatiable and unscrupulous hankering for notoriety, one may regret that more men do not choose a public life with so little hope of reward, and pursue it with an equal loftiness of spirit.

His father, who wrote the name Lassal, wished the lad to be bred to trade, for which the boy had no liking, and sent him to a commercial school at Leipsic. Among the nobler minds of his race another ambition had been awakened, which one of them traces to Moses Mendelssohn, from whose friendship and character Lessing derived his conception of Nathan the Wise. It produced a Hebrew Culturverein in 1823, two years before Lassalle was born, which, though obnoxious to the orthodox Jews and of ephemeral duration, marked the drift that had already set in, and was, under the Frankels, Abraham Geiger, Morris Veit, and Leopold Zunz, to influence the ambition of the younger generation. The authority of the Talmud was shaken, and the allurements of song, history, and science were enticing. Lassalle returned from Leipsic to Bres-

lau, a city the synagogues of which were already penetrated with modern tastes. From the University of Breslau he went to that of Berlin, where he completed his studies in his twenty-first year. During his Berlin residence he met the septuagenarian Humboldt, who was attracted by his mental vigor and attainments, and called him a *Wunderkind*. It was Lassalle's intention at this time to qualify as a *privat-docent* in the University, and philosophy was his chosen line of study; for he had become deeply saturated with Hegelianism as well as with democratic opinions, according to the student fashion of the times, and he had planned a systematic exposition of the Ionian Heracleitus, who, above all Greek philosophers, lent himself most readily to the illustration of Hegel's conceptions. Thirteen years later, this undertaking was completed by the issue from the Berlin press of the standard work upon the subject, and one which immediately established Lassalle's position as a scholar.

But a serious interruption to his studies had already begun, and its course throws a strong light upon his character. The Countess Sophie von Hatzfeldt, who was then in the thirty-sixth year of her age, met him during his last term at the University. Her husband's residence was at Düsseldorf, a circumstance which led Lassalle to make his headquarters in the vicinity with consequences greatly affecting his future career. Here was one of the densest seats of industry in Europe, while the people, enjoying more liberal institutions than any other under the Prussian crown, were also deeply tinged with democratic sentiments. But, above all, here Lassalle was to meet Karl Marx and his intimate Engels, and to receive the impulse which fixed his economic system. The Count of Hatzfeldt was at bitter feud with his wife, who was also his cousin. Their joint estates were large. Whatever the original cause of their dissension, she had

been dispossessed of her property; despoiled one by one of all her children but the youngest son, whom the father was then trying to remove from her custody; forced to live apart upon an insufficient income, capriciously supplied, and to see the family estates lavished upon her illicit rivals. For twenty years she had endured an exasperating persecution, and under every disadvantage which German customs and tribunals could put in the way of a woman contending for her marital rights. It will not be necessary to recite again the oft-told story of Lassalle's spirited intervention beyond what is necessary to exhibit his character. Two instincts of his nature were profoundly touched by the Countess's misfortunes: his chivalrous resentment of a woman's wrongs, and his hatred of injustice. The social emancipation of his race was but recent, and with the abandon of youth he had thrown himself into the business of making the most of it. His income was generous, his person was handsome, his manners were captivating, his dress was fashionable, his dinners were artistic, and he loved to pose as a young *Gelehrter*. With all his dashing audacity, there was beneath the characteristic calculation of his race, which seldom fails to see the substantial good to be gained. His recklessness, although it did not transcend the prudence necessary to his ends, was not an affectation, but rather the policy of an arrogant nature. Under the form of Alcibiades was the heart of Maccabee. The enthusiasms of his own youth were reinforced by those of a rejuvenating race, constituting a kind of primitive exuberance. Lassalle determined to succor the Countess, and for ten years he did not cease to prosecute her cause, nor until justice was secured. He took up the study of law to qualify himself to be her adviser. He infected his companions with his own generous indignations. "When every human right is violated," he says, "when even

the voice of blood is mute and helpless and man is forsaken by his born protectors, then there arises with right man's first and last relation, — man." That was his warrant for interposition. He opposed truth to appearance, right to rank, mind to money, and averred that had he foreseen all the calumny and its easy credence which awaited him he would not have flinched.

During all this time he was under the bribed espionage of his own valets, and his conduct was subjected to every misconstruction. How violent an enemy he had to fight is shown by the affair of the *cassette*. The Countess learned in some way that her husband was about to settle an annuity of five thousand dollars upon his mistress, Baroness von Meyerdorff, to the impoverishment of their youngest child. She went to him to remonstrate, and at the first interview obtained a promise to cancel the lien, but on seeking a second interview was contumeliously driven from the door; and soon after the Meyerdorff started for Cologne, it was believed, to secure her bond. At Lassalle's instigation, the casket containing it was abstracted from her room — stolen, the legal processes said — by two of his companions. All three were tried, but only one — Mendelssohn — was imprisoned. Nevertheless, the odium of theft was never suffered to fall from Lassalle, although the nature of the transaction as the righting of a great wrong was never disputed. He pursued the Countess's right in thirty-six distinct actions in court, and forced her husband to compromise on unexpectedly favorable terms. As might be anticipated, he was his client's intimate friend, often her guest, and again and again received from her gratitude moneys which he would not accept as fees. The tongue of scandal was busy with this couple, and had their relations to each other been in any wise immoral, the scrutiny of the powerful and unscrupulous noble

whom he attacked would have detected it. Such a charge rests upon no better foundation than that Sophie von Hatzfeldt was fond of horses and rather dashing in manners, while Lassalle was handsome, was in the impressionable age, and perhaps was as salacious as those who suspected him of wrong. But, after the lapse of years, there remains of this affair only the admiration of ingenuous minds for the chivalrous and splendid part which he performed.

Lassalle went to Düsseldorf in the summer of 1846 with a letter from Prince Frederick of Prussia to Hatzfeldt, intending to open negotiations with him for a marital settlement, and there the same business caused him to linger for several years. In the autumn of 1846 he was in Paris, where Heine, in the full brilliance of his journalism, received him with admiration, and sent him back to Varnhagen von Ense, in Berlin; saying that he united "with the richest gifts of exposition an energy of the will and an *habilité* in action which astounded" him, but that he was a genuine son of the new age, in which there was no pretense of modesty or self-denial. Lassalle himself claimed at that time friendly association with the "foremost men of learning in Germany."

Two years later, Marx and Engels left Belgium, and began to edit the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* of the democratic party in Rhineland. It was a time of agitation in Europe. At Berlin the government dissolved Parliament, and, with the promise of conceding a constitution, undertook to administer affairs on the primitive basis of royal right. All Germany was in a ferment, and the popular expedient for tying the hands of the government was that of withholding taxes. In Düsseldorf, Lassalle, who derided a "passive resistance which did not resist," joined with Cantador, the head of the burgher guard, in proposing barricades, taking possession of the public money, and arming the people. He

had just escaped from the custody of the *Staatsanwälte* on charge of stealing the cassette, when he was thrown into prison for sedition, where he lay for six months before he was brought to trial. On the 3d of May, 1849, he defended himself before the tribunal with a lofty and uncompromising intrepidity. "I am an adherent of the social-democratic republic," said he. "When the government confiscates popular freedom, an appeal to arms is a right and a duty." His invectives of Parliament for its feeble policy of "ill-will" were unsparing. For himself, he was a "revolutionist on principle." By this he meant, not necessarily violence, for every fundamental change in principle is a revolution, while a reform is only a modification of method. A reform could be bloody, as was the peasants' war; a revolution might be peaceable, as was the Protestant Reformation. The point he wished to make was, that he looked for a reorganization of the state upon new principles, and however that was to be achieved he was for it. His personal defense attracted great attention for its candid avowals, its lofty courage, its brilliance, and its success; for he was acquitted by the jury, and the government was forced to bring him before an inferior tribunal, where a jury could be dispensed with, and to try him upon a petty accusation of resisting the police. For this minor offense he was incarcerated for six months. He went jubilantly to prison, gave orders to the turnkeys, broke the rules of discipline, made himself comfortable, and, when his sister appealed to the crown for his release, immediately disclaimed her petition. But the trial bore serious consequences. On account of it he was forbidden to come to Berlin, although it is quite probable that the influence of the Count von Hatzfeldt was felt in procuring the prohibition. He therefore returned to Düsseldorf, smarting under his proscription, opening his rooms as an asylum to po-

litical refugees, imbibing the economy of Marx, and working on his *Herakleitus*.

After several futile applications for permission to return to Berlin, he disguised himself as a teamster, and thus entered the city. This was in 1859, but John Rae, in his *Contemporary Socialism*, erroneously puts it two years earlier. It was the publication, in 1858, of *Die Philosophie Herakleitos des Dunklen* and the intercession of Humboldt upon which he relied to secure his unmolested residence at the capital. Nor was he disappointed in the influence of either. The political agitator was forgotten in the critical and superb scholar.

Now comes an event seemingly out of correspondence with the rest of his public career, but which really had much to do with it, — an event which evinces his marvelous political sagacity. He signaled his return to Berlin by a pamphlet called *The Italian War and the Mission of Prussia*, a *Voice from the Democracy*, in which the policy actually followed by Bismarck, who was then in the diplomatic corps, was described and advocated. In July of that year, the Peace of Villafranca was signed. Although the treaty left the boundaries of Victor Emmanuel's kingdom at the Mincio and the Po, the problem of Italian unity was solved, and it was evident that the whole peninsula would ultimately obey one sceptre. When this was accomplished, the republicans would have a fair field for their operations. Nationality must go before democracy. Such was the procedure which Lassalle commended to Germany. Austria must be driven out of the Confederation, and the hegemony transferred to Prussia, under whose authority alone the aspiration for German unity could be realized. On the new stage the revolutionists could play their part like men.

So far from being ready to receive these counsels were his compatriots that many of them deemed Lassalle to have

deserted his standards, and gone over to the monarchy. But there was such sagacious prescience in his views that one would not be surprised to learn that Bismarck inspired them. At all events, it is certain that many points of contact between these two men existed, and at the very time of Lassalle's pamphlet Bismarck was writing to Schleinitz that a rupture with Austria would be a "healthy crisis," for "Prussia's connection with the Germanic Confederation was a thing to be cured with blood and fire."

At this juncture, two publications presented the versatile Lassalle to the world as a jurist and a critic. Neither of them need detain us long. In 1861 appeared *The System of Acquired Rights*, which traces the philosophical evolution of positive law, and lays the foundation of a new socialistic epoch; such as dominated, in widely different manners, the dreams of his friends Marx and Rodbertus. The work is not without authority among masters of jurisprudence.

As a critic Lassalle fell foul of poor Heinrich Julian Schmidt, who had been rash enough to attempt the interpretation of German intellectual life to mankind. From Schmidt's wares he shook the false criticisms, the historical blunders, and the grammatical errors, making them smoke under his sarcasm, until all Germany was filled with the odor of a dissolving literary reputation. "Divine to man is that which he does not understand," the hapless Schmidt had said. "Ach! Mein Herr," retorted his relentless critic, "it is not so, for then all German literature would be divine to you."

Contemporaneous with the accession of Bismarck to the royal cabinet began Lassalle's significant public career. Hitherto political activity had been to him chiefly an incident of a scholar's life. The time had come for his varied labors to bear some practical fruit.

There was not a conservative fibre in him, for what had he to conserve? While his venerable father still adhered to the synagogue, he had exchanged the learning of Babylon and Tiberias for the culture of Athens. He was twenty-five years old before he wholly ceased to be an alien in the land of his birth, and he owed its traditions little allegiance. He was a recognized expounder of the only metaphysics that then had any vitality in Germany; he was a jurist who had traced the orderly growth of law from Solon to Napoleon; he was an economist who, while not claiming originality, had exploited with rigorous logic the whole orthodox school, and insisted that the "dismal science" must be rejuvenated by a larger study. He hated oppression and injustice; he had felt the sinister pervasiveness of aristocratic influence in his own imprisonments; he had defied absolutism and scorned the penalties it could inflict; he was humane, fearless, of splendid energy, a born leader amongst his companions, fertile in expedients, undaunted and lofty. What place could this exuberant child of revolution and the prisons take in the urgent social life of his times? Everything in his history converges to one goal. One could predict that his conservatism will be only that of a theorist, that his outlook will be upon a new state, that his method will be bold and energetic, and that his object will be humane.

As president, whether provisional or permanent, of the *Staats Ministerium*, Bismarck had to release the government from the annoyance of a distracted, *doctrinaire*, and feeble legislature. The party in that body strongest in numbers was the *Fortschritt*, or Progressist, which was made up of the burgher class, the lawyers and scholars, men who esteemed themselves liberal, and to them the "mad Junker" was a menace. But Bismarck was both a nationalist and an absolutist, — perhaps the one for the sake of the other, — with a splendid

courage, and an impatience of sophistries and obstructions which must have fascinated a man of Lassalle's spirit. Both were men, to use Heine's thought again, of "the new age, without pretense of modesty or self-denial." Both were also, but for different reasons, advocates of universal direct suffrage, and opposed to the classified cumbersome electoral system of the constitution of 1850. Lassalle now began to issue opportune political pamphlets, all of which were contributions to the support of the great minister. In one he insisted on the precedence of might over right, not because the ethical order was good, but because it was the uniform historical order. He would compel right to seek its embodiment in action, without which it is sham. In another he attacked the constitutionalism of the Liberals, because the existing one was a pretense, and blinded men to real issues. A written charter creates nothing; it simply declares what exists. The actual distribution of power is the thing to be looked to. Lassalle had no respect for a constitution which hindered the court and army from achieving national unity, and gave the populace no regulation of their own freedom. That constitution was a lie. Already he was a sufficiently conspicuous figure to incur the wrath of the Progressists, who soon made him feel the weight of their resentment; but as his attitude promised a diversion in the ranks of his political foes, and the creation of an extreme left to turn their flank, Bismarck has been more than suspected of giving him countenance. For the emergency the men were of one mind.

On October 12, 1862, Lassalle, before the Artisans' Society of the Oranienburg suburb of the capital, delivered a lecture which in a later form is known as the Workingmen's Programme. It contains his own economic and political theories, and traces out lines of action adhered to by the Social-Democrats to the present day. For this lecture he

was arrested, on the charge of inciting the proletariats against the property classes, and condemned to a six months' imprisonment at Berlin, which he bore with the same lofty hardihood as he had the previous one at Cologne. But the lecture and the imprisonment commended him to the workingmen in a way that first gave him access to their councils and the attitude of a leader. It was the era of Workingmen's Congresses, and one about to meet at Leipsic invited Lassalle to address it in February, 1863. In his cell he wrote to it a letter of advice. Among the Leipsic artisans, the discussion of their political duties was warmly prosecuted. Some favored adhesion to the Fortschritt party, from which Schultze-Delitzsch had won a little countenance for his trade-unions, savings-funds, and coöperative societies; others advocated abstinence altogether from political action. Lassalle told these men that both positions were unwise: the Progressist section, because that party was the foe of universal suffrage, in which must be found the solution of the industrial problem, and because the Schultze-Delitzsch plan of self-help was based upon the fundamentally wrong economical doctrine of competition and its consequent "law of wages;" the abstinence section, because the people were the state, and to ignore the state was self-elimination. No socialism had been laid to the charge of the government for the assistance it gave to railways, to agriculture, or to manufactures; neither should there be if it should assist laborers' production. Let the working-people first demand direct universal suffrage; and when the control of government was by this means placed in their hands, then let them insist that its powers should be used to secure a juster distribution of the annual income than that founded upon the iron law of necessary wages. The letter containing this advice was largely condemned by the journals of the day, and formally

rejected by workingmen's clubs all over the country. Leipzig alone seemed disposed to listen patiently, and thither Lassalle went in April, and addressed a meeting of thirteen hundred men, of whom but seven voted against him. On May 23d he founded the *Deutscher Arbeiterverein*, of which he became the first president. Fifteen months later he was dead. Into this short period was compressed an astounding amount of propagandist activity. He wrought almost single-handed against the apathy of the class he sought to organize, and against the afflux of visionary, impracticable social agitators of every description. On South Germany he could make no impression; the chief scenes of his success were Leipzig, Berlin, Frankfurt, and the Rhine provinces, where his former career had made him the idol of the workingmen.

Marx was at this time in London, a recognized leader of the communists, and was working away at the organization of the International. His affiliations were largely with the French, and his views were expanded to cover all the working-classes, without regard to race or state limits. Herein Lassalle differed from him, not in theory or economic aims, but in confining his movement to the creation of a German national party, aiming first at the control of the instruments of legislation. His restless energies were occupied with correspondence, public addresses, organization of branches, publication of tracts (many of them from Rodbertus), songs and social romances; with suppressing rivalries, jealousies, and wild schemes of violence; and with meeting government prosecutions, of which he encountered an average of one about every six weeks. On the other hand, he was probably encouraged by the "mad Junker" at the head of the *Staats Ministerium*; for it is known that at one time a telegram from Bismarck put a stop to a local police design of interference with one of his

public meetings. Moreover, the chief obstructions to Bismarck's government came from the *Fortschritt* party, whose hold upon the populace it was his interest to weaken, and this Lassalle's new organization tended to accomplish.

The Schultze-Delitzsch controversy, which fell in the last year of Lassalle's life, exhibits the position taken by the founder of the Social-Democrat party, and the fear inspired by his activity and by the ovations tendered him in Rhineland. As soon as the diversion of the artisans from the *Fortschritt* party threatened to become formidable, it turned to Schultze, whom it had thus far treated with considerable indifference, intending to bring him into the field to neutralize the influence of the "revolutionist on principle." After a course of six very effective lectures by Lassalle before the Berlin Workingmen's Union, the Saxon apostle of coöperation was rash enough to assail his position, and, rashest of all, to accuse him of superficial learning. Nothing was better calculated to inflame the polemic ardor of the young *Gelehrter* than a taunt of ignorance, and Lassalle went to work with piquant zeal, not only to demolish the arguments of his antagonist, but to retort the evidences of his own incompetency upon him. Of the score of original publications belonging to the last fifteen months of his life, the product of this transport is the longest and the best presentation of its author's economic opinions.

Poor Schultze was a disciple of Frédéric Bastiat, the vivacious opponent of French socialism as represented by Louis Blanc, Considérant, and Prudhon. Bastiat had made use of Henry C. Carey's doctrine of rent, that it rested not upon possession simply, but upon the improvements which had rendered the land arable, and therefore upon the previous labor expended. All natural things he held to be gratuitous to man, like the air or water. Rent, then, was a recog-

nition of labor, the receiver of it a representative of labor, and real property was not, as Prudhon declared, "robbery." But this position avails nothing against the scientific socialist, for he does not assail the right of property, but the mode of distributing the national income, by which the laborer receives only what is necessary to maintain him in working condition and in the reproduction of other proletariats, while those who are in command of the instruments of production, such as capital and land, take all the difference between the cost of material and labor and the market value, without any regard to the amount of service they render. Ricardo had taught that labor was the source of all production, though his theory of rent departed from Bastiat's. Now it was this doctrine which Rodbertus and Marx had seized upon as an economical axiom, and used to show the injustice of free competition as an industrial law. Indeed, it is the basis of all socialistic thinking. Schultze had not removed private property from the arguments of his opponents by following Carey; on the contrary, he had exposed it still more to their claims.

It was no difficult task to upset the teachings of a superficial follower of the clever but inconsequential French disciple of the English economists. Lassalle set about it characteristically, and entitled his book *Herr Bastiat Schultze von Delitzsch, der Oekonomische Julian, oder Capital und Arbeit*, thus indicating that Schultze's information was second hand, that he was to be demolished with the same trenchant sarcasm as poor Schmidt, the literary historian, had been, and that the vital industrial problem was the regulation of the proper share of surplus value to be accorded each to capital and labor. Schultze never entered the field of polemics again, and his leadership amongst workingmen was effectually discredited. Historically, Lassalle's position was that feudal organization sought

solidarity by virtually owning labor; that the struggle for personal liberty which culminated in the French Revolution of 1789 issued in a practically privileged *bourgeois* class; that Abbé Sieyès's *tiers état* contained a *fourth estate*, the working people, who were ninety-six per cent. of the nation, but were practically disfranchised. The French constitution, which distinguished between the active and passive citizen, giving suffrage to payers of a prescribed amount of taxes and withholding it from others, was a proof of this fact, as the electoral system of Prussia still is. Lassalle considered that the incidence of all indirect taxation was upon the consumer; and as five sixths of the Prussian revenue were derived from such sources, the great body of the workingmen bore the burden of state-support. Schultze's alleviating schemes had two radical faults: first, they were content with the so-called free competition of the orthodox economists and were based upon the permanence of the existing industrial organization; secondly, they called upon the workingmen who were without capital to combine for competition with those who were in possession of all the instruments of production in the country. In such a strife, the artisan was foreordained to fail. Competition and the "necessary law of wages" were the two things to extirpate, not to build afresh upon. They had been tried, and the result was a *bourgeoisie*, rapacious and plutocratic, ignorant of the conditions of trade, and therefore speculative. The socialist does not wage war upon private property. He believes in it, and only seeks to make its legitimate acquisition possible to the producing classes. He is charged with atheism, but in the programme of the Socialistic Workingmen's Party of Germany, which is the platform upon which it has stood ever since the Congress of Gotha in 1875, "religion is declared to be a private concern;" and this, for Americans, is not only sound political doctrine,

but indefeasible. Some of Lassalle's critics have said that he discouraged the Schultze doctrine of self-help to substitute for it state-help. Who is the state? asked Lassalle. It is the people. Is not the state themselves, and state-help self-help? What becomes of the prodigious revenues levied upon consumption, of which the poor contribute the greater part to the support of the government? They are squandered in dynastic squabbles, or employed to aid the enterprises of the capitalistic classes. Would it not be better to spend part of this money in guiding and building up productive enterprises under state regulation, in which profit-sharing should take the place of wages?

Ethically considered, self-help means individualism. It opposes the selfishness of the individual, as far as practicable, to the welfare of the whole. Socialism seeks solidarity of interests; and if it be objected that under it the individual will still be guided by self-interest, the answer is that in a socialistic *régime* it is difficult to extricate personal from the general welfare. Among the *bourgeoisie*, chance and connections make men wealthy. It beholds the whole trading world linked together, from Berlin to Melbourne and Tacoma. The men in the control of its enterprises are at work in the dark, ignorant of the intricate state of supply and demand, and therefore speculating. The system is anarchic, and should give way to a rational regulation.

Again, society has long been reducing the rights of property. It has forbidden that right in the laborer; it ought also to prohibit it in his labor. It is true, the workingman has technical freedom, but freedom is no boon unless it bring with it the opportunity for development. It is but small gain to put an end to slavery, if a man is still compelled by hopeless necessity to part with his time and faculty for a bare subsistence. To the bourgeoisie the function

of the state is simply to stand guard over personal liberty. To the socialist it is something far higher. Without it man has not advanced, and cannot develop. It is the great instrument for the advancement of culture; and it is only just that those who are the larger part of the state should, in their political capacity, obtain the best means for promoting personal excellence. In all this, Lassalle firmly believed that he was seeking increase of production and a rationally just distribution of income. The method he prescribed for realizing a social republic was agitation for direct universal suffrage. When that was achieved, the ninety-six per cent. of the population would be in possession of the government. Whether they would use their power well is to some a matter of conjecture, to many of foreboding. That they can be trusted the history of our own country, and even the parliamentary reforms of Great Britain, have so far shown, for in both countries direct universal suffrage is now the practical basis of government.

Lassalle died in a duel. The circumstances are these: In 1862, at Berlin, he encountered Helene von Dönnigsen, the daughter, by a Jewish mother, of the Bavarian minister to Switzerland, and an heiress in her own right. She was a fair-haired woman of about twenty-two years, adventurous, keen, and eccentric, but, as Lassalle said and events proved, deficient in resolution. So much did she resemble him that in after-years, when acting on an amateur stage in Breslau, many of the audience spoke of her as the young Lassalle come to life again. At this time, negotiations were already on foot to contract Helene to a Wallachian Count von Racowitza, whom she eventually married. Of all the exclusive circles in Germany, none is more exacting than the diplomatic. When, in 1847, Bismarck, discussing Jewish emancipation in the Prussian Parliament, said that while willing to accord to Hebrews

every personal civil right, "If I should see a Jew a representative of the king's most sacred majesty, I should feel deeply humiliated," he circumscribed that sacred area within which none but aristocratic feet might tread. Lassalle sought an alliance within this inviolable caste, and was resolutely repulsed. Helene fell under the spell of his beauty and daring, and all accounts of the courtship represent her as making the first advances, even to a point where a less chivalrous nature than his would have deeply compromised her. In July, 1864, he turned over his duties as head of the Workmen's Union to Bernhard Becker, who as his political executor was soon to succeed him, and went to Rhigi Mountain, in the Canton of Schwyz, ostensibly for his health. Thither came Helene in company with some ladies, upon an excursion, and made her presence known to him. They spent a day together. It is probable that this interview was brought about by one of Lassalle's friends, the fair lady being quite ready for the adventure. A number of encounters succeeded, in one of which Helene came to him, and, foreseeing the inexorable opposition of her parents, proposed an immediate elopement; but he took the Fräulein courteously back to her mother, — a chivalrous act which was the beginning of an estrangement. Lassalle was determined to conquer the reluctance of her family, and to win his bride openly and fairly. On the girl's return home, two emissaries of her father came to Lassalle to beg him to leave Geneva, where all the parties then were, and to relinquish further pursuit of her hand. He refused, and employed the agency of two friends to obtain for him further intercourse.

Meanwhile, the parents spurred on the Racowitza engagement, and the placid Helene rapidly subsided into unresisting conformity to parental plans, from which state neither Lassalle's frantic letters nor the eloquence of his friends

could rouse her. In vain he invoked the intervention of the Countess von Hatzfeldt; of Baron von Schrenk, the official superior of Dönnigsen; and of his friend Ketteler, the saintly Bishop of Mainz. It is said that Lassalle proposed to turn Catholic, and seek with Helene the protection of the Church for their nuptials, forgetting that the Dönnigsen were Protestants. But surely no such conjecture is needed. Ketteler was himself of aristocratic birth, of the same faith as the Bavarian court, and also a friend of the Countess von Hatzfeldt. He had already been attracted by Lassalle's economic doctrines, had expressed his sympathy with them, and was contemplating the organization of a Catholic socialistic movement for his own archdiocese. His was an influence that a Bavarian diplomat would respect, and Lassalle had not to go far out of his way to secure it.

But the Wallachian count arrived on the scene, and the revolutionary suitor received a harsh and peremptory dismissal. The ostensible objection to Lassalle was the odium of the casket theft, yet evidence is not wanting that the real ground of his rejection was the fear of compromising the Dönnigsen social and official position by an alliance with a man of unrecognized family. Lassalle, who could ill brook opposition, let alone contumely, raged, and so far forgot himself as to challenge Helene's father and successful suitor. He who carried Robespierre's cane with him ostentatiously, because he had received it in token of approbation of his moral courage in formerly refusing the *duello* on principle, went into the field with Racowitza, in a Genevan suburb, on the morning of the 28th of August, and there received an abdominal wound, from which, after great torture, he died on the third day. Helene married her Wallachian lover, and soon after nursed him through a fatal illness. She and Herr Becker have given to the public many particulars of

this episode in her life, but they are of little permanent interest.

Now follows one of the most singular features of this tumultuous history. A great concourse assembled, from workmen's unions, socialistic clubs, and political and learned circles, to attend the funeral ceremonies at Geneva. Under the direction of Countess von Hatzfeldt, the body was borne through Rhineland, and received with pageantry at every town, until at Cologne its progress towards Berlin was interrupted by the police, who in the name of the family bore away the corpse for sepulture at Breslau. Upon Lassalle's testamentary nomination, Bernhard Becker became president of the German Labor League, and set about enhancing, with perilous arts, the influence of the dead leader. He with others resolved to exalt Lassalle's ascendancy into the domain of faith, and to surround his grave with a glamour like that which once rested upon the tombs of King Arthur of Britain and of Frederic Barbarossa. They instituted festivals in honor of the dead (*Todtenfeier*), in which he was represented as translated, and his spirit was invoked. It is probable that many of the more superstitious artisans believed that the founder of the *Arbeiterverein* was sacrificed by aristocratic influence on their account, and even that he would come again from the tomb to lead them to victory. In their clubs, one called him the "Messiah of the century;" another, "the mighty Titan, who never dies;" and a third said, "The salvation of the people was destined to a man of the seed of Judah." Semi-religious celebrations were periodically maintained in various parts of Germany, until, at least, the anti-socialist laws of 1878 were put in force, and the very contriver of the cult, eventually thinking it outgrown, undertook to extirpate its last roots by unsavory "revelations" of Lassalle's "tragic life-ending." For this misuse of his name the dead man could in no wise be responsible. That

his career should readily lend itself to such an apotheosis is evidence of the extraordinary impression made by his energy and genius.

When the results of a man's life are to be measured, one must look beyond the mere limits of professed discipleship. There are solar agitations above and below the visible spectrum of the sun's rays. So those who do mankind the greatest services are men whose influence transcends the circles of sect and party. As an organizer of a league, Lassalle died weary with disappointment. He wished to array in one union 100,000 workmen for his fulcrum, from which to move the Prussian government, and when he perished he had enrolled but 4610 adherents. Three years elapsed before any notable expansion of numbers began, and then a diversion had set in, under the leadership of Bebel and Liebknecht, in favor of Karl Marx's International Society. Yet to-day it is the political maxims of Lassalle rather than of Marx which direct the aims of the Social-Democrats of Germany towards national rejuvenation. In 1867 that party returned five members to the North German Diet. In 1877 twelve, and in 1884, despite the active repression of the government, twenty-four, of their representatives sat among the deputies of the Reichstag.

When the socialist laws of 1878 were under debate, Prince Bismarck spoke of Lassalle as "a man of the greatest amiability and ability, from whom much could be learned." The great Chancellor had connived at the formation of Lassalle's Labor League, and had profited by his policy; but he had also evoked a marshaled strength, fast becoming formidable. He determined to put it down, and his process resolved itself into counterparts: with one hand he would repress it by statute, with the other he would conciliate and control it. To accomplish the latter part of his design, he concocted a measure of national insurance for

workingmen, and a council of advice upon questions of social economy. The project is essentially Lassalleian in principle, and popular support for it is sought in the opinions and motives which Lassalle disseminated. By becoming a Lassalle himself, Bismarck would overthrow the authority of Lassalle. In introducing the scheme of national insurance, the Chancellor candidly said his plan was only tentative, and that the policy, once entered upon, must draw in its wake further socialistic experiments. Thus Germany begins to domicile the spirit of the great agitator in the central chambers of her authority.

Two other related movements must be referred back to Lassalle. The Catholic socialism of Bishop von Ketteler has already been mentioned, and where it has planted itself the propaganda of the secularists is well-nigh impotent. A like religious organization has sprung up in the Lutheran Church, and at Berlin it is represented by Stöcker, the court chaplain, whose crusade against the Jews has already been mentioned. In each of these movements, the historical starting-point was the teaching of Ferdinand

Lassalle, a man whose theories are now turned to do duty against his adherents.

As an economist Lassalle did not claim originality. There was no need for it: the old orthodoxy devoured itself; the industrial world needed reconstruction upon contradictions of its definitions; the last utterances of historical and economic wisdom were on the pages of Rodbertus and Marx. It is due to Lassalle that the researches and conclusions of these scholars have become the possession of German workingmen. To the emphasis which he gave to the historical method of studying social problems it is also largely due that the younger generation of German economists accept the designation of "Socialists of the Chair," and recognize as a fundamental postulate that wealth is more than money, because it includes the public weal.

As Abbé Sieyès defined the tiers état and made it visible to France, so within that estate Lassalle found a fourth and greater, — the workingmen; and he is its political apostle who has made its existence manifest to the world.

D. O. Kellogg.

TO MY INFANT SON.

In what far land you dwelt before you came
 To this our earth, truly I cannot tell;
 But much I fear you hold yourself to blame
 When you reflect, and doubt if you did well
 To make the change. What wild caprice did move you
 On quest so rash as changing worlds to prove you?

Much of that world I wonder, while I try
 If I may gather from your speech or mien
 Some clue its place or sort may signify.
 I surely something of that land unseen
 May gather if I watch you very shrewdly,
 Although, perchance, I form my guesses crudely.

It must a region be of sweetest clime
And wholesome air that one so fair has bred ;
It much misheartens me that this world's grime
Your milk-white soul may smirch ere all be said.
Brought you no amulet or magic token
By which all spells of evil may be broken ?

That you were wise with wisdom of that land
Your canny knowingness full well doth show ;
Though some strange vow I cannot understand
Has sealed your lips from telling what you know.
No hint can I beguile from your discretion
To give me of its lore the least impression.

I am assured by your right regal air
You were a prince therein, of sway supreme ;
Sooth, it behooves me speak your Highness fair
Against the day you shall your crown redeem !
I pray consider, if at times I thwart you,
'T is but that useful lessons may be taught you.

Belike from your superior heights you deem
Much that I count of weight but little worth ;
To you, no doubt, as idle fardels seem
The things men strive for in this gurdy earth.
But do not by your former standards measure ;
These are the best we know of worth or pleasure.

Had we the knowledge renders you so wise,
We too, mayhap, would all these trifles scorn,
And hold earth's honors as the emptiest lies,
Its gains as windle-straws trampled forlorn.
Yet, certes, we already hold them lightly ;
Sad were our case to rate them yet more slightly.

Methinks I was a fool that your sweet speech,
When first you came, I did not strive to learn,
But cumbered rather mine to you to teach,
When surely yours had better served your turn,
If you were minded any hints to scatter
Of the hid way you came, or such high matter.

They much must miss you in your former place ;
It chills my heart to think how lorn and sad
Would be the home had known, but missed, your grace.
Prithee consider, fair sojourning lad,
How little able I to live without you,
And slip not back, however fortune flout you.

Some time, it may be, fate will be so kind
 As passports to us both at once to send;
 And I myself your guest, perhaps, may find,
 And watch you as you debonairly bend
 To the glad plaudits of your subjects loyal,
 Half mad with joy to greet their master royal.

Ah, well; if so it falls, though I should be
 Far from the throne set in the lower ranks,
 Yet I at least your kingly state may see,
 And babble garrulous to those around of pranks
 You played while here incognito you tarried,
 And out of sight your wings and aureole carried.

Meanwhile, since my son's shape you deign to wear,
 If I fall short in aught, beseech you, naught
 Set down to malice. Since within you share
 A king's state yet, with kingly kindness fraught
 Be still your thought. Reflect: we both walk blindly;
 Then why should either bear himself unkindly?

Arlo Bates.

FIRST CRISIS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

TOWNSHEND was succeeded in the exchequer by Lord North, eldest son of the Earl of Guildford, a young man of sound judgment, wide knowledge, and rare sweetness of temper, but wholly lacking in sympathy with popular government. As leader of the House of Commons, he was sufficiently able in debate to hold his ground against the fiercest attacks of Burke and Fox, but he had no strength of will. His lazy good-nature and his Tory principles made him a great favorite with the king, who, through his influence over Lord North, began now to exercise the power of a cabinet minister, and to take a more important part than hitherto in the direction of affairs. Soon after North entered the cabinet, colonial affairs were taken from Lord Shelburne and put in charge of Lord Hillsborough, a man after the king's own heart. Conway was dismissed from the cabinet, and

his place was taken by Lord Weymouth, who had voted against the repeal of the Stamp Act. The Earl of Sandwich, who never spoke of the Americans but in terms of abuse, was at the same time made postmaster-general; and in the following year Lord Chatham resigned the privy seal.

While the ministry, by these important changes, was becoming more and more hostile to the just claims of the Americans, those claims were powerfully urged in America, both in popular literature and in well-considered state papers. John Dickinson, at once a devoted friend of England and an ardent American patriot, published his celebrated Farmer's Letters, which were greatly admired in both countries for their temperateness of tone and elegance of expression. In these letters, Dickinson held a position quite similar to that occupied by Burke. Recognizing that

the constitutional relations of the colonies to the mother country had always been extremely vague and ill-defined, he urged that the same state of things should be kept up forever through a genuine English feeling of compromise, which should refrain from pushing any abstract theory of sovereignty to its extreme logical conclusions. At the same time, he declared that the Townshend revenue acts were "a most dangerous innovation" upon the liberties of the people, and significantly hinted that, should the ministry persevere in its tyrannical policy, "English history affords examples of resistance by force." While Dickinson was publishing these letters, Samuel Adams wrote for the Massachusetts assembly a series of addresses to the ministry, a petition to the king, and a circular letter to the assemblies of the other colonies. In these very able state papers, Adams declared that a proper representation of American interests in the British Parliament was impracticable, and that, in accordance with the spirit of the English Constitution, no taxes could be levied in America except by the colonial legislatures. He argued that the Townshend acts were unconstitutional, and asked that they should be repealed, and that the colonies should resume the position which they had occupied before the beginning of the present troubles. The petition to the king was couched in beautiful and touching language, but the author seems to have understood very well how little effect it was likely to produce. His daughter, Mrs. Wells, used to tell how one evening, as her father had just finished writing this petition, and had taken up his hat to go out, she observed that the paper would soon be touched by the royal hand. "More likely, my dear," he replied, "it will be spurned by the royal foot!" Adams rightly expected much more from the circular letter to the other colonies, in which he invited them to coöperate with Massachusetts in resist-

ing the Townshend acts, and in petitioning for their repeal. The assembly, having adopted all these papers by a large majority, was forthwith prorogued by Governor Bernard, who, in a violent speech, called them demagogues to whose happiness "everlasting contention was necessary." But the work was done. The circular letter brought encouraging replies from the other colonies. The condemnation of the Townshend acts was unanimous, and leading merchants in most of the towns entered into agreements not to import any more English goods until the acts should be repealed. Ladies formed associations, under the name of Daughters of Liberty, pledging themselves to wear homespun clothes and to abstain from drinking tea. The feeling of the country was thus plainly enough expressed, but nowhere as yet was there any riot or disorder, and no one as yet, except, perhaps, Samuel Adams, had begun to think of a political separation from England. Even he did not look upon such a course as desirable, but the treatment of his remonstrances by the king and the ministry soon led him to change his opinion.

The petition of the Massachusetts assembly was received by the king with silent contempt, but the circular letter threw him into a rage. In cabinet meeting, it was pronounced to be little better than an overt act of rebellion, and the ministers were encouraged in this opinion by letters from Bernard, who represented the whole affair as the wicked attempt of a few vile demagogues to sow the seeds of dissension broadcast over the continent. We have before had occasion to observe the extreme jealousy with which the Crown had always regarded any attempt at concerted action among the colonies which did not originate with itself. But here was an attempt at concerted action in flagrant opposition to the royal will. Lord Hillsborough instructed Bernard to command the assembly to rescind their circular

letter, and, in case of their refusal, to send them home about their business. This was to be repeated year after year, so that, until Massachusetts should see fit to declare herself humbled and penitent, she must go without a legislature. At the same time, Hillsborough ordered the assemblies in all the other colonies to treat the Massachusetts circular with contempt, — and this, too, under penalty of instant dissolution. From a constitutional point of view, these arrogant orders deserve to be ranked among the curiosities of political history. They serve to mark the rapid progress the ministry was making in the art of misgovernment. A year before, Townshend had suspended the New York legislature by an act of Parliament. Now, a Secretary of State, by a simple royal order, threatened to suspend all the legislative bodies of America unless they should vote according to his dictation.

When Hillsborough's orders were laid before the Massachusetts assembly, they were greeted with scorn. "We are asked to rescind," said Otis. "Let Britain rescind her measures, or the colonies are lost to her forever." Nevertheless, it was only after nine days of careful and temperate discussion that the question was put, when the assembly decided, by a vote of ninety-two to seventeen, that it would not rescind its circular letter. Bernard immediately dissolved the assembly, but its vote was hailed with delight throughout the country, and the "Illustrious Ninety-Two" became the favorite toast on all convivial occasions. Nor were the other colonial assemblies at all readier than that of Massachusetts to yield to the Secretary's dictation. They all expressed the most cordial sympathy with the recommendations of the circular letter; and in several instances they were dissolved by the governors, according to Hillsborough's instructions.

While these fruitless remonstrances against the Townshend acts had been preparing, the commissioners of the cus-

toms, in enforcing the acts, had taken no pains to avoid irritating the people. In the spring of 1768, the fifty-gun frigate Romney had been sent to mount guard in the harbor of Boston, and while she lay there several of the citizens were seized and impressed as seamen, — a lawless practice long afterward common in the British navy, but already stigmatized as barbarous by public opinion in America. As long ago as 1747, when the relations between the colonies and the home government were quite harmonious, resistance to the press-gang had resulted in a riot in the streets of Boston. Now while the town was very indignant over this lawless kidnapping of its citizens, on the 10th of June, 1768, John Hancock's sloop Liberty was seized at the wharf by a boat's crew from the Romney, for an alleged violation of the revenue laws, though without official warrant. Insults and recriminations ensued between the officers and the citizens assembled on the wharf, until after a while the excitement grew into a mild form of riot, in which a few windows were broken, some of the officers were pelted, and finally a pleasure-boat, belonging to the collector, was pulled up out of the water, carried to the Common, and burned there, when Hancock and Adams, arriving upon the scene, put a stop to the commotion. A few days afterward, a town meeting was held in Faneuil Hall; but as the crowd was too great to be contained in the building, it was adjourned to the Old South Meeting-House, where Otis addressed the people from the pulpit. A petition to the governor was prepared, in which it was set forth that the impressment of peaceful citizens was an illegal act, and that the state of the town was as if war had been declared against it; and the governor was requested to order the instant removal of the frigate from the harbor. A committee of twenty-one leading citizens was appointed to deliver this petition to the governor at

his house in Jamaica Plain. In his letters to the Secretary of State, Bernard professed to live in constant fear of assassination, and was always begging for troops to protect him against the incendiary and blackguard mob of Boston. Yet as he looked down the beautiful road from his open window, that summer afternoon, what he saw was not a ragged mob, armed with knives and bludgeons, shouting "Liberty, or death!" and bearing the head of a revenue collector aloft on the point of a pike, but a quiet procession of eleven chaises, from which there alighted at his door twenty-one gentlemen, as sedate and stately in demeanor as those old Roman senators at whom the Gaulish chief so marveled. There followed a very affable interview, during which wine was passed around. The next day the governor's answer was read in town meeting, declining to remove the frigate, but promising that in future there should be no impressment of Massachusetts citizens; and with this compromise the wrath of the people was for a moment assuaged.

Affairs of this sort, reported with gross exaggeration by the governor and revenue commissioners to the ministry, produced in England the impression that Boston was a lawless and riotous town, full of cutthroats and blacklegs, whose violence could be held in check only by martial law. Of all the misconceptions of America by England which brought about the American Revolution, perhaps this notion of the turbulence of Boston was the most ludicrous. From its first foundation down to the present day, Boston has been one of the most quiet and orderly towns in the world, and its annals are stained with fewer crimes, whether against person or property, than those of any other large city known to history. During the ten years of excitement which preceded the War of Independence there was one disgraceful riot in Boston, — that in which Hutchinson's house was sacked; but in

all this time not a drop of blood was shed by the people, nor was anybody's life for a moment in danger at their hands. The episode of the sloop *Liberty*, as here described, was a fair sample of the disorders which occurred at Boston at periods of extreme excitement; and in any European town in the eighteenth century it would hardly have been deemed worthy of mention.

Even before the affair of the *Liberty*, the government had made up its mind to send troops to Boston, in order to overawe the popular party and show them that the king and Lord Hillsborough were in earnest. The news of the *Liberty* affair, however, served to revive any hesitation that might hitherto have been felt. Vengeance was denounced against the insolent town of Boston. The most seditious spirits, such as Otis and Adams, must be made an example of, and thus the others might be frightened into submission. With such intent, Lord Hillsborough sent over to inquire "if any person had committed any acts which, under the statutes of Henry VIII. against treason committed abroad, might justify their being brought to England for trial." This raking-up of an obsolete statute, enacted at one of the worst periods of English history, and before England had any colonies at all, served only to enrage the Americans. But besides all this, the town meeting, that pernicious nursery of sedition, must be put down or overawed; and in pursuance of this scheme, two regiments of soldiers and a frigate were to be sent over to Boston at the ministry's earliest convenience. To make an example of Boston, it was thought, would have a wholesome effect upon the temper of the whole country.

It was now, in the summer of 1768, that Samuel Adams made up his mind that there was no hope of redress from the British government, and that the only remedy was to be found in the assertion of political independence by the

American colonies. The courteous petitions and temperate remonstrances of the American assemblies had been met, not by rational arguments, but by insulting and illegal royal orders; and now at last an army was on the way from England to enforce the tyrannical measures of government, and to terrify the people into submission. Accordingly, Adams came to the conclusion that the only proper course for the colonies was to declare themselves independent of Great Britain, to unite together in a permanent confederation, and to invite European alliances. We have his own words for the fact that from this moment until the Declaration of Independence, in 1776, he consecrated all his energies, with burning enthusiasm, upon the attainment of that great object. Yet in 1768 no one knew better than Samuel Adams that the time had not yet come when his bold policy could be safely adopted, and that any premature attempt at armed resistance on the part of Massachusetts might prove fatal. At this time, no other American statesman had thought the matter out so far as to reach Adams's conclusions. No American had as yet felt any desire to terminate the political connection with England. Even those who most thoroughly condemned the measures of the government did not consider the case hopeless, but believed that in one way or another a peaceful solution was still attainable. For a long time this attitude was sincerely and patiently maintained. Even Washington, when he came to take command of the army at Cambridge, after the battle of Bunker Hill, had not made up his mind that the object of the war was to be the independence of the colonies. In the same month of July, 1775, Jefferson said expressly, "We have not raised armies with designs of separating from Great Britain and establishing independent states. Necessity has not yet driven us into that desperate measure." The Declaration of Independence was

at last brought about only with difficulty and after prolonged discussion. Our great-great-grandfathers looked upon themselves as Englishmen, and felt proud of their connection with England. Their determination to resist arbitrary measures was at first in no way associated in their minds with disaffection toward the mother country. Besides this, the task of effecting a separation by military measures seemed to most persons quite hopeless. It was not until after Bunker Hill had shown that American soldiers were a match for British soldiers in the field, and after Washington's capture of Boston had shown that the enemy really could be dislodged from a whole section of the country, that the more hopeful patriots began to feel confident of the ultimate success of a war for independence. It is hard for us now to realize how terrible the difficulties seemed to the men who surmounted them. Throughout the war, beside the Tories who openly sympathized with the enemy, there were many worthy people who thought we were "going too far," and who magnified our losses and depreciated our gains, — quite like the people who, in the War of Secession, used to be called "croakers." The depression of even the boldest, after such defeats as that of Long Island, was dreadful. How inadequate was the general sense of our real strength, how dim the general comprehension of the great events that were happening, may best be seen in the satirical writings of some of the loyalists. At the time of the French alliance, there were many who predicted that the result of this step would be to undo the work of the Seven Years' War, to reinstate the French in America with full control over the thirteen colonies, and to establish despotism and popery all over the continent. A satirical pamphlet, published in 1779, just ten years before the Bastille was torn down in Paris, drew an imaginary picture of a bastille which ten years

later was to stand in New York, and, with still further license of fantasy, portrayed Samuel Adams in the garb of a Dominican friar. Such nonsense is of course no index to the sentiments or the beliefs of the patriotic American people, but the mere fact that it could occur to anybody shows how hard it was for people to realize how thoroughly competent America was to take care of herself. The more we reflect upon the slowness with which the country came to the full consciousness of its power and importance, the more fully we bring ourselves to realize how unwilling America was to tear herself asunder from England, and how the Declaration of Independence was only at last resorted to when it had become evident that no other course was compatible with the preservation of our self-respect; the more thoroughly we realize, the nearer we shall come toward duly estimating the fact that in 1768, seven years before the battle of Lexington, the master mind of Samuel Adams had fully grasped the conception of a confederation of American states independent of British control. The clearness with which he saw this, as the inevitable outcome of the political conditions of the time, gave to his views and his acts, in every emergency that arose, a commanding influence throughout the land that was simply incalculable.

In September, 1768, it was announced in Boston that the troops were on their way, and would soon be landed. There happened to be a legal obstacle, unforeseen by the ministry, to their being quartered in the city. In accordance with the general act of Parliament for quartering troops, the regular barracks at Castle William in the harbor would have to be filled before the town could be required to find quarters for any troops. Another clause of the act provided that if any military officer should take upon himself to quarter soldiers in any of his Majesty's dominions otherwise than as allowed by the act, he should be straight-

way dismissed the service. At the news that the troops were about to arrive, the governor was asked to convene the assembly, that it might be decided how to receive them. On Bernard's refusal, the selectmen of Boston issued a circular, inviting all the towns of Massachusetts to send delegates to a general convention, in order that deliberate action might be taken upon this important matter. In answer to the circular, delegates from ninety-six towns assembled in Faneuil Hall, and, laughing at the governor's order to "disperse," proceeded to show how, in the exercise of the undoubted right of public meeting, the colony could virtually legislate for itself, in the absence of its regular legislature. The convention, finding that nothing was necessary for Boston to do but insist upon strict compliance with the letter of the law, adjourned. In October, two regiments arrived, and were allowed to land without opposition, but no lodging was provided for them. Bernard, in fear of an affray, had gone out into the country; but nothing could have been further from the thoughts of the people. The commander, Colonel Dalrymple, requested shelter for his men, but was told that he must quarter them in the barracks at Castle William. As the night was frosty, however, the Sons of Liberty allowed them to sleep in Faneuil Hall. Next day, the governor, finding everything quiet, came back, and heard Dalrymple's complaint. But in vain did he apply in turn to the council, to the selectmen, and to the justices of the peace, to grant quarters for the troops; he was told that the law was plain, and that the Castle must first be occupied. The governor then tried to get possession of an old dilapidated building which belonged to the colony; but the tenants had taken legal advice, and told him to turn them out if he dared. Nothing could be more provoking. General Gage was obliged to come on from his headquarters at New York; but not even he, the

commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces in America, could quarter the troops in violation of the statute without running the risk of being cashiered, on conviction before two justices of the peace. So the soldiers stayed at night in tents on the Common, until the weather grew so cold that Dalrymple was obliged to hire some buildings for them at exorbitant rates, and at the expense of the Crown. By way of insult to the people, two cannon were planted on King Street, with their muzzles pointing toward the Town House. But as the troops could do nothing without a requisition from a civil magistrate, and as the usual strict decorum was preserved throughout the town, there was nothing in the world for them to do. In case of an insurrection, the force was too small to be of any use; and so far as the policy of overawing the town was concerned, no doubt the soldiers were more afraid of the people than the people of the soldiers. •

No sooner were the soldiers thus established in Boston than Samuel Adams published a series of letters signed "Vindex," in which he argued that to keep up "a standing army within the kingdom in time of peace, without the consent of Parliament, was against the law; that the consent of Parliament necessarily implied the consent of the people, who were always present in Parliament, either by themselves or by their representatives; and that the Americans, as they were not and could not be represented in Parliament, were therefore suffering under military tyranny over which they were allowed to exercise no control." The only notice taken of this argument by Bernard and Hillsborough was an attempt to collect evidence upon the strength of which its author might be indicted for treason, and sent over to London to be tried; but Adams had been so wary in all his proceedings that it was impossible to charge him with any technical offense, and to have seized

him otherwise than by due process of law would have been to precipitate rebellion in Massachusetts. In Parliament, the proposal to extend the act of Henry VIII. to America was bitterly opposed by Burke, Barré, Pownall, and Dowdeswell, and even by Grenville, who characterized it as sheer madness; but the measure was carried, nevertheless. Burke further maintained, in an eloquent speech, that the royal order requiring Massachusetts to rescind her circular letter was absolutely unconstitutional; and here again Grenville agreed with him. The attention of Parliament, during the spring of 1769, was occupied chiefly with American affairs. Pownall moved that the Townshend acts should be repealed, and in this he was earnestly seconded by a petition of the London merchants; for the non-importation policy of Americans had begun to bear hard upon business in London. After much debate, Lord North proposed a compromise, repealing all the Townshend acts except that which laid duty on tea. The more clear-headed members saw that such a compromise, which yielded nothing in the matter of principle, would do no good. Beckford pointed out the fact that the tea-duty did not bring in £300 to the government; and Lord Beauchamp pertinently asked whether it were worth while, for such a paltry revenue, to make enemies of three millions of people. Grafton, Camden, Conway, Burke, Barré, and Dowdeswell wished to have the tea-duty repealed also, and the whole principle of parliamentary taxation given up; and Lord North agreed with them in his secret heart, but could not bring himself to act contrary to the king's wishes. "America must fear you before she can love you," said Lord North. . . . "I am against repealing the last act of Parliament, securing to us a revenue out of America; I will never think of repealing it until I see America prostrate at my feet." "To effect this," said Barré, "is not so easy as some im-

agine; the Americans are a numerous, a respectable, a hardy, a free people. But were it ever so easy, does any friend to his country really wish to see America thus humbled? In such a situation, she would serve only as a monument of your arrogance and your folly. For my part, the America I wish to see is America increasing and prosperous, raising her hand in graceful dignity, with freedom and firmness asserting her rights at your bar, vindicating her liberties, pleading her services, and conscious of her merit. This is the America that will have spirit to fight your battles, to sustain you when hard pushed by some prevailing foe, and by her industry will be able to consume your manufactures, support your trade, and pour wealth and splendor into your towns and cities. If we do not change our conduct towards her, America will be torn from our side. . . . Unless you repeal this law, you run the risk of losing America." But the ministers were deaf to Barré's sweet reasonableness and graceful eloquence. "We shall grant nothing to the Americans," said Lord Hillsborough, "except what they may ask with a halter round their necks." "They are a race of convicted felons," echoed poor old Dr. Johnson, — who had probably been reading *Moll Flanders*, — "and they ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging." As the result of the discussion, Lord North's so-called compromise was adopted, and a circular was sent to America, promising that all the obnoxious acts, except the tea-duty, should be repealed. At the same time, Bernard was recalled from Massachusetts to appease the indignation of the people, and made a baronet to show that the ministry approved of his conduct as governor. He was succeeded by Thomas Hutchinson, a man of great learning and brilliant talent, whose *History of Massachusetts Bay* entitles him to a high rank among the worthies of early American literature. As a native of Massachu-

setts, it was supposed by Lord North that he would be less likely to irritate the people than his arrogant and quarrelsome predecessor. But in this the government turned out to be mistaken. As to Hutchinson's sincere patriotism there can now be no doubt whatever. There was something pathetic in the intensity of his love for New England, which to him was the goodliest of all lands, the paradise of this world. He had been greatly admired for his learning and accomplishments, and the people of Massachusetts had elected him to one office after another, and shown him every mark of esteem until the evil days of the Stamp Act. It then appeared that he was a Tory on principle, and a thorough believer in the British doctrine of the absolute supremacy of Parliament, and popular feeling instantly turned against him. He was called a turncoat and traitor, and a thankless dog withal, whose ruling passion was avarice. His conduct and his motives were alike misjudged. He had tried to dissuade the Grenville ministry from passing the Stamp Act; but when once the obnoxious measure had become law, he thought it his duty to enforce it like other laws. For this he was charged with being recreant to his own convictions, and in the shameful riot of August, 1765, he was the worst sufferer. No public man in America has ever been the object of more virulent hatred. None has been more grossly misrepresented by historians. His appointment as governor in 1769, however well meant, was accordingly a blunder of the first magnitude.

While these things were going on, a strong word of sympathy came from Virginia. When Hillsborough made up his mind to browbeat Boston, he thought it worth while to cajole the Virginians, and try to win them from the cause which Massachusetts was so boldly defending. So Botetourt, a most genial and conciliatory man, was sent over to be governor of Virginia, to beguile the

people with his affable manner and sweet discourse. But between a quarrelsome Bernard and a gracious Botetourt the practical difference was little, where grave questions of constitutional right were involved. In May, 1769, the Virginia legislature assembled at Williamsburgh. Among its members were Patrick Henry, Washington, and Jefferson. The assembly condemned the Townshend acts, asserted that the people of Virginia could be taxed only by their own representatives, declared that it was both lawful and expedient for all the colonies to join in a protest against any violation of the rights of Americans, and especially warned the king of the dangers that might ensue if any American citizen were to be carried beyond sea for trial. Finally, it sent copies of these resolutions to all the other colonial assemblies, inviting their concurrence. At this point Lord Botetourt dissolved the assembly; but the members straightway met again in convention at the Apollo tavern, and adopted a series of resolutions prepared by Washington, in which they pledged themselves to continue the policy of non-importation until all the obnoxious acts of 1767 should be repealed. These resolutions were adopted by all the Southern colonies.

All through the year 1769, the British troops remained quartered in Boston at the king's expense. According to Samuel Adams, their principal employment seemed to be to parade in the streets, and by their merry-andrew tricks to excite the contempt of the women and children. But the soldiers did much to annoy the people, to whom their very presence was an insult. They led brawling, riotous lives, and made the quiet streets hideous by night with their drunken shouts. Scores of loose women, who had followed the regiments across the ocean, came to scandalize the town for a while, and then to encumber the almshouse. On Sundays the soldiers

would race horses on the Common, or would play Yankee Doodle just outside the church-doors during the services. Now and then oaths, or fisticuffs, or blows with sticks, were exchanged between soldiers and citizens, and once or twice a more serious affair occurred. One evening in September, a dastardly assault was made upon James Otis, in the British Coffee House, by one Robinson, a commissioner of customs, assisted by half a dozen army officers. It reminds one of the assault upon Charles Sumner by Brooks of South Carolina, shortly before the War of Secession. Otis was savagely beaten, and received a blow on the head with a sword, from the effects of which he never recovered, but finally lost his reason. The popular wrath at this outrage was intense, but there was no disturbance. Otis brought suit against Robinson, and recovered £2000 in damages, but refused to accept a penny of it when Robinson confessed himself in the wrong, and humbly asked pardon for his irreparable offense. On the 22d of February, 1770, an informer named Richardson, being pelted by a party of school-boys, withdrew into his house, opened a window, and fired at random into the crowd, killing one little boy and severely wounding another. He was found guilty of murder, but was pardoned. At last, on the 2d of March, an angry quarrel occurred between a party of soldiers and some of the workmen at a ropewalk, and for two or three days there was considerable excitement in the town, and people talked together, standing about the streets in groups; but Hutchinson did not even take the precaution of ordering the soldiers to be kept within their barracks, for he did not believe that the people intended a riot, nor that the troops would dare to fire on the citizens without express permission from himself. On the evening of March 5th, at about eight o'clock, a large crowd collected near the barracks, on Brattle Street, and from bandying abusive

epithets with the soldiers began pelting them with snow-balls and striking at them with sticks, while the soldiers now and then dealt blows with their muskets. Presently, Captain Goldfinch, coming along, ordered the men into their barracks for the night, and thus stopped the affray. But meanwhile some one had got into the Old Brick Meeting-House, opposite the head of King Street, and rung the bell; and this, being interpreted as an alarm of fire, brought out many people into the moonlit streets. It was now a little past nine. The sentinel who was pacing in front of the Custom House had a few minutes before knocked down a barber's boy for calling names at the captain, as he went up to stop the affray on Brattle Street. The crowd in King Street now began to pelt the sentinel, and some shouted, "Kill him!" when Captain Preston and seven privates from the twenty-ninth regiment crossed the street to his aid: and thus the file of nine soldiers confronted an angry crowd of fifty or sixty unarmed men, who pressed up to the very muzzles of their guns, threw snow at their faces, and dared them to fire. All at once, but quite unexpectedly and probably without orders from Preston, seven of the leveled pieces were discharged, instantly killing four men and wounding seven others, of whom two afterwards died. Immediately the alarm was spread through the town, and it might have gone hard with the soldiery, had not Hutchinson presently arrived on the scene, and quieted the people by ordering the arrest of Preston and his men. Next morning the council advised the removal of one of the regiments, but in the afternoon an immense town meeting, called at Faneuil Hall, adjourned to the Old South Meeting-House; and as they passed by the Town House, the governor, looking out upon their march, judged "their spirit to be as high as was the spirit of their ancestors when they imprisoned Andros, while they were four

times as numerous." All the way from the church to the Town House the street was crowded with the people, while a committee, headed by Samuel Adams, waited upon the governor, and received his assurance that one regiment should be removed. As the committee came out from the Town House, to carry the governor's reply to the meeting in the church, the people pressed back on either side to let them pass; and Adams, leading the way with uncovered head through the lane thus formed, and bowing first to one side and then to the other, passed along the watch-word, "Both regiments, or none!" When, in the church, the question was put to vote, three thousand voices shouted, "Both regiments, or none!" and armed with this ultimatum the committee returned to the Town House, where the governor was seated with Colonel Dalrymple and the members of the council. Then Adams, in quiet but earnest tones, stretching forth his arm and pointing his finger at Hutchinson, said that if as royal governor of the province he had the power to remove one regiment he had equally the power to remove both, that the voice of three thousand freemen demanded that all soldiery be forthwith removed from the town, and that if he failed to heed their just demand, he did so at his peril. "I observed his knees to tremble," said the old hero afterward, "I saw his face grow pale, — and I enjoyed the sight!" Before sundown the order had gone forth for the removal of both regiments to Castle William, and not until then did the meeting in the church break up. From that day forth the fourteenth and twenty-ninth regiments were known in Parliament as "the Sam Adams regiments."

Such was the famous Boston Massacre. All the mildness of New England civilization is brought most strikingly before us in that truculent phrase. The careless shooting of half a dozen towns-

men is described by a word which historians apply to such events as Cawnpore or the Sicilian Vespers. Lord Sherbrooke, better known as Robert Lowe, declared a few years ago, in a speech on the uses of a classical education, that the battle of Marathon was really of less account than a modern colliery explosion, because only 192 of the Greek army lost their lives! From such a point of view, one might argue that the Boston Massacre was an event of far less importance than an ordinary free fight among Colorado gamblers. It is needless to say that this is not the historical point of view. Historical events are not to be measured with a foot-rule. This story of the Boston Massacre is a very trite one, but it has its lessons. It furnishes an instructive illustration of the high state of civilization reached by the people among whom it happened, — by the oppressors as well as those whom it was sought to oppress. The quartering of troops in a peaceful town is something that has in most ages been regarded with horror. Under the senatorial government of Rome, it used to be said that the quartering of troops, even upon a friendly province and for the purpose of protecting it, was a visitation only less to be dreaded than an inroad of hostile barbarians. When we reflect that the British regiments were encamped in Boston during seventeen months, among a population to whom they were thoroughly odious, the fact that only half a dozen persons lost their lives, while otherwise no really grave crimes seem to have been committed, is a fact quite as creditable to the discipline of the soldiers as to the moderation of the people. In most ages and countries, the shooting of half a dozen citizens under such circumstances would either have produced but a slight impression, or, on the other hand, would perhaps have resulted on the spot in a wholesale slaughter of the offending soldiers. The fact that so profound an

impression was made in Boston and throughout the country, while at the same time the guilty parties were left to be dealt with in the ordinary course of law, is a striking commentary upon the general peacefulness and decorum of American life, and it shows how high and severe was the standard by which our forefathers judged all lawless proceedings. And here it may not be irrelevant to add that, throughout the constitutional struggles which led to the Revolution, the American standard of political right and wrong was so high that contemporary European politicians found it sometimes difficult to understand it. And for a like reason, even the most fair-minded English historians sometimes fail to see why the Americans should have been so quick to take offense at acts of the British government which doubtless were not meant to be oppressive. If George III. had been a blood-thirsty despot, like Philip II. of Spain; if General Gage had been another Duke of Alva; if American citizens by the hundred had been burned alive or broken on the wheel in New York and Boston; if whole towns had been given up to the cruelty and lust of a beastly soldiery, then no one — not even Dr. Johnson — would have found it hard to understand why the Americans should have exhibited a rebellious temper. But it is one signal characteristic of the progress of political civilization that the part played by sheer brute force in a barbarous age is fully equaled by the part played by a mere covert threat of injustice in a more advanced age. The effect which a blow in the face would produce upon a barbarian will be wrought upon a civilized man by an assertion of some far-reaching legal principle, which only in a subtle and ultimate analysis includes the possibility of a blow in the face. From this point of view, the quickness with which such acts as those of Charles Townshend were comprehended in their remotest bearings is the most striking

proof one could wish of the extremely high grade of political culture which our forefathers had reached through their system of perpetual free discussion in town meeting. They had, moreover, reached a point where any manifestation of simple brute force in the course of a political dispute was exceedingly disgusting and shocking to them. To their minds, the careless slaughter of six citizens conveyed just as much meaning as a St. Bartholomew massacre would have conveyed to the minds of men in a lower stage of political development. It was not strange, therefore, that Samuel Adams and his friends should have been ready to make the Boston Massacre the occasion of a moral lesson to their contemporaries. As far as the poor soldiers were concerned, the most significant fact is that there was no attempt to wreak a paltry vengeance on them. Brought to trial on a charge of murder, after a judicious delay of seven months, they were ably defended by John Adams and Josiah Quincy, and all were acquitted save two, who were convicted of manslaughter, and let off with slight punishment. There were some hotheads who grumbled at the verdict, but the people of Boston generally acquiesced in it, as they showed by immediately choosing John Adams for their representative in the assembly, — a fact which Mr. Lecky calls very remarkable. Such an event as the Boston Massacre could not fail for a long time to point a moral among a people so unused to violence and bloodshed. One of the earliest of American engravers, Paul Revere, — an ardent patriot, from whom we shall soon hear again, — published a quaint colored engraving of the scene in King Street, which for a long time was widely circulated, though it has now become very scarce. At the same time, it was decided that the fatal Fifth of March should be solemnly commemorated each year by an oration to be delivered in the Old South Meeting-House; and this cus-

tom was kept up until the recognition of American independence in 1783, when the day for the oration was changed to the Fourth of July.

Five weeks before the Boston Massacre the Duke of Grafton had resigned, and Lord North had become Prime Minister of England. The colonies were kept under Hillsborough, and that great friend of arbitrary government, Lord Thurlow, as solicitor-general, became the king's chief legal adviser. George III., was now, to all intents and purposes, his own prime minister, and remained so until after the overthrow at Yorktown. The colonial policy of the government soon became more vexatious than ever. The promised repeal of all the Townshend acts, except the act imposing the tea-duty, was carried through Parliament in April, and its first effect in America, as Lord North had foreseen, was to weaken the spirit of opposition, and to divide the more complaisant colonies from those that were most staunch. The policy of non-importation had pressed with special severity upon the commerce of New York, and the merchants there complained that these fire-eating planters of Virginia and farmers of Massachusetts were growing rich at the expense of their neighbors. In July, the New York merchants broke the non-importation agreement, and sent orders to England for all sorts of merchandise except tea. Such a measure, on the part of so great a seaport, virtually overthrew the non-importation policy, upon which the patriots mainly relied to force the repeal of the Tea Act. The wrath of the other colonies was intense. At the Boston town meeting the letter of the New York merchants was torn in pieces. In New Jersey, the students of Princeton College, James Madison being one of the number, assembled on the green in their black gowns and solemnly burned the letter, while the church-bells were tolled. The offending merchants were stigmatized as "Revolters," and in

Charleston their conduct was vehemently denounced. "You had better send us your old liberty-pole," said Philadelphia to New York, with bitter sarcasm, "for you clearly have no further use for it."

This breaking of the non-importation agreement by New York left no general issue upon which the colonies could be sure to unite unless the ministry should proceed to force an issue upon the Tea Act. For the present, Lord North saw the advantage he had gained, and was not inclined to take any such step. Nevertheless, as just observed, the policy of the government soon became more vexatious than ever. In the summer of 1770, the king entered upon a series of local quarrels with the different colonies, taking care not to raise any general issue. Royal instructions were sent over to the different governments, enjoining courses of action which were unconstitutional and sure to offend the people. The assemblies were either dissolved, or convened at strange places, as at Beaufort in South Carolina, more than seventy miles from the capital, or at Cambridge in Massachusetts. The local governments were as far as possible ignored, and local officers were appointed, with salaries to be paid by the Crown. In Massachusetts, these officers were illegally exempted from the payment of taxes. In Maryland, where the charter had expressly provided that no taxes could ever be levied by the British Crown, the governor was ordered to levy taxes indirectly by reviving a law regulating officers' fees, which had expired by lapse of time. In North Carolina, excessive fees were extorted, and the sheriffs in many cases collected taxes of which they rendered no account. The upper counties of both the Carolinas were peopled by a hardy set of small farmers and herdsmen, Presbyterians, of Scotch-Irish pedigree, who were known by the name of "Regulators," because, under the exigencies of their rough frontier life, they

formed voluntary associations for the regulation of their own police and the condign punishment of horse-thieves and other criminals. In 1771, the North Carolina Regulators, goaded by repeated acts of extortion and of unlawful imprisonment, rose in rebellion. A fierce battle was fought at Alamance, near the head-waters of the Cape Fear River, in which the Regulators were totally defeated by Governor Tryon, leaving two hundred of their number dead and wounded upon the field; and six of their leaders, taken prisoners, were summarily hanged for treason. For this achievement Tryon was pronounced the ablest of the colonial governors, and was soon promoted to the governorship of New York, where he left his name for a time upon the vaguely defined wilderness beyond Schenectady, known in the literature of the Revolutionary War as Tryon County. The barbarous condition of the frontier where these scenes occurred, and the fact that the militia of the lower counties voluntarily assisted the governor in his campaign against the Regulators, deprived these events of any such moral influence as they might otherwise have had upon the country; so that it is not the Cape Fear but the Concord River that ordinarily occurs to us, when we think of the first bloodshed in the Revolutionary War.

In Rhode Island, the eight-gun schooner *Gaspee*, commanded by Lieutenant Duddington, was commissioned to enforce the revenue acts along the coasts of Narraganset Bay, and she set about the work with reckless and indiscriminating zeal. "Thorough" was Duddington's motto, as it was Lord Strafford's. He not only stopped and searched every vessel that entered the bay, and seized whatever goods he pleased, whether there was any evidence of their being contraband or not, but, besides this, he stole the sheep and hogs of the farmers near the coast, cut down their trees, fired upon market-boats, and behaved in

general with unbearable insolence. In March, 1772, the people of Rhode Island complained of these outrages. The matter was referred to Rear-Admiral Montagu, commanding the little fleet in Boston harbor. Montagu declared that the lieutenant was only doing his duty, and insolently added that if any of the Rhode Island people should presume to interfere they would be hanged as pirates. For three months longer the *Gaspee* kept up her irritating behavior, until one evening in June, while chasing a swift American ship, she ran aground. The following night she was attacked by a party of men in eight boats, and captured after a short skirmish, in which Duddington was severely wounded. The crew were set on shore, and the schooner was burned to the water's edge. This bold act of reprisal was not relished by the government, and large rewards were offered for the arrest of the men concerned in it; but although everybody knew who they were, it was impossible to obtain any evidence against them. By a royal order in council, the Rhode Island government was commanded to arrest the offenders and deliver them to Rear-Admiral Montagu, to be taken over to England for trial; but Stephen Hopkins, the venerable chief justice of Rhode Island, flatly refused to take cognizance of any such arrest if made within the colony.

The black thunder-clouds of war now gathered quickly. In August, 1772, the king ventured upon an act which went further than anything that had yet occurred toward hastening on the crisis. It was ordered that all the Massachusetts judges, holding their places during the king's pleasure, should henceforth have their salaries paid by the Crown, and not by the colony. This act, which aimed directly at the independence of the judiciary, aroused intense indignation. The people of Massachusetts were furious, and Samuel Adams now took a step which contributed more than anything

that had yet been done toward organizing the opposition to the king throughout the whole country. The idea of establishing committees of correspondence was not wholly new. The great preacher Jonathan Mayhew had recommended such a step to James Otis in 1766, and he was led to it through his experience of church matters. Writing in haste, on a Sunday morning, he said, "To a good man all time is holy enough; and none is too holy to do good, or to think upon it. Cultivating a good understanding and hearty friendship between these colonies appears to me so necessary a part of prudence and good policy that no favorable opportunity for that purpose should be omitted. . . . You have heard of the *communion of churches*: . . . while I was thinking of this in my bed, the great use and importance of a *communion of colonies* appeared to me in a strong light, which led me immediately to set down these hints to transmit to you." The plan which Mayhew had in mind was the establishment of a regular system of correspondence whereby the colonies could take combined action in defense of their liberties. In the grand crisis of 1772, Samuel Adams saw how much might be effected through committees of correspondence that could not well be effected through the ordinary governmental machinery of the colonies. At the October town meeting in Boston, a committee was appointed to ask the governor whether the judges' salaries were to be paid in conformity to the royal order; and he was furthermore requested to convoke the assembly, in order that the people might have a chance to express their views on so important a matter. But Hutchinson told the committee to mind its own business: he refused to say what would be done about the salaries, and denied the right of the town to petition for a meeting of the assembly. Massachusetts was thus virtually without a general government at a moment when the public mind was

agitated by a question of supreme importance. Samuel Adams thereupon moved the appointment of a committee of correspondence, "to consist of twenty-one persons, to state the rights of the colonists and of this province in particular, as men and Christians and as subjects; and to communicate and publish the same to the several towns and to the world as the sense of this town, with the infringements and violations thereof that have been, or from time to time may be, made." The adoption of this measure at first excited the scorn of Hutchinson, who described the committee as composed of "deacons," "atheists," and "black-hearted fellows," whom one would not care to meet in the dark. He predicted that they would only make themselves ridiculous, but he soon found reason to change his mind. The response to the statements of the Boston committee was prompt and unanimous, and before the end of the year more than eighty towns had already organized their committees of correspondence. Here was a new legislative body, springing directly from the people, and competent, as events soon showed, to manage great affairs. Its influence reached into every remotest corner of Massachusetts, it was always virtually in session, and no governor could dissolve or prorogue it. Though unknown to the law, the creation of it involved no violation of law. The right of the towns of Massachusetts to ask one another's advice could no more be disputed than the right of the freemen of any single town to hold a town meeting. The power thus created was omnipresent, but intangible. "This," said Daniel Leonard, the great Tory pamphleteer, two years afterwards, "is the foulest, subtlest, and most venomous serpent ever issued from the egg of sedition. It is the source of the rebellion. I saw the small seed when it was planted: it was a grain of mustard. I have watched the plant until it has become a great tree. The vilest reptiles that crawl

upon the earth are concealed at the root; the foulest birds of the air rest upon its branches. I would now induce you to go to work immediately with axes and hatchets and cut it down, for a twofold reason, — because it is a pest to society, and lest it be felled suddenly by a stronger arm, and crush its thousands in its fall."

The system of committees of correspondence did indeed grow into a mighty tree; for it was nothing less than the beginning of the American Union. Adams himself by no means intended to confine his plan to Massachusetts, for in the following April he wrote to Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, urging the establishment of similar committees in every colony. But Virginia had already acted in the matter. When its assembly met in March, 1773, the news of the refusal of Hopkins to obey the royal order, of the attack upon the Massachusetts judiciary, and of the organization of the committees of correspondence was the all-exciting subjects of conversation. The motion to establish a system of intercolonial committees of correspondence was made by the youthful Dabney Carr, and eloquently supported by Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee. It was unanimously adopted, and very soon several other colonies elected committees, in response to the invitation from Virginia.

This was the most decided step toward revolution that had yet been taken by the Americans. It only remained for the various intercolonial committees to assemble together, and there would be a congress speaking in the name of the continent. To bring about such an act of union, nothing more was needed than some fresh course of aggression on the part of the British government which should raise a general issue in all the colonies; and, with the rare genius of blundering which had possessed it ever since the accession of George III., the government now went on to provide such

an issue. It was preëminently a moment when the question of taxation should have been let alone. Throughout the American world there was a strong feeling of irritation, which might still have been allayed had the ministry shown a yielding temper. The grounds of complaint had come to be different in the different colonies, and in some cases, in which we can clearly see the good sense of Lord North prevailing over the obstinacy of the king, the ministry had gained a point by yielding. In the Rhode Island case, they had seized a convenient opportunity and let the matter drop, to the manifest advantage of their position. In Massachusetts, the discontent had come to be alarming, and it was skillfully organized. The assembly had offered the judges their salaries in the usual form, and had threatened to impeach them if they should dare to accept a penny from the Crown. The recent action of Virginia had shown that these two most powerful of the colonies were in strong sympathy with one another. It was just this moment that George III. chose for reviving the question of taxation, upon which all the colonies would be sure to act as a unit, and sure to withstand him to his face. The duty on tea had been retained simply as a matter of principle. It did not bring three hundred pounds a year into the British exchequer. But the king thought this a favorable time for asserting the obnoxious principle which the tax involved.

Thus, as in Mrs. Gamp's case, a teapot became the cause or occasion of a division between friends. The measures now taken by the government brought matters at once to a crisis. None of the colonies would take tea on its terms. Lord Hillsborough had lately been superseded as colonial secretary by Lord Dartmouth, an amiable man like the Prime Minister, but like him wholly under the influence of the king. Lord Dartmouth's appointment was made the occasion of

introducing a series of new measures. The affairs of the East India Company were in a bad condition, and it was thought that the trouble was partly due to the loss of the American trade in tea. The Americans would not buy tea shipped from England, but they smuggled it freely from Holland, and the smuggling could not be stopped by mere force. The best way to obviate the difficulty, it was thought, would be to make English tea cheaper in America than foreign tea, while still retaining the duty of threepence on a pound. If this could be achieved, it was thought the Americans would be sure to buy English tea by reason of its cheapness, and would thus be ensnared into admitting the principle involved in the duty. This ingenious scheme shows how unable the king and his ministers were to imagine that the Americans could take a higher view of the matter than that of pounds, shillings, and pence. In order to enable the East India Company to sell its tea cheap in America, a drawback was allowed of all the duties which such tea had been wont to pay on entering England on its way from China. In this way, the Americans would now find it actually cheaper to buy the English tea with the duty on it than to smuggle their tea from Holland. To this scheme, Lord North said, it was of no use for any one to offer objections, for the king would have it so. "The king meant to try the question with America." In accordance with this policy, several ships loaded with tea set sail in the autumn of 1773 for the four principal ports, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston. Agents or consignees of the East India Company were appointed by letter to receive the tea in these four towns.

As soon as the details of this scheme were known in America, the popular wrath was even greater than that which had been stirred up by the Stamp Act, and the whole country was at once in a blaze, from Maine to Georgia. Never-

theless, only legal measures of resistance were contemplated. In Philadelphia, a great meeting was held in October at the State House, and it was voted that whosoever should lend countenance to the receiving or unloading of the tea would be regarded as an enemy to his country. The consignees were then requested to resign their commissions, and did so. In New York and Charleston, also, the consignees threw up their commissions. In Boston, a similar demand was made, but the consignees absolutely refused to resign; and thus the eyes of the whole country were directed toward Boston as the battlefield on which the great issue was to be tried.

During the month of November many town meetings were held in Faneuil Hall. On the 17th, authentic intelligence was brought that the tea-ships would soon arrive. The next day, a committee, headed by Samuel Adams, waited upon the consignees, and again asked them to resign. Upon their refusal, the town meeting instantly dissolved itself, without a word of comment or debate; and at this ominous silence the consignees and the governor were filled with a vague sense of alarm, as if some storm were brewing whereof none could foresee the results. All felt that the decision now rested with the committees of correspondence. Four days afterward, the committees of Cambridge, Brookline, Roxbury, and Dorchester met the Boston committee at Faneuil Hall, and it was unanimously resolved that on no account should the tea be landed. The five towns also sent a letter to all the other towns in the colony, saying, "Brethren, we are reduced to this dilemma: either to sit down quiet under this and every other burden that our enemies shall see fit to lay upon us, or to rise up and resist this and every plan laid for our destruction, as becomes wise freemen. In this extremity we earnestly request your advice." There was nothing weak or doubtful in the re-

sponse. From Petersham and Lenox perched on their lofty hilltops, from the valleys of the Connecticut and the Merrimack, from Chatham on the bleak peninsula of Cape Cod, there came but one message, — to give up life and all that makes life dear, rather than submit like slaves to this great wrong. Like words of encouragement came from other colonies. In Philadelphia, at the news of the bold stand Massachusetts was about to take, the church-bells were rung, and there was general rejoicing about the streets. A letter from the men of Philadelphia to the men of Boston said, "Our only fear is lest you may shrink. May God give you virtue enough to save the liberties of your country."

On Sunday, the 28th, the Dartmouth, first of the tea-ships, arrived in the harbor. The urgency of the business in hand overcame the sabbatarian scruples of the people. The committee of correspondence met at once, and obtained from Rotch, the owner of the vessel, a promise that the ship should not be entered before Tuesday. Samuel Adams then invited the committee of the five towns, to which Charlestown was now added, to hold a mass-meeting the next morning at Faneuil Hall. More than five thousand people assembled, but as the Cradle of Liberty could not hold so many, the meeting was adjourned to the Old South Meeting-House. It was voted, without a single dissenting voice, that the tea should be sent back to England in the ship which had brought it. Rotch was forbidden to enter the ship at the Custom House, and Captain Hall, the ship's master, was notified that "it was at his peril if he suffered any of the tea brought by him to be landed." A night-watch of twenty-five citizens was set to guard the vessel, and so the meeting adjourned till next day, when it was understood that the consignees would be ready to make some proposals in the matter. Next day, the message was brought from

the consignees that it was out of their power to send back the tea; but if it should be landed, they declared themselves willing to store it, and not expose any of it for sale until word could be had from England. Before action could be taken upon this message, the sheriff of Suffolk County entered the church and read a proclamation from the governor, warning the people to disperse and "surcease all further unlawful proceedings at their utmost peril." A storm of hisses was the only reply, and the business of the meeting went on. The proposal of the consignees was rejected, and Rotch and Hall, being present, were made to promise that the tea should go back to England in the Dartmouth, without being landed or paying duty. Resolutions were then passed, forbidding all owners or masters of ships to bring any tea from Great Britain to any part of Massachusetts, so long as the act imposing a duty on it remained unrepealed. Whoever should disregard this injunction would be treated as an enemy to his country, his ships would be prevented from landing, — by force, if necessary, — and his tea would be sent back to the place whence it might have come. It was further voted that the citizens of Boston and the other towns here assembled would see that these resolutions were carried into effect, "at the risk of their lives and property." Notice of these resolutions was sent to the owners of the other ships, now daily expected. And, to crown all, a committee, of which Adams was chairman, was appointed to send a printed copy of these proceedings to New York and Philadelphia, to every seaport in Massachusetts, and to the British government.

Two or three days after this meeting, the other two ships arrived, and, under orders from the committee of correspondence, were anchored by the side of the Dartmouth, at Griffin's Wharf, near the foot of Pearl Street. A military watch was kept at the wharf day and night,

sentinels were placed in the church bell-fries, chosen post-riders, with horses saddled and bridled, were ready to alarm the neighboring towns, beacon-fires were piled all ready for lighting upon every hilltop, and any attempt to land the tea forcibly would have been the signal for an instant uprising throughout at least four counties. Now, in accordance with the laws providing for the entry and clearance of shipping at custom houses, it was necessary that every ship should land its cargo within twenty days from its arrival. In case this was not done, the revenue officers were authorized to seize the ship and land its cargo themselves. In the case of the Dartmouth, the captain had promised to take her back to England without unloading; but still, before she could legally start, she must obtain a clearance from the collector of customs, or, in default of this, a pass from the governor. At sunrise of Friday, the 17th of December, the twenty days would have expired. On Saturday, the 11th, Rotch was summoned before the committee of correspondence, and Samuel Adams asked why he had not kept his promise, and started his ship off for England. He sought to excuse himself on the ground that he had not the power to do so, whereupon he was told that he must apply to the collector for a clearance. Hearing of these things, the governor gave strict orders at the Castle to fire upon any vessel trying to get out to sea without a proper permit; and two ships from Montagu's fleet, which had been laid up for the winter, were stationed at the entrance of the harbor, to make sure against the Dartmouth's going out. Tuesday came, and Rotch, having done nothing, was summoned before the town meeting, and peremptorily ordered to apply for a clearance. Samuel Adams and nine others accompanied him to the Custom House to witness the proceedings, but the collector refused to give an answer until the next day. The meeting

then adjourned till Thursday, the last of the twenty days. On Wednesday morning, Rotch was again escorted to the Custom House, and the collector refused to give a clearance unless the tea should first be landed. On the morning of Thursday, December 16th, the assembly which was gathered in the Old South Meeting-House, and in the streets about it, numbered more than seven thousand people. It was to be one of the most momentous days in the history of the world. The clearance having been refused, nothing now remained but to order Rotch to request a pass for his ship from the governor. But the wary Hutchinson, well knowing what was about to be required of him, had gone out to his country house at Milton, so as to foil the proceedings by his absence. *But the meeting was not to be so trifled with.* Rotch was enjoined, on his peril, to repair to the governor at Milton, and ask for his pass; and while he was gone, the meeting considered what was to be done in case of a refusal. Without a pass it would be impossible for the ship to clear the harbor under the guns of the Castle; and by sunrise, next morning, the revenue officers would be empowered to seize the ship, and save by a violent assault upon them it would be impossible to prevent the landing of the tea. "Who knows," said John Rowe, "how tea will mingle with salt water?" and great applause followed the suggestion. Yet the plan which was to serve as a last resort had unquestionably been adopted in secret committee long before this. It appears to have been worked out in detail in a little back room at the office of the Boston Gazette, and there is no doubt that Samuel Adams, with some others of the popular leaders, had a share in devising it. But among the thousands present at the town meeting, it is probable that very few knew just what it was designed to do. At five in the afternoon, it was unanimously voted that, come what

would, the tea should not be landed. It had now grown dark, and the church was dimly lighted with candles. Determined not to act until the last legal method of relief should have been tried and found wanting, the great assembly was still waiting quietly in and about the church when, an hour after nightfall, Rotch returned from Milton with the governor's refusal. Then, amid profound stillness, Samuel Adams arose and said, quietly but distinctly, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." It was the declaration of war; the law had shown itself unequal to the occasion, and nothing now remained but a direct appeal to force. Scarcely had the watchword left his mouth when a war-whoop answered from outside the door, and fifty men in the guise of Mohawk Indians passed quickly by the entrance, and hastened to Griffin's Wharf. Before the nine o'clock bell rang, the three hundred and forty-two chests of tea laden upon the three ships had been cut open, and their contents emptied into the sea. Not a person was harmed; no other property was injured; and the vast crowd, looking upon the scene from the wharf in the clear frosty moonlight, was so still that the click of the hatchets could be distinctly heard. Next morning, the salted tea, as driven by wind and wave, lay in long rows on Dorchester beach, while Paul Revere, booted and spurred, was riding post-haste to Philadelphia, with the glorious news that Boston had at last thrown down the gauntlet for the king of England to pick up.

This heroic action of Boston was greeted with public rejoicing throughout all the thirteen colonies, and the other principal seaports were not slow to follow the example. A ship laden with two hundred and fifty-seven chests of tea had already arrived at Charleston on the 2d of December; but the consignees had resigned, and after twenty days the ship's cargo was seized and landed; and

so, as there was no one to receive it, or pay the duty, it was thrown into a damp cellar, where it spoiled. In Philadelphia, on the 25th, a ship arrived with tea; but a meeting of five thousand men forced the consignees to resign, and the captain straightway set sail for England, the ship having been stopped before it had come within the jurisdiction of the custom house.

In Massachusetts, the exultation knew no bounds. "This," said John Adams, "is the most magnificent movement of all. There is a dignity, a majesty, a sublimity, in this last effort of the patriots that I greatly admire." Indeed, often as it has been cited and described, the Boston Tea Party was an event so great that even American historians have generally failed to do it justice. This supreme assertion by a New England town meeting of the most fundamental principle of political freedom has been curiously misunderstood by British writers, of whatever party. The most recent Tory historian, Mr. Lecky, speaks of "the Tea-Riot at Boston," and characterizes it as an "outrage." The most recent Liberal historian, Mr. Green, alludes to it as "a trivial riot." Such expressions betray most profound misapprehension alike of the significance of this noble scene and of the political conditions in which it originated. There is no difficulty in defining a riot. The pages of history teem with accounts of popular tumults, wherein passion breaks loose and wreaks its fell purpose, unguided and unrestrained by reason. No definition could be further from describing the colossal event which occurred in Boston on the 16th of December, 1773. Here passion was guided and curbed by sound reason at every step, down to the last moment, in the dim candle-light of the old church, when the noble Puritan statesman quietly told his hearers that the moment for using force had at last, and through no fault of theirs, arrived. They had reached a point where the

written law had failed them; and in their effort to defend the eternal principles of natural justice, they were now most reluctantly compelled to fall back upon the paramount law of self-preservation. It was the one supreme moment in a controversy supremely important to mankind, and in which the common sense of the world has since acknowledged that they were wholly in the right. It was the one moment of all that troubled time in which no compromise was possible. "Had the tea been landed," says the contemporary historian, Gordon, "the union of the colonies in opposing the ministerial scheme would have been dissolved; and it would have been extremely difficult ever after to have restored it." In view of the stupendous issues at stake, the patience of the men of Boston was far more remarkable than their boldness. For the quiet sublimity of reasonable but dauntless moral purpose, the heroic annals of Greece and Rome can show us no greater scene than that which the Old South Meeting-House witnessed on the day when the tea was destroyed.

When the news of this affair reached England, it was quite naturally pronounced by Lord North a fitting culmination to years of riot and lawlessness. This, said Lord George Germaine, is what comes of their wretched old town meetings. The Americans have really no government. These "are the proceedings of a tumultuous and riotous rabble, who ought, if they had the least prudence, to follow their mercantile employments, and not trouble themselves with politics and government, which they do not understand. Some gentlemen say, 'Oh, don't break their charter; don't take away rights granted them by the predecessors of the Crown.' Whoever wishes to preserve such charters, I wish him no worse than to govern such subjects." "These remarks," said Lord North, "are worthy of a great mind." "If we take a determined

stand now," said Lord Mansfield, "Boston will submit, and all will end in victory without carnage." "The town of Boston," said Mr. Venn, "ought to be knocked about their ears and destroyed. You will never meet with proper obedience to the laws of this country until you have destroyed that nest of locusts." General Gage, who had just come home on a visit, assured the king that the other colonies might speak fair words to Massachusetts, but would do nothing to help her; and he offered with four regiments to make a speedy end of the whole matter. "They will be lions," said Gage, "while we are lambs; but if we take the resolute part, they will prove very meek, I promise you." It was in this spirit and under the influence of these ideas that the ministry took up the business of dealing with the refractory colony of Massachusetts. Lord North proposed a series of five measures, which, from the king's point of view, would serve not only to heal the wounded pride of Great Britain, but also to prevent any more riotous outbreaks among this lawless American people. Just at this moment, the opposition ventured upon a bold stroke. Fox said truly that no plan for pacifying the colonies would be worth a rush unless the unconditional repeal of the Tea Act should form part of it. A bill for the repealing of the Tea Act was brought in by Fuller, and a lively debate ensued, in the course of which Edmund Burke made one of the finest speeches ever heard in the House of Commons; setting forth in all the wealth of his knowledge the extreme danger of the course upon which the ministry had entered, and showing how little good fruit was to be expected from a coercive policy, even if successful. Burke was ably supported by Fox, Conway, Barré, Savile, Dowdeswell, Pownall, and Dunning. But the current had set too strongly against conciliation. Lord North sounded the keynote of the whole British policy when he said, "To

repeal the tea-duty would stamp us with timidity." Come what might, it would never do for the Americans to get it into their heads that the government was not all-powerful. They must be humbled first, that they might be reasoned with afterwards. The tea-duty, accordingly, was not repealed, but Lord North's five acts for the better regulation of American affairs were all passed by Parliament.

By the first act, known as the Boston Port Bill, no ships were to be allowed to enter or clear the port of Boston until the rebellious town should have indemnified the East India Company for the loss of its tea, and should otherwise have made it appear to the king that it would hereafter show a spirit of submission. Marblehead was made a port of entry instead of Boston, and Salem was made the seat of government.

By the second act, known as the Regulating Act, the charter of Massachusetts was annulled without preliminary notice, and her free government was destroyed. Under the charter, the members of the council for each year were chosen in a convention consisting of the council of the preceding year and the assembly. Each councilor held office for a year, and was paid out of an appropriation made by the assembly. Now, hereafter, the members of the council were to be appointed by the governor on a royal writ of *mandamus*, their salaries were to be paid by the Crown, and they could be removed from office at the king's pleasure. The governor was empowered to appoint all judges and officers of courts, and all such officers were to be paid by the king and to hold office during his pleasure. The governor and his dependent council could appoint sheriffs and remove them without assigning any reason, and these dependent sheriffs were to have the sole right of returning juries. But, worse than all, the town-meeting system of local self-government was ruthlessly swept away. Town meetings could indeed be

held twice a year for the election of town officers, but no other business could be transacted in them. The effect of all these changes would, of course, be to concentrate all power in the hands of the governor, leaving no check whatever upon his arbitrary will. It would, in short, transform the free commonwealth of Massachusetts into an absolute despotism, such as no Englishman had ever lived under in any age. And this tremendous act was to go into operation on the first day of the following June.

By the third act — a pet measure of George III., to which Lord North assented with great reluctance — it was provided that if any magistrate, soldier, or revenue officer in Massachusetts should be indicted for murder, he should be tried, not in Massachusetts, but in Great Britain. This measure — though doubtless unintentionally — served to encourage the soldiery in shooting down peaceful citizens, and it led by a natural sequence to the bloodshed on Lexington green. It was defended on the ground that in case of any chance affray between soldiers and citizens, it would not be possible for the soldiers to obtain a fair trial in Massachusetts. Less than four years had elapsed since Preston's men had been so readily acquitted of murder after the shooting in King Street, but such facts were of no avail now. The momentous bill passed in the House of Commons by a vote of more than four to one, in spite of Colonel Barré's ominous warnings.

By the fourth act all legal obstacles to the quartering of troops in Boston or any other town in Massachusetts were swept away.

By the fifth act, known as the Quebec Act, the free exercise of the Catholic religion was sanctioned throughout Canada, — a very judicious measure of religious toleration, which concerned the other colonies but little, however it might in some cases offend their prejudices. But this act went on to extend

the boundaries of Canada southward to the Ohio River, in defiance of the territorial claim of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and Virginia. This magnificent region, the part of North America which was next to be colonized by men of English race, was to be governed by a viceroy, with despotic powers; and such people as should come to live there were to have neither popular meetings, nor *habeas corpus*, nor freedom of the press. "This," said Lord Thurlow, "is the only sort of constitution fit for a colony," — and all the American colonies, he significantly added, had better be reduced to this condition as soon as possible.

When all these acts had been passed, in April, 1774, General Gage was commissioned to supersede Hutchinson as governor of Massachusetts, and was sent over with as little delay as possible, together with the four regiments which were to scare the people into submission. On the first day of June, he was to close the port of Boston and begin starving the town into good behavior; he was to arrest the leading patriots and send them to England for trial; and he was expressly authorized to use his own discretion as to allowing the soldiers to fire upon the people. All these measures for enslaving peaceful and law-abiding Englishmen the king of England now contemplated, as he himself declared, "with supreme satisfaction."

In recounting such measures as these, the historian is tempted to pause for a moment, and ask whether it could really have been an *English* government that planned and decreed such things. From the autocratic mouth of an Artaxerxes or an Abderrahman one would naturally expect such edicts to issue. From the misguided cabinets of Spain and France, in evil times, measures in spirit like these had been known to proceed. But England had for ages stood before the world as the staunch defender of personal liberty and of local self-govern-

ment; and through the mighty strength which this spirit of freedom, and nothing else, had given her, she had won the high privilege of spreading her noble and beneficent political ideas over the best part of the habitable globe. Yet in the five acts of this political tragedy of 1774 we find England arrayed in hostility to every principle of public justice which Englishmen had from time immemorial held sacred. Upon the great continent which she had so lately won from the French champions of despotism, we see her, in a fit of obstinate anger, vainly seeking to establish a ty-

rannical *régime* no better than that which but yesterday it had been her glory to overthrow. Such was the strange, the humiliating, the self-contradictory attitude into which England had at length been brought by the short-sighted Tory policy of George III.!

But this policy was no less futile than it was unworthy of the noble, freedom-loving English people. For after that fated 1st of June, the sovereign authority of England, whether exerted through king or through Parliament, was never more to be recognized by the men of Massachusetts.

John Fiske.

THE MARRIAGE CELEBRATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE adoption of the Constitution did not create a new government: it unified and strengthened an old one. The colonies that became the States had gone through a long period of preparatory discipline. The hardship of settlement, the meddlesomeness of the mother country, the strain and stimulus of war, and the reign of sectional feeling and interests had successively worked to develop in them both a genius for self-government and the means and method of its employment. To be sure, some new names were assumed, some new forms shaped; but the substance beneath and within them, — the principles of government and the institutions of society, — could be traced far into the past.

This continuity of growth, while existing in the political system, was to be observed particularly in the social and legal institutions, including the celebration of marriage. In the preceding number of *The Atlantic*, it was shown that the colonists, at one point discarding the common law, and at another gradually superseding it, built up for themselves, by custom and by statute,

a system adapted to the various phases of society and of religion that existed among them. That system was the optional civil celebration. It enjoined the observance of the formalities of publication or license, parental consent and registration; but these formalities it did not in general make indispensable. The one thing everywhere, without which the marriage tie could not be constituted, was a solemnization in the presence of an authorized third person. Of course, this system, largely moulded by circumstances and dictated by convenience, — varying somewhat in each section with its social and religious development, — was complex, crude, and inadequate. It seemed devised more to facilitate and encourage nuptials than to guard and sanctify them. That it failed to protect individuals from haste and improvidence, and did not give to society security and certainty in the formation of the marriage relation, is abundantly evidenced by the constant concern of the legislatures as well as by the terms of their statutes. Nevertheless, its central principle — the interposition and supervision

of the state through its agents, civil or religious — was salutary ; it was a sound basis for future improvement as required by the progress of society.

The colonial system of celebration was continued in the States, and for many years, under the Constitution, remained essentially unchanged. The Territories that became States adopted its features, and it seemed firmly established as part of our legal economy. But in the early part of this century there arose in the courts a discussion regarding the nature of our common law, and the relation of that law to our statute law in governing the celebration of marriage, — a discussion which since then has constantly increased, and has gradually brought about a revolution unparalleled in the history of our subject. The other great changes brought some needed reform. The Council of Trent emphasized the religious aspect of the celebration ; the Independent movement in England and the American colonies asserted its property as a personal, though civil right ; and the French Revolution declared its paramount importance as an institution of society. But this revolution, in the United States, has brought no reform. On the contrary, it has destroyed the colonial system, and has introduced into our law much of the insecurity, the irreverence, the license, of the Middle Ages. Our common law to-day is the canon law that existed prior to the Council of Trent.

The discussion arose in this wise. Cases came before the courts, in which it was attempted to establish the validity of marriages celebrated not by the statutory formalities, but simply by the parties' private agreement to be husband and wife ; and the ground taken was that such marriages were valid by the primary or common law. It was argued that the mediæval canon law of the Continent (which to constitute matrimony required merely the consent of the parties,) became the English common law,

and, brought as such to this country by the English colonists, was our primary, fundamental, or common law ; that, as a general principle, a statute is not effective to repeal the common law unless it indicates such intent in express terms, and hence, as the statutes prescribing formalities did not expressly declare void a marriage celebrated without them, such informal celebration (the mere agreement of the parties) constituted marriage at common law.

Chancellor Kent was, it seems, the first to present this view ; and his learning and reputation contributed to its prominence and circulation. In 1809, as chief-justice of New York, he held that "no formal solemnization of marriage was requisite. A contract of marriage made *per verba de presenti* amounts to an actual marriage, and is as valid as if made *in facie ecclesie*." This statement was an *obiter dictum* ; and, as usually interpreted, it would seem hardly to have been borne out by the English cases cited. It was based on no American authority. In fact, this doctrine was novel to American courts. It was also inconsistent with the statutory system that had come down from colonial times, — especially with that system as it existed in New York prior to the Revolution. Yet this case went far to settle the law of New York, and has been cited throughout this country with the spread, and in support, of the doctrine which it introduced. In 1814, the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania concurred with that of New York. "Marriage," it declared, "was a civil contract, which might be completed by any words in the present time, without regard to form ;" and "it was not absolutely necessary to be done before a clergyman or a magistrate." In 1816, Kent was substantially followed by Tapping Reeve, formerly chief-justice of Connecticut, in his important treatise on the law of the domestic relations. In 1820, Judge Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, later a justice

of the United States Supreme Court, citing Kent, declared that "the form of the contract of marriage, as a mere civil transaction, is well enough established. . . . If the contract be per verba de præ-senti, the marriage is complete." So in the following year, upon the same authority, Chief-Justice Boyle, of Kentucky, held that "neither the statute of Indiana nor that of this State avoids a marriage not celebrated according to its provisions."

In 1826, Chancellor Kent, in his Commentaries, stating his doctrine more fully, laid the foundation upon which mainly the later authorities rest: "No peculiar ceremonies are requisite by the common law to the valid celebration of marriage. The consent of the parties is all that is required. . . . This is the doctrine of the common law, and also of the canon law, which governed marriages in England prior to the Marriage Act [Lord Hardwicke's Act, 1753] of 26 George II.; and the canon law is also the general law throughout Europe, except where it has been altered by the local municipal law." In 1832, the Kent doctrine was accepted as law by the Court of Appeals of South Carolina. In 1842, its spread was accelerated through its acceptance by Professor Simon Greenleaf in his learned treatise, *The Law of Evidence*. His statement is lucid and authoritative as touching the relation of the statute to the common law. "Marriage," he declared, "is a civil contract, *jure gentium*, to the validity of which the consent of parties able to contract is all that is required by natural or public law. . . . And though in most, if not all, the United States there are statutes regulating the celebration of the marriage rites, and inflicting penalties on all who disobey the regulations, yet it is generally considered that, in the absence of any positive statute declaring that all marriages not celebrated in the prescribed manner shall be absolutely void, or that none but certain magistrates or

ministers shall solemnize a marriage, any marriage, regularly made according to the common law, without observing the statute regulations, would still be a valid marriage." This doctrine was adjudged to be the law of Louisiana in 1846; for this State being under the civil law, a marriage celebrated per verba de præ-senti was held valid there according to the canon law, — the Decrees of Trent, though adopted by Spain, not having been applied to the colony of Louisiana. California accepted the Kent doctrine in 1852. In the latter year, also, Joel Prentiss Bishop, in his valuable treatise on Marriage and Divorce, after an exhaustive review of the authorities, concurred with Kent, Reeve, and Greenleaf regarding the nature of our common law and its relation to legislative enactment.

The consensus of so many of our ablest writers and judges caused, in the succeeding years, the rapid spread of their view. It was adopted as the law of Mississippi in 1856, of Georgia in 1860, of Ohio in 1861, of Alabama in 1869, and of Illinois in 1873. In 1875, Judge Cooley held it to be the law of Michigan, thus lending to its support his great scholarship and reputation. He even declared it to be "the settled doctrine of the American courts, the few cases of dissent, or apparent dissent, being borne down by the great weight of authority in favor of the rule as we have stated it." In 1876 it was accepted by the Supreme Courts of Iowa and of Missouri, and in 1877 by the Supreme Court of Minnesota. In the latter year, also, the Supreme Court of the United States took the same position. Before that, in 1843, upon the question whether mere consent made marriage at common law, Kent's opinion being before them, this court was equally divided, and hence no decision was reached. But in 1877, when the question again came before them, the court seemed deeply impressed by the evident drift of the law, and by the great weight

of authority in favor of the Kent doctrine. In the course of the opinion, delivered by Justice Strong, it was said: "A statute may declare that no marriages shall be valid unless they are solemnized in a prescribed manner; but such an enactment is a very different thing from a law requiring all marriages to be entered into in the presence of a magistrate or a clergyman, or that it be preceded by a license or publication of banns, or be attested by witnesses. Such formal provisions may be construed as merely directory, instead of being treated as destructive of a *common-law right to form the marriage relation by words of present consent*." This decision of the Supreme Court has had great influence upon the state courts. The Kent doctrine was accepted in 1879 by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, in 1880 by the Supreme Court of Florida, in 1884 by the United States Circuit Court, district of Rhode Island, in 1885 by the Supreme Court of Indiana, and in 1887 by the Supreme Court of Kansas.

On the other hand, from the first there has been a small but respectable body of judges and writers who have constantly and consistently questioned the Kent doctrine, and opposed its acceptance. Not only do they deem it pernicious to society, but they also attack the historical premises upon which the argument in its support is based. They deny that the mediæval canon law of the Continent ever became the English common law, and hence that mere consent was ever sufficient in England, though it was on the Continent, to constitute complete marriage. They assert that by the English common law mere consent could constitute only an inchoate union, — indissoluble, to be sure, but requiring, to compel its completion, the interposition of the ecclesiastical court; that this ecclesiastical jurisdiction, being inconsistent with the spirit and the nature of the colonial institutions, was never introduced here as part of our

common law, and its function has never been assumed by any statutory substitute; and hence that such inchoate unions in this country — there being no means of compelling their completion — have never possessed the attributes of complete matrimony. Furthermore, assuming that by our common law such marriages were ever valid, they affirm that where, from a comparative study of the whole course of legislation as well as of the terms of the various statutes, it is the plain intent to make conformity to any statutory formality indispensable to the constitution of marriage, such common law is *ipso facto* repealed, and a marriage celebrated by mere consent, without this formality, has no validity whatever in law. One such indispensable formality, at least, they find in the intent of the statutes, namely, the presence at the celebration of an authorized third person.

This side of the question was also fortunate in having for its earliest advocate a jurist of distinguished learning, ability, and reputation. In 1810, the year after Kent presented his view, Theophilus Parsons, then chief-justice of Massachusetts, delivered an opinion upon the validity of a marriage celebrated by the exchange of consent between the parties, but without also the concurrence of a minister or magistrate required by the statute. He stated first his opinion of the common law: "When our ancestors left England, and ever since, it is well known that a lawful marriage there must be celebrated before a clergyman in orders." Then, after reviewing the legislation of the colony and the commonwealth, he held that the mere agreement of the parties did not constitute "a lawful marriage pursuant to the statute." "A marriage merely the effect of a mutual engagement between the parties, or solemnized by any one not a justice of the peace or an ordained minister, is not a legal marriage, entitled to the incidents of a marriage duly solemnized."

Finally, he points out an apparent absurdity in the Kent doctrine: "A marriage engagement of this kind is not declared void by any statute. But we cannot thence conclude that it is recognized as valid, unless we render in a great measure nugatory all the statute regulations on this subject." This decision was of great importance; for it went far toward settling the law in Massachusetts, and afforded considerable resistance to the spread of the Kent doctrine.

In 1829, the Supreme Court of Tennessee went to the extent of holding that a review of their legislation manifested an intent to make indispensable not only a ceremony before an authorized third person, but also the publication of banns or the obtaining of a license, if not the observance of the other statutory formalities. This decision has been at least once reaffirmed and thrice questioned, but not directly overruled. Hence the law in this State seems unsettled. In North Carolina, also, though in a more moderate form, the Parsons view was early adopted. It has never been seriously questioned, and it seems to be settled law. It was there held, in 1836, that by constant usage and from the earliest period of legislation it had been required as "an essential requisite of a legal marriage that it should either be celebrated by some person in a sacred office, or be entered into before some one in a public station and judicial trust." In 1848, two New England States, Vermont and New Hampshire, took strong ground in favor of the Parsons doctrine. In the former, Judge Redfield, a distinguished writer and jurist, overruling an earlier decision to the contrary, declared that the Kent doctrine "could hardly be regarded as law in this State without virtually repealing our statute upon that subject." So in New Hampshire, Chief-Justice Gilchrist distinctly repudiated that doctrine, discarding Judge Woodbury's

opinion, given above, as a mere obiter dictum. In neither State, since 1848, has this question directly arisen.

In 1853, this side of the question was reinforced and ably expounded by Theophilus Parsons the younger, Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University, in his book, *The Law of Contracts*. To the same effect, the Maryland Court of Appeals gave a unanimous and decisive opinion in 1872, emphasizing the argument from the popular custom and the absence of ecclesiastical courts: "We have no tribunal, as in England, clothed with power and jurisdiction to enforce the solemnization of marriages between parties contracting *per verba de præsenti*. Further, there is nothing in the law of this State apart from the common law of England which renders such contracts valid without solemnization. . . . There never has been a time in the history of the State, whether before its independence of Great Britain or since, when some ceremony or celebration was not deemed necessary to a valid marriage. . . . It is true the Act contains no express prohibition or declaration of absolute nullity of marriages contracted *per verba de præsenti*; but . . . the practice and custom of the people of the State have been so universally in conformity with what would appear to have been the policy and requirement of the law that such custom has acquired the force and sanction of law." If in Massachusetts the question needed further discussion, this was amply afforded in an opinion, by Chief-Justice Gray in 1879, remarkable, like the Maryland case, for exhaustive research and forcible argument. Affirming that "in Massachusetts, from very early times, the requisites of a valid marriage have been regulated by statutes of the colony, province, and commonwealth," he proceeded to review "the history of the legislation upon the subject, the *whole* of which, whether repealed or unrepealed, is, by a familiar rule, to be considered in as-

certaining the intention of the legislature." With Chief-Justice Parsons he held that "our statutes, *by necessary implication*, prohibited persons from solemnizing their own marriages by any form of mutual engagement." He then made an authoritative statement of the law: "It has always been assumed in this commonwealth . . . that (except in the single case of Quakers or Friends . . .) a marriage which is shown not to have been solemnized before any third person, acting, or believed by either of the parties to be acting, as a magistrate or minister, is not lawful or valid for any purpose."

It should be observed that these cases simply hold that it was the intent of the statutes to make some solemnization essential; but there has long been in some Southern courts a tendency to go further, and (like the Tennessee decision of 1829 above referred to) to find in the statutes an intent to make the constitution of marriage dependent upon a strict compliance with the statutory forms, — not merely solemnization, but also license, and other formalities. The most recent decision in favor of the Parsons view not only confirms that tendency, but also shows how irreconcilable are the two doctrines when carried to their extremes. In June, 1887, the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia ruled as follows: "Our statute has wholly superseded the common law, and in effect, if not in express terms, renders invalid all attempted marriages contracted in this State, which have not been solemnized in compliance with its provisions. . . . When the terms of the statutes are such that they cannot be made effective, to the extent of giving each and all of them some reasonable operation, without interpreting the statutes as mandatory, then such interpretation should be given to them."

Thus, by judicial inference from the statutes, in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Maryland, North Caro-

lina, Tennessee, and West Virginia, a ceremony before some duly authorized officer, civil or religious, seems essential to constitute marriage. But in one State, Kentucky, such formality is made necessary by the express terms of the statute; for the decision of Chief-Justice Boyle in 1820, given above, was superseded in 1852 by a positive statutory enactment that "marriage is prohibited and declared void when not solemnized or contracted in the presence of an authorized person or society."

Moreover, the Parsons view of the requisites of a valid celebration by the English common law prior to Lord Hardwicke's Act, at the settlement of the American colonies, is supported by the highest English authorities. In 1843, this question was argued before the House of Lords with such learning and ability as is rarely to be found in legal history. The Lords being equally divided, it was held by the unanimous opinion of the judges, delivered by Lord Chief-Justice Tindal, that "by the law of England, as it existed at the time of the passing of the Marriage Act, a contract of marriage *per verba de præsenti* was a contract indissoluble between the parties themselves, affording to either of the contracting parties, by application to the spiritual court, the power of compelling the solemnization of an actual marriage. . . . It was essential to the constitution of a full and complete marriage . . . that both modes of obligation should exist together; . . . that, besides the civil contract, that is, the contract *per verba de præsenti*, . . . there has at all times been also a religious ceremony."

In the following States the question whether mere consent can constitute marriage has not yet been decided: Arkansas, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Maine, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, Oregon, Rhode Island, Texas, and Virginia. Were it directly to arise, it is probable from the inclination of the courts that the Parsons doctrine would

be accepted in Delaware, Maine, Texas and Virginia, and the Kent doctrine in the rest.

To sum up: in the Eastern States, the Parsons doctrine is the prevailing law, being held in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont, favored in Maine, and not yet rejected in Connecticut and Rhode Island; in the Middle States, the Kent doctrine is the prevailing law, being held in New York and Pennsylvania, favored in New Jersey, and not yet directly repudiated in Delaware; in the Southern States, neither doctrine predominates, — Kent being followed in South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, and Parsons being followed in Maryland, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and West Virginia, and favored in Texas and Virginia; and in the Western States, the Territories, and the District of Columbia, the Kent doctrine prevails without dissent, being held in ten States and in the District, and being favored in the remaining States and the Territories. In short, in eighteen States and in the District it is already accepted as law that mere consent may constitute marriage; to the same effect it will probably soon be decided in eight States more and in all the Territories; while apart from Kentucky, in only three States of the Union, namely, Maryland, Massachusetts, and West Virginia, are there decisions so recent and decisive as to establish beyond a doubt that more than mere consent is essential. In Massachusetts, Maryland, West Virginia, and Kentucky alone, there is not the least doubt that to constitute marriage the interposition of an authorized third person is indispensable.

In view of these facts, the Kent doctrine may be said to be the prevailing common law; and its recent explicit statement in the State of its origin would be accepted as law in the most of the United States. "A man and a woman," said Chief-Justice Folger, of New

York, in 1880, "who are competent to marry each other, without going before a minister or magistrate, without the presence of any person as a witness, with no previous public notice given, with no form or ceremony, civil or religious, and with no record or written evidence of the act kept, and merely by words of present contract between them, may take upon themselves the relation of husband and wife, and be bound to themselves, to the State, and to society as such; and if after that the marriage is denied," proof of the subsequent conduct of the parties married, their "acknowledgment and recognition of each other to friends and acquaintances and the public as such, and the general reputation thereof will enable a court to presume that there was in the beginning an actual and *bona fide* marriage."

Such being the predominant common law, one practical result is that, in the words of Judge Redfield, "it is clearly a dispensation with all the requisitions of the statutes upon the subject." During the colonial period care was constantly taken to secure the observance of the formalities of publication or license, parental consent, registration, and solemnization. At first some colonies seem to have made essential a strict conformity to these statutes. But later it was sought to enforce their observance rather by imposing penalties for their infringement than by making void marriages contracted without them. To this course, however, there was one uniform exception. The exchange of matrimonial consent in the presence of an authorized third person was still indispensable. Under the Constitution, also, these statutory forms were retained, together with penalties for their infringement. At the same time, as formerly, an informal marriage seems not to have been void if only it were solemnized before the magistrate or minister authorized by law. Even in recent legislation, these and other forms are prescribed with such

minuteness and comprehensiveness as almost to warrant the inference that their strict observance was intended to be essential. But their terms do not, as a rule, expressly nullify a marriage informally celebrated; and hence the courts refuse to consider their intent. With the general acceptance of the Kent doctrine the last safeguard — the interposition of the State through its agents, civil or religious — has been broken down; and the colonial system, of which this was the distinguishing and vital feature, is finally and essentially overthrown. The present statutory regulations being generally adjudged only "legislative recommendation and advice," their further consideration is without the scope of this article.

As another consequence, the general acceptance of the Kent doctrine has carried our law back to the Middle Ages. Ours is the Roman law of Justinian minus the element of parental consent. In Rome, the bridegroom went openly in the daytime to the house of the bride's father, and with his consent led her away to his own home. In most of the United States, he may go by stealth at night, and carry her off without the knowledge or consent of her parents. If, during the proceeding, the runaways seriously and voluntarily agree *eo instanti* to be husband and wife, *ipso facto* they become such in law. As the Roman law passed into the church or canon law, the element of parental consent was dropped, and the consent of the parties alone was retained. Hence our law is the same as the mediæval canon law. The reform of the latter, through the Council of Trent, in the direction of religious sanctions gradually spread over the most of Western Europe, and prepared the way for the modern development of civil forms. But in the course of this development the current of law in the New World parted from that in the Old. In Europe, especially upon the Continent, the marriage celebration

began to be studied particularly in its aspect as creating a social status, — in its relation and consequences to society. In this respect its careful definition and regulation began to be recognized as fundamental to the welfare of the State. Consequently, the State assumed full and primary control: it inquired first of all what safeguards were essential to protect the celebration as a social bulwark (with but little regard to the restriction or limitation that might result to the individual); and at the entrance of the legal status it placed strict, comprehensive, many of them indispensable, formalities, looking to the protection first of the community, and then of the families to which the contracting parties belonged.

In America, on the other hand, the marriage celebration has been treated more in its aspect as the exercise of a personal right, — the right to marry. Its relation and consequences to society have been comparatively neglected. To be sure, it has never been authoritatively denied that society could, for its own protection, prescribe formalities through which alone this right should legally be exercised; and in the earliest period of our history the State did, it seems, make such forms indispensable. But the Puritans firmly implanted in our social soil "the strict Protestant principle that marriage is purely a civil right," and there has always been a tendency to interpret strictly all legislative restriction or limitation upon the exercise of that right. During the present century this tendency has rapidly increased with the spread, and as a consequence, of the Kent doctrine; and it found its fullest expression in 1877 in the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, that unless a statute shall expressly declare void a marriage not celebrated according to its provisions, "such formal provisions may be construed as merely directory, instead of being treated as destructive of a *common-law right* to form the marriage re-

lation by words of present consent." In other words, in this country it is judicially declared that the act of entering the marriage state is, in its legal aspect, primarily the execution or conclusion of the parties' contract or engagement to marry; that they have a right at common law to execute this contract by their private agreement presently to be husband and wife; that society has the paramount right through legislation to make indispensable to this execution such additional formalities as it deems necessary to its own welfare, but by the statutes as at present worded has not yet exercised such superior right, and has merely given "legislative recommendation and advice;" and hence that the function of the courts, as the law now stands, is simply to interpret the will and intent of the contracting parties; and if, in any case, a time is found when these bona fide expressed to each other an intent presently to be husband and wife, to declare that at that time they became such in law.

This, then, is the extreme to which our law of the marriage celebration has been tending, — indeed, has already reached, — the assertion of the rights of the individual at the expense of the rights of society. But these respective interests are not essentially conflicting. They are reconcilable, and also interdependent. It is a truism that what injures society injures each of its members. It is of the highest importance to the welfare of the contracting parties, and they have a right to demand, that in the legal form by which they enter the marriage relation adequate consideration and protection shall be given to the rights of society as well as of themselves. But, in fact, is this attitude of the law, toward the individual, as much an assertion of right as a denial of protection? True, the rights of the two persons — husband and wife — receive equal consideration as regards the insistence that before either shall be confirmed judicially in the title

of spouse a contract, duly executed by each, shall be established. But what slender protection is this, when bare circumstances are sufficient to establish such contract, causing momentous consequences to the parties, as well as to their respective families and to society! Moreover, where in life, if not in forming the marriage relation, does the individual need sobering, warning, and restraint? And to this end what but the arm of the law is adequate? Yet what barrier does this scanty legal requirement afford against haste, indiscretion, and improvidence? Indeed, at this point the courts not only refuse all protection, but also disclaim all responsibility. "For the policy of the law," said a learned judge, "we are not responsible. It is for the legislature to change it, should it see fit to do so."

But our common law fails to protect not only the contracting parties, but also the families to which they belong. Indeed, to protect the latter it makes not the least attempt, and in this respect it is far behind the law of Western Europe. In *The Atlantic* for February of the current year were described the main features of the French system of celebrating marriage (*le mariage civil obligatoire*), and the rapid spread of that system over Continental Europe. According to the French civil code, "a marriage contracted without the consent of the father and mother, of the ascendants [*des ascendants*], or of the family council, in cases where such consent was necessary, may be impeached" for nullity. So according to the system of optional civil celebration now existing in England, also described in the article above referred to, "in case such parents or guardians, or one of them, shall openly and publicly declare or cause to be declared in the church or chapel where the banns shall be so published, at the time of such publication, his, her, or their dissent to such marriage, such publication of banns shall be absolutely void." If

the marriage is to be celebrated by Episcopal rites, but upon license, and not upon banns, as in the preceding case, or by civil forms upon the registrar's certificate or license, such license or certificate cannot be granted until each party that is under the age of twenty-one years, and has not previously been married, shall take oath that the consent of the proper persons has been obtained.

Indeed, with regard to the protection of the families to which the contracting parties belong, our law would seem to be inferior not only to that of leading civilized nations, but to that even of our savage Indian tribes. For as to this element of parental consent, in ruling upon the existence of a marriage our courts apparently make not the least inquiry. But among some of the American Indians, the consent of the bride's parents, at least, seems to be the foremost requisite to the marriage celebration. By the Indian custom, after the bride's parents have signified their consent by accepting the bridegroom's presents and sending the bride to him to be his wife, then the marriage state is constituted.

While our law is thus deficient in protecting the parties and their respective families, even more noticeable is its total failure to protect society; and in this respect, also, — in dealing with the marriage celebration as creating a social status, a family, an integral part of society, — the United States are far behind the leading nations of Europe. In the French civil code, under the head Of Petitions for Nullity of Marriage, it is declared: "Every marriage not publicly contracted, and not celebrated before the competent public officer, may be impeached by the married parties themselves, by the father and mother, by the ascendants, and by all those who have an actual and existing interest therein, as well as by the public prosecutor." So as to legal evidence of marriage, in strik-

ing contrast to Judge Folger's statement above, is the provision of the French code that "no person shall be at liberty to claim the title of spouse and the civil consequences of marriage unless upon the production of an act of celebration inscribed upon the register of the civil power;" and "the actual existence of marriage shall not discharge the pretended spouses, who shall respectively claim to be such, from producing the act of celebration of marriage before the officer of the civil power."

Under the English system, the interests of society are guarded with equal care. In the case of a celebration by Episcopal rites, "if any persons shall *knowingly* and *willfully* intermarry in any other place than a church, or such public chapel where banns may lawfully be published, unless by special license as aforesaid, or . . . without the publication of banns or license from a person having authority to grant the same, . . . or shall knowingly and willfully consent to or acquiesce in the solemnization of such marriage by any person not being in holy orders, the marriages of such persons shall be null and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever."

In a celebration by civil forms, it is provided that if any persons shall *knowingly* and *willfully* intermarry in any place other than the church, or other place specified in the notice and certificate, or without due notice to the superintendent registrar, or without certificate of notice duly issued, or without license in case license is necessary, or in the absence of a registrar or superintendent registrar where the presence is necessary, the marriage of such persons shall be null and void.

Thus, under these systems, a marriage cannot be constituted without the observance of the formalities specified, and the intent of the legislature is expressed in such terms as to avoid any misinterpretation by the courts. Whether these forms afford a proper freedom to the individ-

ual, whether they are suited to our needs and conditions, social and legal, is not here under discussion. But it is evident that the marriage celebration as it touches society, while carefully guarded abroad, is shamefully neglected in the United States.

Yet this is a time in many respects critical in our history. In the earliest period, when population was small, scattered, and agricultural, when society was simple, frugal, and conservative, respect for law and conformity to civil regulations were almost universal. Moreover, as settlers of the same race and faith usually dwelt together, there was unanimity of sentiment in the protection of the common interest and the maintenance of social order. Hence the statutory forms for the celebration of marriage were generally observed. Though not all essential, the impartiality with which they were enforced spread abroad the salutary impression that they were equally indispensable to constitute matrimony.

Now, this is a great, a rapidly growing nation. There exists the widest diversity of race, religion, and sentiments. Population is congregating in cities. Labor, forsaking the fields, is crowding into factories and tenements. In the shops, in the factories, in nearly every occupation, at great odds and under peculiar temptations, women compete with men in the selfish, exacting struggle for preferment, for daily bread. Industrial struggle and discontent and social evils are rife in the community. In view of these facts, are we fortifying our social institutions, and strengthening the foundations of social order? And the family, — the unit and the source of society, — are we guarding its dignity and confirming its approaches by the sanctities of religion and the safeguards of law? Nay, our courts are forsaking, not protecting, are tearing down, not building up, "the very basis of the whole fabric of civilized society."

For the knowledge is rapidly spreading from the highest courts of this country that in forming the marriage relation there is no need of magistrate or minister, or of any formality whatever. "It is singular," said Chief-Justice Gilchrist, of New Hampshire, "that the most important of all human contracts, on which the rights and duties of the whole community depend, requires less formality for its validity than a conveyance of an acre of land, a policy of insurance, or the agreements which the statute of frauds requires should be in writing." What wonder, then, that the disregard of the "legislative recommendation and advice" is constantly increasing, and the evil of clandestine marriages and secret unions, by destroying the integrity of the family, is sapping the foundations of society! Can the courts deny an easy termination to the relation to which they permit so easy an entrance?

"The contract of marriage is the most important of all human transactions;" yet, the form and circumstances of its execution being left to the will and caprice of the parties, its existence may be involved in the utmost uncertainty and obscurity. "Whether the relation of husband and wife lawfully exists never should be left uncertain." These are the words of Chancellor Kent; and yet it is a corollary of the doctrine which he introduced that the existence of this contract, when judicially called in question, may be established merely by evidence of the subsequent conduct of the parties and of their reputation in the community.

But it may be said that, in fact, secrecy and uncertainty are rare in forming the marriage relation, because custom and public sentiment are as a rule able to secure the observance of civil or religious forms. This assertion, even if admitted to be true, is not pertinent. For the law must be shaped so as to control, not those who follow, but those who disregard, custom and public sentiment.

"The system of irregular marriage now permitted by the law in Scotland," says the report of the Royal Commission on the Laws of Marriage, "appears to us to be irreconcilable with the principle that, in a contract of this importance, the law should aim at the attainment of the greatest possible degree of certainty. To whatever extent its operation may be narrowed or corrected by the sentiments and habits of the people, it seems to us undeniable that it opens the door to much doubt and uncertainty."

By the law of nature, marriage may be constituted by the mutual present consent of competent persons, without the addition of any formality. Such is our prevailing unwritten or common law to-day. Hence upon this matter of vital and universal concern the United States has the minimum of civil regulation and requirement, — the law of nature as it exists among savage tribes, and as it was in the Middle Ages, the darkest period of modern times.

But in the United States this law exists not only at a critical period, but also at critical points. The above summary of States discloses the fact that the Kent doctrine is spreading without dissent throughout our Western States and our Territories. In many, if not in most, of these, society is still in its formative stage. Its constructive, healthful forces are already severely taxed in their struggle toward order, law, morality, and religion. As in all communities, society in the West must centre about the family; and upon the fate of the latter the fate of the former must rest. What a risk, then, is run, while the courts disclaim, and the legislatures disregard, all responsibility!

Another significant and startling fact is that this is the law also in localities possessing the largest negro population, — in South Carolina, Georgia, and all the Gulf States except Texas. Even in the last it is not yet judicially rejected. The worst effects of slavery upon the

negro were not material, but intellectual and moral. Since the war, his material condition has been rapidly improving. Has his social condition made equal progress? The responsibility of the community for its weaker classes is generally recognized. How can it be better discharged than by a speedy and adequate amendment of the law of the celebration of marriage?

But it is a fact still more grave and portentous, revealed by the summary above, that in our great centres of population, in nearly all our great cities, the legal status of marriage may be constituted simply by a private agreement between competent persons. New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, and San Francisco are all situated in States that adhere to the Kent doctrine. Indeed, in only two cities of the larger class in the United States, namely Boston and Baltimore, would anything more than such agreement be necessary; and even in them, apparently, nothing additional except a ratification of the agreement before a third person duly authorized. Moreover, the population congested in these cities is largely, in some mainly, foreign born; and the swelling tide of immigration bears to us, unfortunately, not the protective, conservative spirit displayed abroad toward the marriage celebration, but the social evils that fester and threaten in Europe. Much is said of the imminent danger to the State through the political corruption of the cities; and of their social condition a vivid though limited impression was received from the recent anarchist disturbances. Though their actual condition is not and cannot be described, sufficient is known to make their reclamation a work of immediate necessity. To be sure, society cannot be reformed by act of legislature. But a law should embody the truths of experience and should express the better sentiment of the community; in both respects our

law of the celebration of marriage is shamefully deficient, and can be rectified only by legislation. Whether the evil has resulted from the blunders of legislatures or from the misinterpretations of courts is not at present the chief

concern. The evil exists; the remedy is clear. In theory, the legislature makes, and the courts interpret, the law. In this case, the courts have so interpreted the law that it must be made over by the legislature.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

VII.

It was only for a short time that the wounded man lay as one dead. His consciousness gradually returned; his eyelids fluttered and opened slowly; he gazed about with a dazed and fluctuating attention, while he still remained, gasping and bleeding, upon the ground. Then by a mighty effort he rallied his faculties; with the recognition of his own lapsed identity, his normal expression returned to the quivering features, in lieu of the pallid, absent, alien look they had worn. This was Eli Strobe again; badly shaken, but still Eli Strobe. He struggled to his feet, and, tremulous and silent, he took his way down the path toward his home. A few officious friends strove to assist him as he went, and they kept pace with his tottering gait. Others lingered at the forge, looking vaguely after him, and then at Teck Jepson, who was on the crest of the hill, under the broad spread of the oak boughs, still mounted, and gazing back upon the scene. The mare, so suddenly checked in the race, was restive, and impatiently pawed and tossed her head, then reared and plunged as the rider turned back. More than once she bolted and tried to run, the recollection of the race so abruptly cut short still rousing her spirit and vibrating in her strong muscles. The curb held her to a slow gait, but her ears were laid back, giving her a vixenish look, and her full eye

rolled as she came mincing sideways down the hill, ready to jump at any moment, her whole aspect oddly incongruous with the pale, anxious face of the rider.

It was he, doubtless, that first of all the crowd saw a light figure, swift and lithe, running at full speed, albeit the hill was rugged and steep, to meet the wounded man, who was half supported by his friends, — now disappearing amongst the laurel, and again flying along a level stretch; her curling hair floating in the wind, her eyes dilated, her face pallid, her breath coming in quick gasps. She had seen it all from the porch, Jepson thought. She must know that he was not to blame. He drew a long breath of relief, and urged the mare down the hill toward the men. He was near enough to hear her words, as she dashed in amongst them.

"Leave him be," she said, with didactic composure. "I be goin' ter lead him home. I 'll keer fur him."

She offered to take the arm that the blacksmith held.

"Don't ye know, Marcelly, ez I be a heap stronger 'n ye?" remonstrated Clem Sanders.

"Naw; Marcelly 'll take keer o' me. Whar's Marcelly?" piped out Eli Strobe in a weak voice. "Whar's Marcelly? Marcelly?" he reiterated, as if he clung to the familiar name like a landmark amidst some strangely wrought chaos, — "Marcelly?"

He leaned upon her arm, and he turned toward her now and then with an uncertain look in his eye. "Marcelly?" he said, in the voice of one suddenly awakened.

"Hyar me," her soft tones responded.

The blank stare in his face gave way to an evident satisfaction. He nodded once or twice, and trudged on.

Presently — once more an abrupt pause. "Marcelly?" again with a poignant uncertainty and interrogation. And again "Hyar me," in dulcet, reassuring tones.

She could even conjure a smile into her pale face and a glancing lustre to her distended eyes, while he looked unsteadily and doubtfully at her. But when he began to plod on once more, the blood dripping from the cut in his head down upon his dust-grimed clothes, muttering now and again "Marcelly?" as if this were some cabalistic phrase, hard to grasp, and when once lost never to be found again, a vague terror overspread her features and shone in her excited and wild eyes. Once or twice she turned, and looked an appealing, piteous inquiry at the men who walked beside her, a blank, dull surprise on their faces.

When Isabel, who had followed her sister more slowly because of the obstacles the sharp stones and briers furnished her bare, sunburned feet, joined them, he stretched out his hand gropingly, and laid it on her head. "Ye air — Is'bel!" he declared, with an evident effort of recognition.

"Laws-a-massy, yes," retorted the pert maiden. "I would n't be nobody else fur nuthin'."

He kept his hand on her head as she walked beside him, albeit she remonstrated that he pulled her scalp backward; and as he went he muttered, "Marcelly — Is'bel," and again, "Marcelly — Is'bel."

It seemed a long time before they reached the bars of the fence, and went down the broad turn-row of the field,

through the green and glistening Indian corn, to the dooryard of the little cabin.

One might feel in these unshaded and loamy slopes the full richness of the expending spirit of the summer sun, the responsive climaxing ripeness of the herbage of the earth. So broad, so glossy, were the great leaves; so full of vigor and grace, so definite and erect, the tall and stalwart stalks! And how somnolently melodious, how charged with languorous post-meridian sentiment, was the song of the cicada that issued forth! A lizard, swift and noiseless, slipped across the path, his fine yet dull colors showing in the light. The shadows of the chestnut-tree at the gate seemed black with all this yellow glare. A cat slept on the rickety gate-post, despite the enmity of the dog of the "frequent visitor," who had spent his limited energies in barking and bounding about it, and now sat and besieged it in silent patience and with a lolling tongue. The hop-vines were fluttering about the porch; the passage between the two rooms was dark and cool. Teck Jepson, following, watched the group disappear within the door. Then he dismounted, and hitched the mare to the gate-post; the dog of the "frequent visitor" relaxed his vigilance to greet the new-comer with an amity that expressed all the compliments of the season. Jepson gave him no notice; but the mare shied violently and backed her ears as he leaped about her, and the cat on the gate-post took advantage of the opportunity, and ran up the chestnut-tree.

Jepson hesitated; he started slowly along the path amongst the luxuriant grass and weeds, where a coterie of turkeys and ducks were pecking about; then he turned back, and stood leaning with one arm upon the gate-post, his hat drawn down over a moody, anxious brow, now looking meditatively at the little house, as silent and as solemn as the vast dark mountain behind it, and again vaguely glancing toward the forge,

where he could see the gossips clustering around the door, the huddled horses at the rack, the slow ruminative oxen unyoked and lying about in the clearing, and here and there a cumbrous white-covered wagon. Above were the great cliffs, beginning to show a sunset glow; and now and then might be discerned the pathway of the invisible wind in the fainter tints of the reverse side of the leaves, upturned under even this light step, and marking a narrow line amongst the dense and dark foliage, as it stole down the slopes.

Suddenly, men silent and with grave faces came out of the house. His heart gave a great throb — their faces were so like those that men bore at the little rural funerals that had hitherto formed, in his experience, the only expression of the majesty of death, and the more terrible irrevocability of opportunity, — their manner so like the cumbrous, awkward show of respect and sympathy for the mourners. It seemed strange to him that he should note at that moment — so vagrant are our thoughts, so little held in leash by the will — how still the mountain stood, how fairly the sun shone, how freshly blew the wind, unmindful, unmindful! The soul is the alien on the earth, and the earth heeds not the in-coming of this strange essence, nor the out-going. A strong trembling fell upon every fibre. He looked suddenly gaunt as he strained forward, whispering with pale lips. "Dead? Dead?"

Their eyes with one accord rested upon him. Clem Sanders slowly shook his head; then turned to Bassett, as if doubtful nevertheless, and desiring confirmation. Once more Jepson's dry lips framed the word "Dead?" but no sound came.

"Naw," said Bassett, "not ez ye mought say dead — but" — He paused, and shook his head.

A sudden hand was on his throat. He looked into Jepson's furious eyes; he felt his quick, hot gasps on his cheeks.

"Ef ye don't say the word, by the Lord, I'll choke it out'n ye!"

Bassett was speechless for the moment, even after, half throttled, the blacksmith dragged him from Jepson's clutch. He could only cough and sputter, and look appealingly at Sanders and Dake to answer. Parson Donnard and Jube stood by, gazing on the proceedings with the same face, differing only in years and in expression: the elder in sober and reprehensive dismay, the younger with a keen and eager, almost participative, attention.

"Naw, he ain't dead," said Dake hastily; "he may be like ter die, fur all I know. He be out'n his head, an' yit he ain't out'n his head. I never hear sech talk."

"I tell ye now, though, Teck," said Sanders reprovingly, and with a glance at the coughing and choking Bassett, "ye hev done enough ter-day 'thout killin' Joe, an' hevin' another man's death ter answer fur. I never thunk of ye hevin' ter answer fur it, else I'd hev tole ye quicker 'n I done."

Jepson turned, with a flush and a flash of the eye. "Ye 'low ez I be a-keerin' fur that, — the answerin' fur it! Naw, sir! It's the doin' o' sech ez be a-killin' me. I would n't hev done it! I would n't hev done it!" He struck his hands despairingly together above his head. Then his consciousness of their entertained eyes, which expressed a sort of sub-acute unrealized pleasure in the painful excitement, asserted itself, and he leaned passively against the post, silent and unresponsive when they spoke; and presently they all passed through the gate, down the turn-row and up the slope to the forge, to detail the news to the waiting crowd, and hear in turn the speculations elicited.

He stood as still as if he had turned to stone, his elbow on the post, the mare's graceful head close to the broad brim of his hat, the dog of the "frequent visitor," an animal of facile allegiance, at his

heavily booted and spurred feet; he did not stir even when he saw the door open and shut slowly, and Marcella, still pale-faced and large-eyed, emerge upon the porch. She stood, evidently preoccupied, for a moment amidst the luxuriant blossoms, purple and white, that overran the rickety little structure. Then, although her eyes had rested on him some little time, she seemed suddenly to perceive him. For all his super-subtle discernment, he could not interpret the expression on her face. Her light figure was poised for a moment, as if she were uncertain whether she might advance or disappear. Then she came to the verge of the porch, leaning forward and lifting the blossoming tendrils that she might look through at him. She reached forth her hand and beckoned him. His blood gave a great bound in his veins. He felt the hot color in his cheek. His heart was beating so wildly, so heavily, that he could not hear the rustle of the lush grass as his quick strides bore him across the yard, or the abrupt and frantic outcry of the frightened poultry as they scuttled off. There were unwonted tears in his eyes; he could have wept in glad humility for the joy of her generosity. He hastily stretched forth his hand to clasp hers which held the vine, but she withdrew it abruptly, and he only clasped the vines, warm from the touch of her hand. As he looked up at her she looked down at him, inscrutably.

"What be ye a-waitin' thar fur?" she demanded in a low voice, and with an anxious glance toward the window close at hand.

"Ter know ef thar be ennything I kin do fur ye," he said.

She looked away at the refulgent golden-red glow of sunset-tide, that filled all the air over the wooded valley and the mountain above, till it touched the serene and colorless east.

Then she said slowly, "Yes, — ye kin do suthin' fur me." Her eyes met his.

"Go up ter the mounting — an' kem back no mo'!" Her voice was intense and low. Her straight, defiant brows were knitted; her eyes, once so soft, had a fierce glitter. "I never want ter see yer face agin whilst I live."

"Marcelly!" he faltered, amazed.

"Go up ter the mounting!" she reiterated. "An' when, mebbe, ez the time goes, ye 'low I mought be changin' my mind, remember I tuk the trouble ter call ye hyar, an' tell ye thar never war a woman ez hated a man like I hate you-uns. Some o' 'em hated one another in the Bible, did n't they? Study bout'n 'em. Fur none o' 'em hated like me!"

"Marcelly!" he cried again, pleadingly. "I never done it a-purpose."

She let her hands fall on either side with a gesture of indifference. "Ye mought ez well."

She knew her power. She saw his pain, and she rejoiced in the retributive pangs.

"I war all day a-tryin' ter help him in the 'lection," he protested. "I did everything I could fur him. 'T war his fault, — an' ef ye seen it ye air 'bleeged ter know it."

She looked at him with disdainful eyes. "Mought save yerse'f from the court that-a-way, mought n't ye? But ye won't hanker fur Sol'mon ter try yer case, will ye?"

Her face was suddenly smitten with a ghastly look, as the realization of what that possible future for him involved for her father.

"Marcelly!" he cried, in pity for her, divining her thought.

She recovered in a moment. She bore a stanch heart within her.

"Go up ter the mounting!" She lifted her hand, and pointed through the flowers to the stern fastnesses against the sky. "An' ef I could hev it so by sayin' 'Go out'n the world,' I'd say it!"

She turned from the vines, — a light step, the flutter of a garment, the cau-

tious closing of a door, and she was gone.

He waited for a time, believing that she would relent; she could but come back with some word of mercy, or pardon, or cheer for him. He still held the vines agape, and looked through into the open passage of the house, fearful that she might come forth and think him gone, not seeing him here. It was strangely still; presently a rooster, bronze and red and yellow, sprang upon the puncheons of the passage, and strutted back and forth, his claws ploddingly audible, muttering inarticulately to himself. And now he was gone. Upon the post of the porch, close at hand, a tree-toad began to shrill. Jepson saw the creature after a little, — a dull greenish-brown color against the weathered gray of the unpainted wood. How acute his senses were! He was conscious of noticing the curious climbing feet of the tiny reptile, as he stood. Women after a time came to the house with baskets on their arms, containing infallible domestic remedies or bundles, hoping to supply some household deficiency. They looked curiously at him; one or two made a motion as if they would speak, then desisted, and went their way. He cared nothing for his pale and agitated face, his wild, eager eyes. His pride seemed spent. He was glad they had seen him. They would tell her he waited without. And surely she would then come with some word to salve the wounds she had dealt. He would be grateful for so little. He could wait so long.

Not so long as he fancied. There came through the window the sound of an unfamiliar voice, he thought at first, strangely mouthing, and presently rising into a dolorous cry. He listened, trembling guiltily. It was Eli Strobe's voice. And when he realized this he could hear no more, — his fortitude was overtaxed. He could wait for no reward, within the sound of those tones.

He turned, strode swiftly to the gate,

flung himself upon the restive mare, and the quick thud of her hoofs along the beaten ways of the turn-row announced his departure to those within. He was going up the mountain, as she had bidden him. He was going — he cared not where — to the mountains as instinctively as a bird might seek the woods.

They called to him, as he passed the forge, for news of Eli Strobe. He shook his head; he had no news to give. The votes had been counted, and the local politicians, even in this hour of stress, did not fail to communicate the fact, and one or two triumphant souls shouted to him, as he spurred away, that Eli Strobe was reelected. But he did not slacken his speed, for all the rough road, nor draw rein in fording the plunging torrent. The mare's neck was vainly downstretched toward the limpid swift-ness; its very breath, the dank perfumes of its banks, indescribably refreshing at the end of the sultry day. The sun was slowly withdrawing its fervid presence. The wind rode abreast up and up the mountain. Jepson seemed to go to meet the night, for the shadows trooped from the east, and only the lengthening miles of valley and steeps behind him were pensively splendid in the rich afterglow of the prodigal day; to meet the night, heralded in the melancholy gloom under the pines, in the vague, indefinable pain with which we loose our hold on each successive day, in the sense of quiet and silence lacking in the gorgeous, albeit noiseless, pageant of sunset-tide; to meet the night, with its pensive presentiments of sorrow, its prophetic intimations of some longer space of null and dark futurity. The mare climbed the rugged ways now with a freshened will. Home, that even the animals cherish, lay at the end of the road, and she began to recognize her rider's intention thither. As she threaded the tangles of the laurel, a faint, blood-curdling sound smote her quick senses. A wolf was howling afar off in these primeval fastnesses. She

snorted as she went, and trembled. A star was at the zenith. A great fir seemed to touch it with the dark, slender line of its spire. An open, rocky space, and Jepson could see the dark western mountains, all glooming, the sunset faded out save for a lingering red streak along the horizon, — a dull and dusky tint in the closing obscurity. Below, mists were a-stalking down the valley ways, spectral in the vague light that barely made them visible. They claimed that weird and ghostly hour; and now and then one peered out from amongst the crags hard by, and drew back aghast, it might seem, at the sight of a human being in these preëmptions of solitude, where it should meet only its own disembodied kindred. The mare shied from them with dilated eyes, and chafed at the bit, and plunged and fretted because of the momentary pause.

Jepson marked, far as it was, the lights in the depression where Broomsedge lay, — like a skein of fireflies, — and he gazed down with a pained and throbbing heart, a troublous remorse and a contradictory sense of self-exculpation, a poignant sympathy with Marcella, and, nevertheless, a pulsing, sensitive resentment. “’T war a accident, — nuthin’ but a accident,” he muttered to himself. And then he bit his lip, remembering her caustic jeer of utilizing this interpretation. Once more the howl of the wolf, strangely nearer than before.

“How them critters kin travel!” he said.

Then even his strong hand had much ado to hold the mare, snorting and plunging, and pushing now through the laurel, now amidst the gaunt and sterile cliffs on the toilsome homeward way, whether he would or no. The rocks echoed her hoof-beats; she seemed to the listening ear the first of a file of horse, — a phantom file, for here and there, where the road was open, and the dull light still showed its curves, it

was visibly vacant, for all the measured pace that sounded between the crags. How lonely were these great rocks in the wilderness and the vast silences! With what precipitate avidity they caught at a sound, repeating it from one to another, as if it had some strange significance, some prophecy, perchance, that they should hoard against its fulfillment. Of all the forms of inanimate nature, they alone seemed to him sensate in some sort; and appealing from their isolation, they alone sought to communicate, from their stolid and sterile being, with creatures endowed with a motor life, through those mysteries of the elastic air, set vibrating with a word.

“Marcellly!” he cried out, with some wild desire to hear the wilderness voice her name. The whole world seemed to respond with a subdued acclaim.

“Marcellly!” the mellow tone rang from the heights above. “Marcellly!” the tender echoes of the valley replied. And now a crystalline fine vibration from the upper atmosphere, “Marcellly!” as if the magic word were spoken in the strange scenes of that lucent and glittering star.

He recovered in a moment his normal stolidity. The sounding air brought a burning to his cheek. He would have hushed, if he could, the voices he had summoned. He had a vague regret; a foolish feeling that the word, never losing its pleading intonation, was overheard. He was nearing home. The mare quickened her pace anew. As he emerged from the densities of the wilderness into the high vantage-ground of Bowles’s clearing, the vast splendor of the thickly instarred, moonless sky was before him, — so far and foreign it was, so dark the earth lay beneath, so drear. And he hardly cared that the dull orange glow coming from the notch was the light of his hearthstone, although the young mare whickered gleefully at the sight, and went up the long, steep hill at a prancing pace, and with sundry

plunges that threatened to unseat her practiced rider.

He took the saddle from her back as soon as he dismounted, — none too quickly, for she instantly rolled over upon the ground, her iron-shod feet awkwardly waving in the air. Then, as she gathered herself up with a snort of satisfaction, she set out for the barn and the water-trough with a capable air, evidently used to serving her own supper and making her own bed.

As Jepson entered the firelit room, Ben Bowles, sitting beside the hearth, his elbows on his knees, his pipe in his mouth, roused himself from a sort of lethargy of idleness, and a slow smile began to make more distinctly indented the many wrinkles around his mouth and hay-colored beard. His mild eyes shone with such pleasure as so definite a clod might be presumed to feel, but he glanced dubiously at his wife before he ventured to speak.

"Air that you-uns, Teck? Powerful glad ter see ye back hyar," he said cordially.

"I ain't company enough fur him, Teck," said Mrs. Bowles, with an assertive smile, displaying all her fine teeth.

"Laws-a-massy, jes' listen at M'ria, now!" Her husband gallantly scouted the idea, but he looked somewhat deprecatory of having laid himself liable to this interpretation.

Jepson glanced about him, heedless of both.

"Whar 's the chil'n?" he demanded. "Gone ter bed?"

"Whar ye reckon?" retorted Mrs. Bowles, with a flash of her bead-like eyes. "Ye s'pose I hev made sassin-gers or minch-meat out'n 'em?"

"Ye air ekal ter it," her brother-in-law ruthlessly declared.

The mild Ben Bowles deserved, perhaps, a better fate than the continual futility of his efforts to preserve the peace about him. So much tact, so perfected

by practice, disinterestedly exerted seemed wasted here.

"Ha, ha!" He forced a laugh, affecting to interpret facetiously the retort and the counter-retort. "Nare one o' 'em hev got meat enough on thar bones ter be wuth the scrapin', 'ceptin' it air Bob. Ha ha! Bob's fat enough."

Jepson's only reply was a glance of scorn. He strode over to the shadowy corner where the children lay, and looked down at Sim's pale, unhappy face, with its marks of sullen sorrow all undispeled, even in its absent, far-away expression. Aminty's had the solemnity of sleep upon it, and her tossed and tangled hair about it. Bob's wide-open twinkling hazel eyes shut instantly in feigned slumber the moment they encountered Jepson's. The diplomatist of four snored gently.

Jepson made no comment, but turned back to the broad hearth, slowly divesting himself of his powder-horn and shot-pouch. The firelight glanced upon his full blue eyes; the fairness of his brow contrasted sharply with his sun-em-browned cheeks, and had a definite line across it where the brim of his hat had ceased to cast its shade. The spurs on the heels of his long boots, that reached to his knee, gave out a dull metallic glitter. His brown jeans coat was begirt by a broad leather belt, and his massive, well-formed figure seemed taller than usual, since the others, seated, were fain to look up. Mrs. Bowles's fixed eyes had a certain activity in their bead-like brightness, as she sat silently gazing at him for a time.

Then suddenly, "Ye need n't be holdin' yer jaw, Teck. I know jes' ez well ez ef I hed seen him ez that thar Bob air a-lyin' thar broad awake, like a fox, or possum, or suthin', though he hev been tole forty times" — she lifted her voice that the youth should hear — "ez the devil will kem arter him an' ketch him ef he waits ter go ter sleep till the house be dark. I tell ye now what I'm

a-goin' ter do. I'm a-goin' ter put him out'n doors, ter keep company with them t'other night rampagers, — bars, ez eat fat boys, an' painters, an' sech. An' Bob 'll feel powerful lonesome out thar in the dark mountings, a-tryin' ter git away from 'em, this road an' that. His legs air short, an' he can't run fas'. An' he be so fat he mus' be toler'ble heavy ter hisself ter tote."

There was a vague stir under the quilts. Even the small stoic could but writhe a little in prophetic anguish at this prospect.

Jepson turned abruptly, strode again to the bed, caught the child by the collar of his nightgown, and the next moment Bob was sitting in his chair before the fire, looking very rotund in his straight garment, and gazing with wide, apprehensive eyes at his step-mother, expectant of the blow that always came when she was thwarted. She did not deal it now. She was constrained by the eye of the man as he stood once more on the hearth, busying himself with the strap that held his powder-horn.

"An' when enny bars, or painters, or devils, or folks take arter ye, Bob, jes' call on me, sir, an' I 'll tend ter 'em." He glanced down, and nodded convincingly.

Bob looked up at the big man with a grave and plump countenance. He gave a little sigh of relief, but he did not venture upon words. His pink toes were more rosy in the light of the fire, and now and then curled in the enjoyment of the warmth, for the night was chilly on the mountain. His great wakeful eyes dwelt on the flames. He filled his little armchair very comfortably and his hair, standing up straight in front, gave him a quaintly grotesque look.

Ben Bowles skillfully preserved an air of unconsciousness of the clashing in the domestic circle. Mrs. Bowles seemed for a moment likely to acquiesce without demur in the rule of the stronger. Then a flush rose through her clear

olive skin, and overspread her blunt features. Her strong white teeth showed in a satiric smile. That added significant glitter in her small dark eyes struck Jepson's attention. As he held the powder-horn in his hand he paused, and looked down intently at her. She noted his glance. Her desire to harass was strong, but she could not restrain her caustic tongue, or she might have baffled his curiosity.

"Keep on, Teck," she said sarcastically, "keep on the way ye air a-goin'. Set pore leetle Bob up thar ter ketch his death o' cold, an' take an axe an' hack me an' Ben up, an' set the house afire, an' — *ennything*! Ye air ekal ter *ennything* arter what we hev hearn ter-day."

"Hearn what, ter-day?" he asked, marveling how the news of the disaster had reached these untrodden, secluded wilds.

"Oh, nuthin'," she said, flashing her eyes at him.

"Laws-a-massy, M'ria," Ben Bowles ventured to remonstrate, — he would fain have ignored the whole incident, — "let Teck tell us just what did happen. Mought be some mistake."

She laughed, and sneered too. "Toler'ble large-sized mistake, sartin, ter kill Eli Strobe jes' kase his darter would n't marry ye — turned ye off! Gals air choosers one time in thar lives, ennyhow." She tossed her head with a lively relish of this limited ascendancy.

Jepson was shaken with a wild fear that they had had later news from the Cove than he. Then he remembered that none had entered or left the room since his return.

"Eli Strobe warn't dead whenst I left Brumsaidge," he replied calmly.

"Thar, now, M'ria, what did I tell ye?" expostulated Bowles.

"Ye tole me," she perversely retorted, "ez Teck war too sharp an' smart ter git inter enny sech trouble, even ef he warn't none too good fur it."

Jepson recognized the facile temporizing of Bowles in this, and he noted the quick flush on the cheek of the master of the house, attesting the veracity of his wife's speech.

Jepson did not resent it, for he had a certain scornful indulgence of the cowardly amiability of his half-brother, and a contemptuous pity for the hardship of his position in his own house. He quietly hung the powder-horn and shot-pouch upon a prong of the deer antlers that formed the rack for his gun. Then he sat down before the fire, his eyes on the blaze, his legs crossed, bringing one of his heavy boots so near Bob that the fat baby could not refrain from leaning forward, and with both chubby hands making the rowel whirl. His teeth shone, his eyes gleamed, he chuckled with glee, till, catching Mrs. Bowles's gaze, a sudden gravity settled upon his open mouth, and he leaned back in his armchair, affecting to rub his eyes, but now and then glancing furtively at her. The cat came and purred about him, and rubbed against his dimpled legs; then, suddenly bethinking herself, sat upon her haunches and put her forepaws on his knees to beg. He was not eating, but she watched for some moments with stern and vigilant eyes every movement of his chubby hands, that they should not undetected convey some unshared delicacy to his lips. Finally even feline patience was exhausted, and with an inaudible motion of mewling once or twice she sprang into the child's lap, curled up, and composed herself to slumber.

Bowles moved uneasily in his chair. The aggressive silence weighed hardly less heavily upon his spirit than the more active expressions of antagonism which he had sought to avert or annul. Now he glanced at his wife with an urgent insistence in his face, of which he was unaware, or he would have suppressed it in his timorous policy, and now at Teck Jepson with an air of ap-

peal. The look only expressed his secret wish; he did not hope aught from their interpretation or comprehension.

Presently, in desperation, he broke the pause:—

“War ye a-axin’ jes’ now, Teck, who fotched the news hyar? I warn’t pay-in’ much ’tention.”

Jepson did not take his eyes from the flame. “Naw, I did n’t ax,” he said.

Bowles subsided into silence, and his wife turned and cast a contemptuous glance upon him, which he comprehended as a rebuke that he should interfere.

The fire burned the freer and the clearer for the draught from the open door; the circle sat well back from the hearth in the alternate red flare and white fluctuations; the dark night looked in through the black aperture of window and door; the awful solitude of the unpeopled mountain was close without. Sometimes a dallying white presence was visible, and one might know that a mist was skulking close at hand, clearing away again to show the glimmer of a lonely star through a dark pine bough. A tree-toad trilled; the woods sighed, and lapsed again to soundless solitude.

Mrs. Bowles, too, chafed at the silence. Once or twice she visibly restrained herself. Then returning to her first impulse, she observed, “Teck don’t want ter know, Ben. Them ez he don’t like he jes’ won’t see nor hear, an’ it does him mighty nigh ez well ez ef they war dead. He knows somehow ez ’t war Jake Baintree ez hev been hyar this evenin’”—

Jepson lifted his head. “Jake Baintree!” he ejaculated, in evident surprise.

Mrs. Bowles rejoiced in her opportunity. “Yes, sir, ’t war Jake Baintree.” Her black bead-like eyes flashed. She smiled flexibly; her white teeth glittered.

“What call hed he ter kem hyar?” Jepson demanded, puzzled.

“What call hed n’t he?” Mrs.

Bowles retorted. "He be a free man! He travels the mountings whar his will leads him, — same ez a fox or a deer. He be ekal ter them dumb sinners, ennywise, I reckon, though he ain't 'lowed ter git baptized an' save his soul."

She relapsed into silence, with an obvious satisfaction to have shot this arrow. She expected him to inquire further. But he only rose, looked on the rude shelf, that served as mantel-piece, for his pipe, filled it, scooped up a coal from the edge of the fire, and smoked thoughtfully, with no show of desire to hear more; and this stimulated infinitely Mrs. Bowles's intention to continue the detail of the visit. She leaned forward, her elbows on her knees, gazed smilingly into the fire, apparently meditating on these things, and once she broke out "Waal, waal!" as if in reminiscent wonder and interest.

Her husband, always alert to take an acceptable part, looked first at her, with her patent bid to be interrogated, and then at Jepson's impassive and lofty face, with its proud indifference. He reflected that Jake Baintree was in one sense his half-brother's enemy, and in another the object of his persecution, and he said nothing.

Mrs. Bowles flushed with a dull red glow, but still persistently smiled and gazed into the fire; then shaking her head slowly and gently, she presently broke forth again: —

"Waal, waal, I never hearn the beat o' Jake's talk! He 'peared plumb re-jiiced over it. An' I 'lowed ter him — I said, 'I'll thanky ter remember it be my cousin — yes, sir, own blood relation — ez Teck Jepson hev murdered, so don't git ter glorifyin' over it hyar.' An' he say, 'I can't help it, Mis' Bowles. I'm sorry fur Eli an' his darters, an' sech, but 't ain't mine ter question the Lord's devices, nor what He lows what a day shell bring forth. The Lord suffered it,' he says, 'so Eli mus' submit, an' his kinfolks too. But,' he

says, 'the Lord hain't done nuthin' so much ter my taste fur the las' ten year! We-uns 'll see how the mate o' Daniel will look in a cage hisself,' Jake say; 'no other lion nor other wild cattle thar, but he kin ramp around an' rage fur twenty. We-uns will see how the friend o' Moses, the Law-giver, will buck agin them law-givers down ter the criminal court. We-uns will git a chance ter rest our ears 'bout them folks in the Bible fur one while, sure, fur the livin' will gin Teck all he kin tend ter, 'thout studyin' on them ez be dead an' gone so long they oughter be furgot, ef they ain't.' An' I ax Jake, I jes' riz up an' axed him, ef he warn't 'shamed ter talk that-a-way, whenst he purtended ter hev religion. An' he 'lowed he hed got through with wantin' religion. Whenst the pa'son declared he would n't baptize him, it jes' kem on him like a flood o' light ez he hed ruther go ter hell 'n ter heaven along o' sech Christians ez pa'son an' Teck. An' sence that minit his soul hed troubled him no mo'."

Jepson slowly blew the smoke from between his lips; the hand that held the corn-cob pipe did not tremble. There was no suggestion of anger in his dark blue eyes, the color of the iris distinct as he gazed meditatively into the fire. The flicker of the flames fluctuated upon his regular definite features, and he showed no consciousness of his surroundings save that he kept his former attitude rigidly, that Bob, leaning forward with the excited eye of achievement and the quick breath of effort, might triumphantly accomplish the feat of unbuckling with his chubby brown hands and taking off the large spur. The child's posture incommoded the slumbers of Aminty's yellow cat that lay in his lap, and she held her green eyes half open that she might guard against the danger of being too much compressed as he bent over. More than once she put up her paw against the breast of his nightgown, with an admonitory claw extended; but he only

peremptorily caught it and put it down, and went on with his enterprise as before.

Mrs. Bowles seemed disposed to despair and desist, as she gazed speculatively at the impassive Jepson. Her husband stirred uneasily, and then remarked non-committally, "*Some say Jake Baintree air a bad aig.*"

His wife did not often condescend to a dialogue with him alone. But this was the only prospect of covering her retreat with dignity, as she relinquished her attack on Jepson. She turned her face with a commingling animation and benignity toward her husband, and rejoined in a tone of interest, "Yes, folks say so; but what s'prised me war the curious way he behaved hyar this evenin'." I wisht ye or Teck, one, hed been hyar, jes' ter see how he 'peared. He sot thar in that cheer, — 't war gittin' on toward dark, — an' his face war sharp an' clear, somehows, an' white, an' his hair so slick an' shinin', an' his looks so keen, like he war studyin' 'bout a heap he never would tell in this worl'. An' he say, 'I ain't no mo' use fur religion, Mis' Bowles. I hev got no use fur rivers, 'ceptin' ter go swimmin' in 'em.' An' I say, 'Hev ye traded off yer soul, ez ye don't 'pear ter 'low ye hev got none ter save?' An' he say, 'Ye look out fur me at the Jedgmint Day, Mis' Bowles, an' ye 'll 'low I stan' toler'ble high amongst the n'angels.' He say, 'I hev got suthin' else ter look arter now. Folks in the mountings dunno ez much ez they think they do, Mis' Bowles. I fund that out whilst I war in jail, an' larnin' so much o' town ways.' An' I say, 'It's good ye air pleased with yer smartness, Jake, fur ye air the fust one I ever hearn accuse ye o' sech.' An' I jes' uped an' set about gittin' supper, an' lef' him thar ter brag by hisself. An' whenst I looked at him, arter a minit, he hed tuk a paper out'n his pocket an' war a-pur-tendin' ter read. His eyes war jes' set sorter cross-eyed onter it, an' his lips

a-movin' like he war a-talkin' ter hisself, an' he looked so plumb foolish ez I jes' drapped the bowl what I war stirrin' batter in, an' hollered an' laffed. An' he say, 'Ye don't b'lieve I kin read, Mis' Bowles; jes' listen, an' I 'll read ye 'bout a man what got tired o' livin' in the world, an' got onter a raft on the ruver.' An' shore enough Jake did."

Jepson suddenly lifted his head. "What did the man do?" His eyes were alert with interest; he held his pipe in his hand; the feeblest tissue of smoke stole upward from it. He had forgotten her antagonism.

She broke into a discordant laugh. "Laws-a-massy, ye reckon I kin remember all that thar! Naw, sir. I did n't mo'n half listen, bein' all tuk up ter see Jake readin' like a preacher! An' Jake say, 'I reckon ye won't see Teck no mo', Mis' Bowles, bein' ez they mus' hev 'rested him by this time. Else I would n't hev kem inter this house, it bein' sorter his'n, ez he lives hyar an' hev put his stock with yourn. An' I 'll say ye air mighty well rid o' him, in my idee.' Arter that he went."

She had unburdened her mind. She had spent her quiver, — not a barbed shaft remained. She was glancing about the room, meditating upon certain arrangements to be providently made over night for the early breakfast; now and again her eyes paused on Bob, still serenely awake in his nightgown, and holding up before eyes that squinted in the eager intensity of their interest the spur which he had taken from the boot.

She was altogether unprepared for aught of moment when Jepson said slowly, "Ye hed better lay off ter milk the cow-critters sooner'n common, ter-morrer, M'ria, kase I be goin' ter drive my stock off from hyar by daylight. I hev hed in an' about enough o' this place."

Her small eyes dilated; she changed color; her jaw dropped. Her lethargic husband was suddenly tense and rigid,

looking at Jepson with a dismayed deprecation, aghast at the prospect of this collapse of their partnership. Mild as he was and weak, he was man enough in this emergency to blame his wife.

"Thar now, M'ria!" he said, temperately, however.

It was the first rebuke he had ever given her, and he quailed as the words passed his lips. But she took no heed of them; her sense of loss was so poignant as to dull all resentment. "Why, Teck!" she exclaimed, her voice cordial with persuasive intonations, "ye goin' ter leave us — jes' kase I tole ye what that thar black-hearted Jake Baintree say 'bout our bein' well rid o' ye? I did n't go ter hurt yer feelin's. Ye ain't goin' ter leave us fur sech ez that!" She smiled at him, her eyes and her teeth glittering in the glow of the fire.

"Naw, naw," he disclaimed, still placidly gazing at the blaze, with none of the excitement and instability of an unconsidered resolution in his face. "'T ain't fur nuthin' Jake Baintree say, nor ye nuther. I jes' be a-goin' fur good." He seemed unpliable enough to daunt persuasion or appeal.

"Laws-a-massy, Teck!" Ben Bowles exclaimed, lantern-jawed, and pallid, and disconsolate. The inflections of his voice had such dreary suggestions that Jepson glanced at him, as he sat pulling at his hay-colored beard, the deeply indented grooves and wrinkles in his face growing more definite and multiplying, his weak blue eyes appealing and forlorn. He might seem in terror of being left at the mercy of his wife, who sat beside him, the picture of discomfiture, and swift repentance, and anxious forecast.

The survey evidently suggested to Jepson some modification of his plans.

"I'll leave old Spot an' her calf, bein' ez yer cow air dry, so ez the chill'n kin hev buttermilk an' M'ria kin churn; an'," after a moment's pause, "I'll leave one o' my horses, so ye kin git along

better puttin' in craps nex' spring. Ye kin keep 'em awhile, ef ye 'll feed 'em."

"Why, Teck!" cried Mrs. Bowles, in a pained yet cordially insistent tone; she forgot what she was about to say, for there surged in upon her the recollection of his "stock," for which they had besought him to abide with them, the usefulness of which benefited infinitely the housekeeping and the farming in a thousand ways. He possessed only a few head of the commonest variety, but they seemed much when once within her grasp, and it had been as if she owned them. "Why, Teck!" she exclaimed once again, at a loss how to continue.

"Ye need n't say nare word," he declared. "I'm goin', with all I hev got, by daybreak."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, put it in his pocket, rose, and strode out on the porch. He had not intended one of his long mountain jaunts, — only a turn or two in the solemn stillness of the night, to be alone with his thoughts, to be free from the presence of his fellows. This was contrary to his usual custom, and he knew that she thought him far away when he saw her through the open door rise up by the hearthstone, and heard her say impressively to the forlorn, stooping, and disquieted Ben Bowles, —

"Ye mark my words," — she lifted her arm and shook her fore-finger at him, — "Eli Strobe ain't dead mebbe, but he will be soon, an' Teck air aimin' aforehand ter git out'n the kentry with all he hev got; he 'll flee the State, an' that ter-morrer mornin'."

Bowles listened with plaintive, hopeless, upturned face. The small Bob had become rigid with propriety of demeanor the instant she lifted her arm, and sat with his bright hazel eyes fixed expectantly and deprecatingly upon her. The man outside in the darkness watched the group for a moment, and then turned away into the black night.

VIII.

The events of the day were peculiarly edifying to Broomsedge Cove. That moralizing tendency rife among rural gossips did not fail to utilize so promising a theme. One might have culled choice apothegms as to the sterility of ambition, failing oft in the very moment of seeming fruition, suggested by the fate of Eli Strobe, lying at the point of death in the flush of success. Others evolved reflections upon the overbearing spirit that would brook not even the control of the law, and certain nice points of ethics arose as to how far a man is warranted in holding his own conscience as monitor, or in subjugating his prerogative to judge of right and wrong.

Nevins still lingered amongst the group about the door of the forge, chewing a straw the while, and seeking to maintain the air of genial acceptance of defeat, and a certain indifference, which all candidates, who have come to grief, more or less successfully attempt to achieve. His face, however, betokened the relaxation of suspense, for the nervous strain that he had undergone was telling upon him now. There were vague blue circles and a flabby fullness under his eyes, which looked hot and were restless, but they held a distinct expression of resentment, and his face was covertly cynical, albeit his replies to the bluff and not altogether good-natured banter were couched in a conciliatory and still politic spirit.

"Plenty o' comp'ny, Nevins," suggested one. "Candidates fur judge, 'orney-general, sher'ff, an' mo' besides mus' hev got the go-by, too, this day."

For to-day was held the general mid-summer election of civil officers throughout the judicial circuit.

Another strolled up, and observed, "Hain't seen ye, Nevins, sence the woods war burnt."

"It mus' seem powerful hard," commented a Job's comforter, "ez ye could n't hev the office, sence Eli can't hold it now he hev got it."

"Leastwise, Josh," said another, with a grin, "yer hide be whole yit."

"Josh would n't keer how his hide war chipped or tore, ef it hed a constable inside o' it," chimed in an adverse elector.

The defeated candidate, thus rallied, made shift to smile, although somewhat grimly. He was evidently bent on keeping up his reputation for pluck, but he might have found it far more difficult if Eli Strobe, robust, and florid, and hilarious, had been lingering too at the voting-place, shaking hands with his supporters, receiving the congratulations of his friends, and crowing over his enemies. The aspects of defeat were sufficiently abashing and depressing, and he knew that much was spared him in that the Gorgon face of his competitor's success was withheld. Although the physician, who resided some fourteen miles distant, had not yet arrived, and no professional opinion had been pronounced, there was no doubt expressed that Eli Strobe would not live to enjoy the honors and discharge the duties of the office he had so hardly won, for by reason of the rigors of his previous incumbency the race had been extremely close. More than one of the gossips, full of gloomy forebodings, animadverted upon the lack of "spunk" in the Settlement that it had permitted Teck Jepson to ride by unmolested, and take his way up to the impenetrable fastnesses of the mountain, to issue thence when it should suit his pleasure.

"He oughter been arrested, — yes, sir!" said Jethro Peake, who, having concluded his duties as judge of the election, now entered upon the larger field of censor of the community in general. His round face was red with the influence of a certain beverage innocently believed to be neither sold nor given

away on election day; his fat cheeks shook with the energy of his discourse. "An' ef I hed n't hev been in thar a-countin' out the votes, I'd hev done it ez he rid by! Laws a-massy! ter ride by a blacksmith shop, whar the three jedges appinted by the county court air a-countin' out the ballots 'cordin' ter law, — ride by in the open light o' day, an' nobody arrest him! Ef I hed been hyar!" He shook his head threateningly, thrust his hands into his pockets, and walked a few short steps hither and thither; manifesting now a prideful elation in his authority that had not been apparent throughout the day, and was probably "set free," chemically speaking, by the action of the whiskey.

"Then we'd hev hed another cracked head 'round hyar," observed Bassett, gloomily. "'T war tryin' ter arrest Teck fur racin' ez got Eli hurt. I don't reckon nobody air goin' ter meddle with Teck ez ain't 'bleeged ter."

He had a blue bruise on his throat that made his views doubly impressive, and there was no need for Dake, who officiated as a sort of echo of his sentiments, to say, —

"Teck liked ter hev choked Joe ter death, jes' kase he did n't talk fas' enough, an' tell him the news from Eli. He war feared then ez Eli war dead, an' he'd hev ter answer ter the law. An' I reckon he war skeered ter go inside 'count o' Marcelly. Laws-a-massy! that gal looked like she hed two live coals fur eyes, whenst somebody spoke up his name, tollin' Eli's mother how it happened. Marcelly looked plumb like a painter I seen up ter the mountin' wunst. I hed got the critter's kittens out'n a hollow tree, an' 'lowed I'd take 'em home an' see ef they'd tame an' pet. An' I looked round whilst kemin' down the mountin', an' thar war that painter crouchin' on a high rock over my head, sleek, an' strong, an' light, an' supple, sir, ready ter spring. I hed no gun, an' I jes' tuk

one look at her eyes, an' I knowed that thar beastis hed grit enough ter foller me ter hell. I jes' sot them two lee-tle painters on a flat rock, an' I fund out what the Lord gin me feet fur. I put 'em ter right smart use fur 'bout a mile." He paused for a moment, in silent reminiscence of this speedy descent from the great steeps above. Then he resumed, "I ain't thunk 'bout that thar painter in I dunno when, till Marcelly's eyes reminded me o' hern."

"Waal, now, I reckon that 'll put an e-end ter Teck Jepson a-settin' up ter Marcelly," said Clem Sanders, hopefully. He was within the forge, leaning against the elevated hearth, feeling a certain inhospitable relief that the shop had been restored to its normal uses, and the judges and the ballot-box, the clerk and the table, and all the paraphernalia of suffrage, animate and inanimate, had been removed. He was not ill-natured nor malicious, but the disaster argued demolition of his rival's hopes, and his own sprang up revived by the prospect. His heart had not been so light for many a day, — not since he had played cards gayly and victoriously with Mose Hull, all unconscious that Satan perched on the anvil behind him to overlook his hand, while the window-shutter was drawn ajar, and an uncomprehended entity looked in, solemn, dismayed, aghast. Since then the forge had been deserted after nightfall. No longer the mountain youth congregated here. No longer the cliffs echoed the hilarious songs and outbursts of rotund and rollicking laughter. No longer athwart the solemn obscurity of the darkling and brooding night were flung *bizarre* and fluctuating shafts of red and yellow light, summoning out a trembling glimpse of the gigantic trees, or broad, lucent stretches of the river, and making the grim, immovable old crags seem to advance and retreat at the whimsies of the breathing bellows. Parson Donnard himself could not have desired the shop

to be more solitary and silent than it was now since its admonished frequenters were fain to be dull and quiet about the domestic hearth.

"From all I hev hearn, she war jes' a-foolin' Jepson, ter git him ter work fur her dad in the 'lection," Nevins observed; he cast the merest suggestion of a glance at Clem Sanders as he lifted his eyes, adding, "I reckon thar war a good many in the same boat with Teck, too. I never hearn afore of a gal behavin' like she done, takin' the 'lection ter heart same ez men folks. Ginerally gals dunno what thar kinfolks air runnin' fur, an' pays mo' 'tention ef the hen-house war blowed over in a high wind, or a mink hed throttled the fowels, 'n ef thar dad air 'lected or beat. Wimmin ginerally dunno ef jedge air higher 'n sher'ff, or sher'ff 'n constable. I never hearn tell o' sech a gal ez this hyar Marcellly Strobe."

He spoke with acerbity, recognizing her as a potent and perhaps decisive adverse influence, the majority being so small.

"Marcellly dunno nuthin'," Clem Sanders remarked, loyally, defending her against that imputation of a knowledge of politics. "She jes' 'lows ez her dad air the biggest man in the Newnited States. Laws-a-massy, I don't wonder Teck Jepson war afeard o' her." He strove to adjust his countenance to a proper sense of calamity, but he was a simple fellow, and frank with himself, and albeit he deplored the misfortunes and distresses of his friends, he saw his own gain, and its prospect of cheer was in his square face and his bright and narrow eyes. "I hed no sheer in it," he observed half aloud, recognizing his own state of mind, "an' I know I hope an' pray to God ez Eli won't die."

No; matters should remain as they were now, — adapted to the best interests of those most worthily concerned. Eli Strobe should recover, but with this

breach between the handsome Jepson and Marcella, Clem Sanders felt that no grass should grow beneath his feet while he put his fate to the test.

"I useter be sorter 'feared o' Marcellly, but ef I war gin jes' one mo' chance I'd do some sech all-fired quick courtin' 't would 'stonish the kentry."

It was not often that Parson Donnard figured as an apologist. But in common with all the country-side, as well as Teck Jepson himself, he had mistaken the biblical enthusiasm of the young man for religion, and had often felt moved to publicly rejoice in the gracious outpourings of the spirit so strikingly manifested here. As he and his son stood amongst the group, he was accosted by Nevins, whose uncharacteristic causticity was sharpening with his sense of loss; for the shock of the first realization of the result had resolved itself into a continuous ache, that would always stir and thrill again so long as his memory might rouse his pride.

"This hev been a toler'ble hard day fur the saints, pa'son," he ventured. His once pleasant smile was a politician's sneer, that did not match the obvious meaning of the words he spoke. "Seems sorter 'stonishin' fur onc o' the Lord's elect ter git ter bettin', an' horse-racin', an' resistin' arrest, an' run down an' crack the skull o' the off'cer o' the law, ez kem a-bulgin' an' a-runnin' out in the road afore the horses' huffs, mad ez a bull o' Bashan, though he war a shinin' light hisself."

The thin ascetic face flushed slightly, thus attesting that the parson's blood was red and warm. But he proved equal to the emergency.

"Thar's a lesson in it, brother," he returned, fervently. "The best 'mongst us kin only lean on the Strong Arm. An' when we loose our hold, brother, ef it's only fur a minit, ah! then, brother, we fall, — saint or sinner, brother, we fall! Lean on the Strong Arm, brother, an' be upheld!"

There was a reverential attention accorded him while he spoke, his rotund voice rising into the elocutionary effects of rural exhortation, and ringing out into the quiet evening air. Silence succeeded in the group, and when presently one of the men coughed and cleared his throat, and a slight motion made itself apparent amongst them, it was like that gradual recall to mundane sentiments and stir which follows with a jarring impression after praise or united prayer.

Parson Donnard, not unmindful of effect, was not slow to take advantage of this opportunity of retiring from the scene with all his colors flying. And indeed there were evidences of disintegration in the crowd momentarily becoming more marked. Gaps in the row of horses intimated how many had already gone; continually the tramp of fresh departures rose on the air, and the hoof-beats sounded hollow and with cavernous echoes from the little bridge beyond the forge. Here and there in the valley, or when the winding road up the mountain-side became visible amongst the dense leafage, a great canvas-covered wagon lumbered along, catching the roseate glow of the sunset. Certain lively souls, not to be subdued by any contemplation of tragedy, spiritual, political, or material, although out of sight, could be heard a long way, whooping and hilariously shouting to one another, while all the solemn gray crags assumed a spurious note of jocose and boisterous flippancy, and called back and forth across the valley with a weird mockery. Jube, the parson's son, shambling home in his parent's steps a half hour later, perhaps, his hands in his pockets, his hat askew, paused ever and anon to listen to this mingled fantastic outcry; discerning familiar tones sometimes in the voices of his friends themselves, sometimes in the frenzied mimicry of the crags. He would stand motionless till the sound died away for the nonce, judging from its bizarre fluctuations how

far the process of inebriation had gone; then shake his head reprehensively, — for Jube was a man of sober theory, — and pursue his way, brought to a halt again only when all the peaceful valley and all the staid and rigid rocks were again declaiming in drunken mirth.

This dual possibility of standpoint enabled Jube to dwell in great amity and unity of spirit with his solemn and ascetic parents, and yet continue the cherished soul of mirth amongst the wild young mountaineers whose society was so dear to him. In one sense he devoutly believed and had formally accepted all those wise saws condemnatory of levity and promissory of retribution. He could listen with an impersonal conviction to prophecies of impending wrath for those who were merry without cause now, and who should presently gnash their teeth with ample cause.

"Yes, sir!" he would often cry out, with animated confirmation, and in a voice rendered even more emphatic by a sort of chronic hoarse wheeze, when his father sat by the fire, and shook his head, and foretold vengeance already poised to alight on those who cared not to hear, and who would not repent while yet there was time.

"Dander on, sing, sir, do they, play kyerds, an' da-ance! An' Satan have gyirded him up, an' air kemin' up the valley, sir, — kemin' up the valley like a black cloud in which thar be no promise o' peace; like a whirlwind ez holds no pity; like the yearthquake, when men may turn this-a-way an' that-a-way, an' find no escape!"

"Yes, *sir*," Jube would filially echo, his eyes distended with some mental vision of Satan expressed in these natural terrors.

The trouble with Jube was a singular lack of pliability in application. It never occurred to him to look upon himself as one of the hopeless and the possibly damned. On the contrary, there are few people in this world who take so

much pleasure in it and in themselves as did Jube Donnard, despite all the restrictions of his narrow circumstances. Few people can walk on their heads and hands with such joy in sheer inversion. Few people can sing so hilariously false, old songs, so oft sung, antedating, perhaps, Broomsedge Cove itself, and still find them fresh and full of delight. Few people can lose their little all at play with such cheerful equanimity. "I never see sech a comical run o' kyerds, noways," he would console himself, with a laugh at some ludicrous sequences. Few people can on occasion drink so deeply, and yet be consciously so little drunk.

If the parson suspected his son's occupations and amusements to be vain and frivolous, and unbecoming mortality endowed with that large contract of preparing for immortality, and, desiring to include him among those spiritually threatened, spoke with a secret admonitory intent, his finesse was poorly rewarded by the adaptable Jube, who would straightway respond with plastic, earnest sincerity, "Yes, sir! Yes, sir!"

In one sense they were a family set apart. For Mrs. Donnard, too, unconsciously held herself in some sort as one exempt. She had come to consider religion only as it affected the congregation. The promises of the Bible were for those members who heeded the parson's righteous words. Its threats and monitions were for those who yielded him not the due meed of reverence, spiritual and secular. Somehow, the unpropitious aspects of religion were predominant in Mrs. Donnard's contemplation of the congregation. Like the wives of many preachers of larger pastorates and ampler opportunities, she thought the flock got more out of the parson in many ways than they paid for. The battle of life represented for her the congregation on one side and the parson on the other, and she proved a stanch partisan, a host in herself. "They say

so," she would sometimes observe sarcastically, when he would detail an improvement in morals or manners resolved upon amongst them, or some great awakening within his bailiwick. "Now let's see the *doin'* of it."

The parson was far more enthusiastic, eloquent, and able than his helpmeet, but it may be doubted if he were endowed with so accurate a gauge of the efficacy of the good intentions of poor human nature.

Sometimes she would merely remark, "I been hearin' sech ez that thar from old Squair Bynum fur fifty year. Mebbe ef the Lord grants him Methus'lah's age he may make out ter mend his ways, — leastwise some few o' 'em." Then she would burst out singing as she went about her household avocations, "The day o' jedgmint's on the way!"

In this certain acrimony between herself and her husband's charge, she must have experienced a great satisfaction to be so sure that all their misdeeds and shortcomings would be so severely visited upon them, and so actively rued in fire and brimstone, — for Mrs. Donnard's faith was very complete. Somehow it had strangely discharged itself of personality. She thought no more of her own soul than if she had none to be saved. Salvation was not on her lips. Religion was an engine chiefly valuable in keeping the congregation strung up to beseeingly perform its duties toward the parson. And yet her eye was single to what she conceived to be her duty. She zealously devoted herself to his interests, merging her identity in his; resenting his griefs, rejoicing in his pleasures, and entertaining his views. Jube was the only surviving child of a goodly number, and the unanimity of opinion which subsisted between the old couple suffered no lapse in their mutual persuasion of his perfection. The capacity for believing what one desires to believe is in itself a source of perennial pleasure, and the two took unimpeached joy and

comfort in their colt, who nimbly demonstrated his capacity to pace despite the sober trot of his parents, who had never given themselves over to any such erratic gait.

As Jube came up the path to the log cabin, they were sitting together on the porch, and welcomed him with sparse words, indeed, but with a solemn pleasure in him which their eyes betokened.

"Enny mo' news from the *Settle-mint*, Jubal?" asked his mother. They lived some considerable distance higher on the mountain, and a bulging slope hid from them the little hamlet, the torrent tossing down the mountain, and the beetling crags above. So Mrs. Donnard felt at times afar off, and exhibited that avidity for the news of the day natural to a woman in the country, oppressed by the sense that, without extreme vigilance, she is in a position to be debarred a choice bit of gossip some day.

Jube had that reluctance to detail often exhibited by the favored mortal who has been "to town," what he has heard having ceased to be a novelty. To be sure, Mrs. Donnard might seem to have been feasted with news to-day, and Jube had naught to add to the narrative of the proceedings already given by his father; but she took a long time to fairly assure herself of this, and the revived reference to the subject impaired the parson's cheerfulness.

"I hev labored an' I hev labored in this field," he remarked, "an' it 'pears ter do no good."

He had both his knotted hands clasped on his stick, and rested his long chin on them.

"A set o' hard-hearted, stiff-necked half-livers!" said the parson's wife uncompromisingly.

"Fightin' an' quar'lin' whar thar ought ter be peace,—peace in the fold."

"Gineraly less peace in the fold 'n ennywhar else," affirmed his helpmeet.

"Eli Strobe, — an' old-time member, an' a settled married man."

"Wife been dead ten year or more," said Mrs. Donnard, domestically accurate.

"An' Teck Jepson, what actially 'peared ter be gifted with visions! Kin tell 'bout folks in the Bible till ye kin mos' see 'em a-walkin' out afore ye."

"But Teck Jepson hev a prideful walk *hisself*, — 'pears ter know all the folks air a-starin' at him, specially wimmin. I dunno ez I b'lieve in the savin' grace o' enny men folks ez sets up ter be better lookin' 'n the angel Gabriel, ef the truth war knowed," objected the discerning Mrs. Donnard.

"Teck Jepson gone an' c'mitted murder, — laws-a-massy! I jes' feel how the members o' that church in Piomingo Cove ez be always a-laffin' an' givin' at we-uns, will crack thar heels tergether an' shout whenst they hear 'bout'n it."

"That thar smooth-faced, fat, jokified Brother 'Zekiel Johns always tuk every chance ter gin a dab at the 'Brumsaidge brethren,' ez he say it." Mrs. Donnard drawled her mimicry in good clerical fashion.

Even the placid Jube was touched by this prophecy of the rejoicing of the opposite religious faction. He shifted his position as he sat on the step, and frowned in perplexed discomfiture, looking even more like his father with these solemn corrugations. It seemed to him at the moment worth while saving one's soul to spite the folks in Piomingo Cove.

"I'd hev 'lowed," he observed, "ez arter Satan *hisself* kem hyar an' sot *hisself* up thar in public in the forge, squatin' on the anvil, ez them fellers, Eli Strobe an' Teck Jepson, mought hev knowed ez bad luck would hev got inter thar fightin'. Eli jes' a-boundin' out in the road under the mare's huffs, an' Teck ridin' the off'cer o' the law down; they knowed the devil hev been viewed in Brumsaidge wunst, ennyways, ef they did n't know 'bout his workin's sence."

The old man lifted his chin from the hands clasped upon his stick. The nos-

trils of his long, thin, bony nose dilated like those of a frightened horse; his eyes widened and brightened, showing a lighter tint than their usual gray.

"What workin's, son?" he demanded.

Jube looked at him in the closing dusk, and mysteriously shook his head.

Mrs. Donnard had not observed the allusion nor the look.

"Racin' an' bettin' air sinful," she declared, "an' that thar tearin'-down, good-lookin' Teck Jepson hev got mighty little religion ef he don't know it."

The old man had a sudden monition of the discipline seemly in his own family. "Warn't ye one o' them a-racin', son?" he asked, although he had had the evidence of his own eyes to the fact. There was a momentary pause.

"Yes, sir. Jes' sorter runnin' the hoss-critter along the road," said the parson's son, as if defining a material difference.

The old man in a manner accepted the distinction.

"Waal, sonny, ye mus'n't do sech. 'T ain't right, an' it air agin the law."

"Yes, sir," said the dutiful Jube.

"Though ye would n't hev run nobody down," said the mother.

"Naw 'm." Jube found it very easy to coincide.

Mrs. Donnard, convinced that there was no more news from the Settlement to be gleaned, rose presently, and went in-doors to dish up supper. The two men, left alone upon the porch, grew more confidential.

"Jube," said the old man eagerly, lowering his voice, "what d' ye mean 'bout the devil's workin's in Brumsaidge sence?"

Jube looked, cogitating and silent, down the slope, where the great dark trees rose, dense, and heavy, and glooming. The sky was far lighter than the earth, and here only was color distinguishable, — the pallid blue tint that barely permitted to be seen the fluctuating glitter of a timorous star. Above

Chilhowee, far away, the sickle of the moon was reaping the shadowy mists, gray and crimson, touched with an afterglow of the sun; a vague swath of light was left behind her keen and glistening blade. The voice of a night-hawk sounded raucous and sudden, and once more the heavy silence brooded.

"Waal, dad, I dunno ef I hev enny call ter say nuthin' 'bout it; I promised I would n't tell."

"Laws-a-massy, Jube, who tole ye?" demanded the parson, agitated.

Jube stirred uneasily. His unlucky allusion to the matter had escaped him unwittingly. He was beginning to understand that he should be urged to explain, and his tact and invention were deplorably inadequate to the emergency.

"I promised Clem Sanders I would n't tell," he said desperately.

"Waal, Jubal, I'll gin ye ter onderstand ez this ain't no matter fur ye an' Clem Sanders ter keep ter yerse'fs," said the old man severely. "I war gin ter view the Enemy in that thar forge, an' ef ennythin' hev kem o' sech I hev got the right ter know it."

This logic freed Jube's conscience, and absolved him, as it were, from his broken promise.

"He hev been thar agin!"

The stick fell from Parson Donnard's grasp, and rolled noisily along the puncheon floor.

"Who?" he gasped, with trembling lips and starting eyes, expectant of the answer that came suppressed —

"Satan!"

Parson Donnard sat as one petrified.

"He kem thar," said Jube, with lowered voice and many furtive glances toward those glooming woods, "one night whenst Clem did n't know nuthin' 'bout'n it, bein' in bed an' asleep; but Dake, he see the forge alight an' hearn the hammers a-strikin', an' he 'lowed 't war Clem. He tole Clem arterward, an' it like ter skeered Clem ter death, kase he 'lowed mebbe 't war that thar *dead Clem*

Sanders, what ye seen lookin' through the window at him whenst he played kyerds, a-hammerin', with the devil a-strikin' fur him!"

"My stars!" exclaimed the trembling parson.

"Yes, sir!" said Jube, flattered by the extreme interest with which his narrative was received, its intensity being altogether unexpected. "Yes, sir, Clem 'lowed ez 't war Satan ez mus' do the strikin', an' not the smith work; kase Clem 'lows ez sech takes a heap o' 'spe-riunce, an' dealin' in metals air a mighty partic'lar business, an' Satan air a heap too smart ez ter 'low he kin do reg'lar smith work 'thout he hed a power o' teachin'. Strikin' air all Satan would be ekal ter round a forge, Clem 'lows. Waal, sir, two or three nights arterward Clem hears suthin', an' looks out'n the roof-room winder; an' thar he see the forge lit up an' hearn the hand-hammer an' the sledge, clink-clank, clink-clank, jes' ez nat'ral! Clem 'lowed it made him feel powerful bad ter hev his harnt a-walkin' 'bout his own forge 'fore he air dead; he tuk it for a sign, an' it went so ter his heart ez he got off'n his feed fur a few days. But that night, ez he got closer an' closer ter the forge" —

"Did — did Clem go thar?" demanded the old man breathlessly.

"Yes, sir!" said Jube. He paused to look at the dark sky, fully instarred now, as all its scintillating splendors were suddenly quenched into neutral monotony, while a ghastly quiver of sheet lightning broadly fluctuated over the infinite spaces of the firmament, and over the long, dark, lonely stretches of wood and mountain. Then it died away, leaving the constellations supreme in the night, and the dark stillness brooding in the woods.

"He got plumb up ter the winder, sir, 'cordin' ter Clem," Jube continued cautiously.

"An' — an' — what did he see?" interrupted the parson.

"He stumbled an' fell right at the winder, an' they hearn the noise inside, an' in a minit it war all dark an' still in the forge, 'ceptin' that the doors they shut with a bang. Clem went in; he fund nuthin' an' nobody. A leetle fire smouldered on the h'ath, but the anvil war a-ringin' like all possessed."

Parson Donnard sat with a rigid face, but half revealed by the dull light that came from the fire within, and all unnoted by his careless son. He had possessed himself anew of his stick, and had resumed his accustomed attitude, his hands clasped upon the head of the stout cane, and his chin resting upon them. But these hands were unsteady, and now and again his lips trembled. He was secretly aware, as he gazed out into the blank darkness, that the vision he had seen was revealed in a manner merely to his spiritual sight. It was rather suggested to his own insulted moral perceptions by the future possibilities to the jocund group. In fact, he had not intended his description of it literally; he had given it in some sort as a parable, the version of the actual scene translated by an acute and discerning moral sense. He had never gauged the limits of his own credulity in the visions of others, and he did not at the time realize that he overstepped the bounds of verity when he construed the tableau according to the moral needs of his hearers. It was salutary that Satan should sit upon the anvil amidst that merry crew, and visibly rejoice in their wicked sports. And who knows but that he did! The parson claimed the benefit of the doubt, and the vision of his spiritual eye was thereby improved. It was eminently restrictive and calculated to impress Clem Sanders that he himself, in some future reflective mood, should gaze back through the windows of memory, solemn and regretful, upon the futile wasted hours of a riotous youth. The parson's figurative language had unforeseen possibilities, and had set the "harnt" of a living

man a-walking before its time. He had not concerned himself greatly with the misapprehension when it first came to his notice. He had not dreamed of strange consequences astir. Despite the natural strength of his mind, his uncultivated instinctive knowledge of human nature, his gift of rude eloquence, he was densely ignorant, saturated in superstition, and even his religion held alternating elements of terror and of bliss. He began to fear that thus unguardedly speaking a judgment was to be sent upon him. His hasty figurative words, unjustifiably used, were forthwith made true. He thought, poor soul, that he had conjured up the devil, to stalk abroad in Broomsedge Cove, where, as well he knew, the denizens were ill prepared to meet him! Not in the guise of a ravening wolf, nor a black dog, but "bat-wise," gigantic and weird, a creature of the night, accompanied by that familiar, yet horribly unfamiliar, presentment of the blacksmith. "I hev gin Clem over. I hev los' my sheep." He groaned aloud in the misery of his reflections.

Perhaps it was the courage of desperation, the unrecognized hope that never dies till every vital spark be extinct, perhaps only the stanch and adventurous spirit of the old mountaineer, — woodsman and hunter as well as parson, — that nerved him to say, "It air some human critter, mebbe, bent on no good." Then he presently observed, "Jube, I be goin' ter watch that thar forge this night, an' every night till I see who it air ez kems."

Jube recoiled. "Lord A'mighty, dad, I would n't fur nuthin'. 'Pears like ye ought n't ter resk it." Then gathering reassurance with the reflection, "Mam won't let ye, nohow."

"Thar ain't no need for her to know it." And after a pause, "I ain't a-goin' ter tell her," added the parson.

Perhaps to the cynical it might seem a caustic commentary upon conjugal life

that, after thirty years of it, Parson Donnard found it necessary to sedulously hold his tongue in order to be able to keep his own resolution, and that Mrs. Donnard's devotion, making his cause her own, cherishing enmities for his sake, tolerating more difficult friendships, sharing alike haps and mishaps — at last resulted in exclusion from his confidence! It was a lesson of doubtful expediency for Jube to observe the disingenuousness of the parson, as like unto other men as if he had felt no outpouring of the spirit, while he ate the good supper that she had cooked, and wore a placid and incidental countenance, and lighted his pipe after the meal was concluded, and established himself upon the porch in a definite and settled manner as of a fixture for the evening. And how, with his own practice to the contrary, should he preach to Jube; and young people generally, upon the beauty of confidence in the family relations, of the dangers of secrecy, of the necessity of setting good examples, and of amply and quickly returning the blessings that one enjoys of fine traits in others by double measure to them, pressed down and running over!

But the parson did — and most parsons do.

The unconscious Mrs. Donnard, almost pathetic in her unconsciousness, scoured the skillet with ashes, and now and again lifted her voice and sang a fragmentary measure, broken by leaning down and rising up, and mounting upon chairs to place plates and sundry other table ware upon the high shelf, otherwise beyond her reach. Once the hiatus was occasioned by the parson, who put his head into the door to say he was "obligated" to go down to the Settlement to see how Eli Strobe was, when she placidly assented, and went on singing as before. It was Jube who, looking in at her cheerful industry, felt the pang of remorse, — he the good-for-naught; not the worthy parson, plodding off,

feeling that she knew as much as was good for her, after the manner of the best of husbands.

Jube went too, having volunteered in an unguarded moment — repenting of it immediately afterward, but unable to extricate himself — to show his father a certain choice coigne of vantage on the mountain above, where one could easily overlook the road and the forge, and yet be at a considerable distance. “It’s so steep a body mought slip spang down onto the roof, ef ye did n’t scotch yerself with a bowlder. Git ahint one o’ them bowlders, — that’s the dinctum.”

The moon had sunk in the unknown world behind Chilhowee. The blackness on the earth was dense and unbroken, save that here and there the flare from some cabin that they passed revealed the vague outline of the building, the dully illuminated oblong space of the open doorway, a few zigzag lines of the rail fence close at hand thus suggesting the features of their familiar scenes which the night had annulled. Above, the stars blazed in great glory and a scintillating multiplicity, but gave little appreciable light, and the parson was glad that Jube, with his younger eyes and his active step, was with him, when they began to toil up a rugged and brambly pathless ascent. The old man struggled valiantly along, — they had passed through the Settlement, the father observing to the son, by way of keeping his word to Mrs. Donnard, that they would stop and inquire for Eli Strobe upon their homeward way, if it were not then too late, — and he was beset by the terror of meeting some one of his flock here and now, where his errand would be inexplicable. He plunged boldly among the briars; he toiled through steep stony passes; he puffed, and tugged, and made every hearty effort to swiftly betake himself out of the way of any accidental encounter. Once a sudden stir in the bushes hard by caused his heart to spring into his throat, and

his quick mind to anxiously canvass some hobbling methods of explaining his position, — the next moment the mellow clangor of a cow-bell; the creature was lying belated, perhaps, on the slope, and had moved her head, hearing their steps, and no more.

He was indefinitely perplexed and embarrassed by an odd, unrecognizable change in Jube. A sort of half-subdued hilarity grated on him, sundry smothered guffaws, gleeful allusions to previous capers, of which the parson had never heard and vaguely understood. Only now and then did Jube subside, with a returning realization of the identity of his companion. For the night air, the mountain wind, the secrecy, the excitement, the quivering expectancy of their errand, had begun to make themselves felt in Jube’s blood, — a rapid current, and susceptible of considerable elation and exhilaration. The spirit of adventure was astir within him, and only at times was dashed by the remembrance that the parson was — the parson.

When they reached their objective point, Parson Donnard sank down upon a large rock that his son indicated to him, his knees against a bowlder lying hard by, that he might not slide down the steep incline upon the very roof of the forge. He noted how he seemed to face the great concave of the sky, how definite the western mountains stood against the starry expanse, and how distinct certain objects had become even in the pitchy blackness, now that his eyes were in some sort accustomed to it.

“Thar’s the forge, right down yander under this laidge,” observed Jube, with that wild gayety in his tone which bewildered the old man, who deprecated it. “Ef ye war ter lean over, dad, an’ stretch out yer arm, yer hand would be plumb over the chimbley. Laws-a-massy” — Jube rocked himself in the joy of his reminiscence — “don’t I ’member how me an’ some o’ them t’other boys got up hyar one night, an’ drapped a leetle gun-

powder down into the chimbley. An' Clem say, 'Lord A'mighty, what 's that?' An' then I drapped a leetle mo' yit, an' Clem hollered, skeered, till suddint he smelt it, an' out he kem with a bar o' red-hot iron in his hand, a-dustin' up the mounting. 'T war a dark night, an' he jes' looked plumb like the devil hisself."

"Hesh, Jube, hesh! ye talkin' mighty loud." The old man shrank from the sound of his voice.

"An' I seen him," continued Jube, "an' durned ef I warn't so full o' laff that I los' my balance, an' fell right down thar plumb onter the roof. Clem clomb up an' got me, he did! But the t'others hed runned off through the woods."

"Jube, jes' see ef ye can't shet up fur awhile," said the poor parson.

"Waal," remonstrated Jube, "I jes' want ter tell ye how I kep' Clem from bastin' me 'count o' that trick. Oh, ho! 't war the funniest joke on Clem; liked ter never hearn the e-end o' it, an' —"

"I don't want ter hear no joke," said Parson Donnard sternly and ill at ease; perhaps he felt a personified joke himself, perched on the beetling ledges of the mountain in the middle of the night, in imminent danger of rheumatism, and in the more than questionable society of his own son. It would be a gay day for the flock of Brother Ezekiel Johns, in Piomingo Cove, if his enterprise and position should be discovered, and, failing, should become ridiculous. Draw as he might on his large resources of explanation, his license of metaphor and spiritual phrasing, he could not justify the facts with Jube in company.

"This air a solemn 'casion, an' we hev kem out, it may be, ter meet the enemy. 'Pears ter me ye air a mighty junketin' an' jiggetty sort o' boy fur a pa'son's son, gigglin' an' jokin' all the time."

The parson spoke with acrimony; perhaps at that moment he himself would

have administered with right good will the bastin' that Clem had spared.

"No use ter take arter me kase the devil kems a-lopin' 'round in Brum-saidge," retorted Jube, surlily. "I hain't hed no dealin's with the devil." He spoke of the enemy familiarly; he was accustomed to hear so much of him. "Ef I war a talkin', 't would n't hender him none from kemin'; *he* ain't afeard o' *me*, I reckon."

He relapsed, however, into silence, preserving a wounded manner which was of great avail generally with his parents, and which advertised that some one had been "tromplin' on his feelin's," as he was wont to phrase it.

The night was wearing on: once the glittering dart of a falling star shot swiftly athwart the dark expanse; not even a dog barked in the Cove. They could hear the pensive night sigh in its brooding reverie. Jube now and again shifted his position, a few loose stones rolling beneath his feet. The tedium of the delay wore heavily upon him. Once as the clarion note of a cock rang out, with its response from the echoing crags, he ventured to say in a low voice, "Thar now!" as a reproach for the lateness of the hour. And more than once afterward he yawned with ostentatious fatigue. Differently, indeed, had the time been beguiled when he and his cronies awaited the propitious moment to throw gunpowder into the smith's forge fire. But then the bellows was at work, with its noisy respirations, and the anvil clamored, and the behests of secrecy were not inconsistent with sound. Now the forge in the black abyss below was as silent as the grave, — as dark. No stir save that of the torrent in the deep obscurity of its channel, its current throbbing like the pulse of the night. No light in all the world, — not even at Eli Strobe's cabin, where the watchers' candle by the bedside had burned late; no light save the glisten of the great stars.

Suddenly — the parson's hand falls

with a light touch on Jube's; a step along the road, was it? The wind — a vagrant blast — comes a-rustling down and stirs the dust; the dry, arid scent of it rises to their perch; and again a step. Distinct now, a regular advancing footfall along the road, so dark, so dark under that glittering array of all the hosts of heaven. An approach, a sound — no more! But was the echo so strong, so keen, or was the step followed closely by another?

The parson's breath came in quick gasps through his half-parted dry lips. He trembled throughout all his gaunt frame. For the footfalls had followed the road at the base of the mountain, and had paused at the door of the forge.

All at once the old man, quivering on the ledge, started violently, and came near falling into the depths below, rescuing himself only by the strong clutch of his sinewy hands at the jagged rock on which he sat. For a sound had issued into the null silence, — a long, terrible, jarring sound. A wild, fantastic mimicry of a crowing cock, ending in a sonorous wail, profaned the solemn stillness, and was strident in all the echoes. The next moment his angry blood was throbbing in his temples. Jube's arms were still flapping in his grotesque mockery, and his gay, inadvertent laugh rang out, forgetful of all in the ecstatic opportunity, — of his father, their solemn mission, the purpose of the invaders of the forge, all consideration of the spiritual enemy; — hoisterously joying in the sudden exclamation of fear below and the quick retreating footfalls.

"Stop! Stop! Who be that down thar?" exclaimed the parson's authoritative voice. "War ye a-wantin' ter git in the forge?"

A momentary silence below, — seemingly a whisper; then, "Whar's that thar rooster? Naw; I war jes' a-goin' ter turn roun'. I kem down hyar ter 'quire arter Eli Strobe, 'lowin' they'd watch all night, an' I would n't hev time

ter-morrer; but I see the house air dark."

"Who be ye? What yer name?" asked the parson.

Again a momentary hesitation. Then, "Ain't that Pa'son Donnard?"

The old man writhed under the cumbersome dignity of his identity. How much easier and happier just now to be Jube, burdened with no reverence and veneration of the community to live up to! He had never tasted the bitterness of such humility as he experienced now.

"I be Pa'son Donnard," he said as sonorously as he might, "a humble sarvent of the Lord."

Another vague whisper. Then, aloud, "Laws-a-massy, pa'son, what be ye a-doin' of up in the mounting in the middle of the night? — nigh day, ef the truth war knowed."

"I kem out," said the parson slowly, "ter wrastle with the sperit." He did not think it needful to say in what sense.

"Yes, sir," said the voice below, with an intonation of deep respect. "I never would hev 'lowed 't war you-uns, though. I never war so skeered!"

The parson stuttered in his haste. Whatever construction might be placed upon his intentions and the hour, he would repudiate that wild vocalization of the crowing Jube's.

"I hev brung my son along; I hev got Jube up hyar."

"Edzac'ly," said Jube, with a facetiously accurate hiccough.

"Air Jube a-wrastlin' with the sperit, too?" demanded the unknown from below; the intention of the scoffer was in his tone.

"Ye shet up," said Jube, promptly. "I know ye. I know yer voice. Ye be Jake Baintree. I'll kem down an' wrastle with you-uns, fust thing ye know."

In the interval a sudden faint flicker of sheet lightning wavered across the dark world. Jube's eyes were young and very keen.

"Who be that thar with ye?" he cried out in a changed tone.

An interval — was it cogitation? was it consultation?

"Nobody," said Jake Baintree sturdily, — "nobody be with me."

"I 'lowed I seen somebody jes' now," urged Jube.

"Shadder, I reckon," said the voice unconcernedly. "Good-night."

He moved off into the obscurity, and Jube sank down beside his father, laying an excited clutch on his arm. "Thar war another man with him, a strange man, dressed diff'ent, ez I never see afore." He listened to the retreating footfalls, tightening his grip. "Thar air two of 'em, — two of 'em, keeping step, keerful and walking like one man!"

The parson rose, his stiff joints creaking.

"I don't keer ef thar be forty, or a

hunderd. An' ef Satan hev got a mind, he kin set on the anvil down yander or work at the forge ez a constancy 'fore I'll be fool enough agin ter kem out in the dark an' roost up on a laidge on the mounting ter spy him out, alongside o' sech a turrible, turrible, disobejient, miser'ble critter ez ye hev kem ter be. They 'lowed 't war me a-crowin', — *me*, the pa'son!"

"I plumb forgot, dad," said the contrite Jube.

"An' Jake Baintree, what I refused ter baptize! This tale will go the rounds o' the kentry! An'," said the parson, dropping his voice to a still more dolorous key as he toiled down the mountain side on the stanch arm of his son, "I dunno what in the world yer mam will say ef she finds out ez I hain't been ter Eli Strobe's at all, an' yit kem back home at this time o' the day."

Charles Egbert Craddock.

BROWNELL.

I.

UPON your hearse this flower I lay.
Brief be your sleep! You shall be known
When lesser men have had their day:
Fame blossoms where true seed is sown,
Or soon or late, let Time do what it may.

II.

Unvext by any dream of fame,
You smiled, and bade the world pass by:
But I — I turned, and saw a name
Shaping itself against the sky —
White star that rose amid the battle's flame!

III.

Brief be your sleep, for I would see
Your laurels — ah, how trivial now
To him must earthly laurel be
Who wears the amaranth on his brow!
How vain the voices of mortality!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

MR. LOWELL'S NEW POEMS.

It is pleasant to be reassured that we have poets among us; and when their verses come in such unexpectedly generous quantity as this volume¹ contains, it is a doubly gratifying surprise. Mr. Lowell has gathered these poems from many years; and besides, his mind is so various and so versatile that he escapes altogether the monotony of tone which afflicts the versifiers who publish annually. One little fable is dated thirty-five years ago, and how much earlier those hexameters are which he calls *A Youthful Experiment* is a matter for mere guessing. Other poems belong to the sixties and seventies: some widely known, like the tribute to Agassiz; some more narrowly, like the Harvard Commencement Verses, 1866; some kept in the poet's drawer, like the lines to George William Curtis, 1874. The unusual variety of the volume is indicated by the method of arrangement, in accordance with which the poems are grouped under headings of Friendship, Sentiment, Fancy, Humor and Satire, and Epigrams; but it is not realized until one begins to read. The range of the style, too, is very wide; it sweeps from the Elizabethan cadence of —

"When oaken woods with buds are pink,
And new-come birds each morning sing,"

to the briefer notes of the Victorian —

"My heart, I cannot still it,
Nest that had song-birds in it;"

and takes in by the way the measures of the Dryden couplet, and even overlaps upon the latest modern of *vers de société*. So wide a reach of subject and such compass in treatment make the volume one in which the critic can wander at his will.

Naturally one looks first for the home-

brew; not because it is the best, but because it is ours. Mr. Lowell's attachment to the soil is strong, and his pictures of old New England life are drawn with as much sympathy as definiteness. The Yankee idyl here is *Fitz Adam's Story*. It was one of a projected Decameron of country tales, in which Clough, who was fond of the short tale in verse, encouraged the poet, and the literary manner of it is that long ago set apart for such narrative and practiced by foregoing generations. It is made up of a double characterization: first, of the native who has lived abroad: —

"only coming West
To give his Old-World appetite new zest;
Yet still the New World spooked it in his veins,
A ghost he could not lay with all his pains;
For never Pilgrims' offshoot scapes control
Of those old instincts that have shaped his soul.
A radical in thought, he puffed away
With shrewd contempt the dust of usage gray,
Yet loathed democracy as one who saw,
In what he longed to love, some vulgar flaw,
And, shocked through all his delicate reserves,
Remained a Tory by his tastes and nerves;"

and secondly of the native who has not left his village, a type of which several illustrations are given, the principal being the inn-keeper and the deacon. The former is thus delineated in the Chaucerian way: —

"No eye like his to value horse or cow,
Or gauge the contents of a stack or mow;
He could foretell the weather at a word,
He knew the haunt of every beast and bird;
Hard-headed and soft-hearted, you'd scarce meet
A kindlier mixture of the shrewd and sweet;
Generous by birth, and ill at saying 'No,'
Yet in a bargain he was all men's foe,
Would yield no inch of vantage in a trade,
And give away ere nightfall all he made."

¹ *Heartsease and Rue*. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

The other persons of the tale are equally sharply outlined, and the old New England country touched with Mr. Lowell's feeling for Nature in her northeast quarter makes the background of the rustic incidents. One fine quatrain we cannot help taking from its place and setting out by itself:—

"I often wonder what the Mountain thinks
Of French boots creaking o'er his breathless
brinks,
Or how the Sun would scare the chattering
crowd
If some fine day he chanced to think aloud."

The story itself we leave to the reader, who will find it, as Mr. Lowell remarks, of a piece with mediæval humor; and indeed it seems almost as far away as "Rutebeuf and his brother Trouvères bold,"—story and setting, too. To the American to-day, to the country as a whole, the Yankee who changed a board nail for a shingle nail, to give exact weight when selling, is as distant and strange a figure as the Tennessee mountaineer or the Louisiana creole.

Mr. Lowell, in the remainder of the volume, is a poet among the choir; a writer of sonnets, love lyrics, the compliments in verse of a high-bred society, or the fancies and philosophy of a mind that has fed on old mythology and Gothic romance. Endymion, with which our readers are familiar, stands in the first place; but it is only one of several poems in which love is either the subject or the motive. Often in these, and especially in the shorter lyrics, there is a perfect melody, real music, which has a charm apart from the meaning of the verse. Here is an example from *The Broken Tryst*:—

"If a dead leaf startle behind me,
I think 't is your garment's hem,
And, oh, where no memory could find me,
Might I whirl away with them!"

And here is another, quite as perfect in its kind, but how different in its rhythmic quality!—

"I heard the proud strawberry saying,
'Only look what a ruby I've made!'
It forgot how the bees in their maying
Had brought it the stuff for its trade."

This is the "music" which he tells us in another poem is "the secret." In the sonnet form, too, he can give us remarkable purity in the flow; and as it is our purpose mainly to illustrate in this notice, we quote again, this time the sextet of *Bon Voyage* addressed to Ocean:

"Smooth all thy surges as when Jove to Crete
Swam with less costly burthen, and prepare
A pathway meet for her home-coming soon
With golden undulations such as greet
The printless summer-sandals of the moon,
And tempt the Nautilus his cruise to dare!"

The writer of the sonnet, however, is but half a master if he cannot achieve something in its nobler strong form, and it would be incomplete justice not to add to the preceding extract some such example as this, On being asked for an Autograph in Venice:—

"Amid these fragments of heroic days
When thought met deed with mutual passion's leap,
There sits a fame whose silent trump makes cheap
What short-lived rumor of ourselves we raise.
They had far other estimate of praise
Who stamped the signet of their souls so deep
In art and action, and whose memories keep
Their height like stars above our misty ways:
In this grave presence to record my name
Something within me hangs the head and shrinks.
Dull were the soul without some joy in fame;
Yet here to claim remembrance were, methinks,
Like him who, in the desert's awful frame,
Notches his cockney initials on the Sphinx."

This group of poems of feeling and imagination is sown with felicities to linger in the memory: such as the pines

"That make a music out of silent air;"
or reflective lines like these:—

"We count our rosary by the beads we miss;"
"A friend when'er he dies has died too soon."
or the conclusion to *Estrangement*:—

"At every spot
That feels the memory in my feet,
Each grass-blade turns forget-me-not;"

or the owl who wondered

"What fool it was invented light;"

or the epigram on The Boss, —

"Skilled to pull wires, he baffles Nature's
hope,

Who sure intended him to stretch a rope."

The poetic quality of the distinctly literary part of the volume may be judged of by these quotations.

In another aspect, Mr. Lowell is to be looked on also as the poet of Cambridge; and in this collection there is an unusual quantity of familiar friendly verse, some of it light and happy with life that is vigorous still, and much of it the poetry of bereavement or of public eulogy. The long poem which leads in the volume is the well-known ode upon Agassiz, which has the characteristics of Mr. Lowell's powers in meditative elegy. It contains a description of the Saturday Club, with portraits of Clough, Hawthorne, Emerson, Governor Andrew, and others, and readers will recall also the walk home over the bridge at night with Agassiz. Edmund Quincy is remembered in a group of sonnets, in one of which is a fine phrase: —

"The high-bred instincts of a better day
Ruled in his blood, when to be citizen
Rang Roman yet;"

and parenthetically we must express our regret that there is not more of "the citizen" in this volume, for it is this side of Mr. Lowell's interests in life which is least adequately represented. Joseph Winlock the astronomer, Bradford the Spanish scholar, Holmes and Whittier have also their tribute of friendship; but the best of these memorials of the generation to which Mr. Lowell belongs is the Epistle to George William Curtis, which is likely to be most widely appreciated, and stands, in our judgment, in the first place of excellence. Here it is that "the citizen" whose absence we regretted is present, both in the feeling

of the whole poem and by direct description: —

"Too well these Capuas could my muscles
waste,
Not void of toils, but toils of choice and
taste;
These still had kept me, could I but have
quelled
The Puritan drop that in my veins rebelled.
But there were times when silent were my
books
As jailers are, and gave me sullen looks;
When verses palled, and even the woodland
path,
By innocent contrast, fed my heart with
wrath,
And I must twist my little gift of words
Into a scourge of rough and knotted cords
Unmusical, that whistle as they swing
To leave on shameless backs their purple
sting."

Nor is the characterization of Mr. Curtis done with less force, and it has the added grace of compliment and the kindliness of long acquaintance. These particular tributes are the pleasant literary record of the time now gathering the dignity and passing into the background of age, and are the highest form of occasional verse. For the more general feeling, and the poetic mood which is not limited by any individual memory, there is other expression; and we will not refrain from adding to our already liberal citations the following, which is one of the poems most to our liking: it is called *My Portrait Gallery*.

"Oft round my hall of portraiture I gaze,
By Memory reared, the artist wise and holy,
From stainless quarries of deep-buried days.
There, as I muse in soothing melancholy,
Your faces glow in more than mortal youth,
Companions of my prime, now vanished
wholly,
The loud impetuous boy, the low-voiced
maiden.
Ah, never master that drew mortal breath
Can match thy portraits, just and generous
Death,
Whose brush with sweet regretful tints is
laden!
Thou paintest that which struggled here below
Half understood, or understood for woe,
And with a sweet forewarning

Mak'st round the sacred front an aureole glow
Woven from that light that rose on Easter
morning."

Yet with all these illustrations of the poet's work, much of the volume has been left out of view. A collection of brief poems is hardly to be entirely included in a general notice, and in this case the extraordinary variety of the verse makes such an attempt impossible. It is enough if these extracts indicate to the reader the general character of the

more important portion of the work, and give him some immediate sense of the poetry in it. The chief distinction of the volume seems to us its classical finish. Mr. Lowell concludes his address to Mr. Curtis with a postscript more recently written, in which he draws a picture of himself "home again," and taking up the old reed to call back its music in the haunts of the old days; the promise involved in this makes a pleasant ending.

DARWIN'S LIFE.

THERE is nothing more useful to observe in the life of Darwin than its simplicity. He was the man of science as Marlborough was the soldier, and he was only that. From boyhood he refused all other ways of life and knowledge as by instinct, and in his maturity the ill-health which ends the career of ordinary men only confirmed him in his own; he was always the collector, the investigator, or the theorizer. A second quality, which is general enough to be constantly attracting attention, is the thoroughly English character of his life; and it is one that gives to these volumes ¹ the better part of their charm. Altogether the greater interest of the biography is in the opening chapters, which consist of Darwin's autobiography and the recollections of him by his children; and this is not only because the subject is personal and human, instead of being that scientific research whose history in detail is the real story told us, but much more because the Darwins' home shows us English breeding in one of its most engaging forms. The stock from which he sprang was rich in old English qualities of vigor, sense, and originality; the

house in which he was reared offers an excellent type of English family life, and was as good a place to be born in as could be desired for any son; his father's strong character, the influences of his older relatives, the ordinary schools he attended, the smallest incidents of his childhood, even the jokes of his play-fellows, belong to the moral climate of the old country; and it does not need the grouse-shooting, the Cambridge undergraduate suppers, and the proposition that he should choose the Church for a profession to tell us where we are. Indeed, we should not quarrel with any one who might find Darwin in his youth, spirited, cordial, and overflowing with health, in his early surroundings of English strength and kindness, quite as attractive as he was in his quieter, and in some respects narrower, working life.

He certainly won upon the men whom he met at the outset of his career. "Looking back," he says, "I infer that there must have been something in me a little superior to the common run of youths: otherwise the above-mentioned men, so much older than me and higher in academical position, would never have been won upon by me." ²

¹ *The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin.* Including an Autobiographical Chapter. Edit-

ed by his son, FRANCIS DARWIN. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1887.

allowed me to associate with them. Certainly I was not aware of any such superiority; and I remember one of my sporting friends, Turner, who saw me at work with my beetles, saying that I should some day be a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the notion seemed to me preposterous." Of these men, Henslow was the most attached to him and interested in his success. He had not done much more than work at "his beetles," but his scientific taste was already the ruling genius of his life. It is surprising to see how completely he remained untouched by the ordinary influences of a university training; he thought in later years that his scholastic education had been a waste of time, and he seems justified when one perceives how little good he got from it. His was a mind that belonged to himself, self-fed, almost self-made; he lived his own life, and not another's, from the start; though his taste for collecting was hereditary, the persistence with which he gave himself up to following it, the completeness of his surrender to his one predominant talent, was his own. He was, nevertheless, better furnished with intellectual power than he appears to have believed. "From my earliest youth," he writes, "I have had the strongest desire to understand or explain whatever I observed, that is, to group all facts under some general laws." It is true that he started from some specific facts, had a definite tangible problem to solve; but he felt the necessity to solve it. He differed from the collector in this, that his curiosity was not exhausted in gathering materials, but he must also order his materials; or, to put it exactly, must organize his knowledge. This shows the great vitality of his reasoning faculty, which within its special range was really precocious. The native strength of his mind in this direction is also illustrated by the great pleasure he derived from reading Paley's Evidences. "The logic of this book," he declares, "and, as I may add,

of his Natural Theology, gave me as much delight as did Euclid. The careful study of these works, without attempting to learn any part by rote, was the only part of the academical course which, as I then felt and as I still believe, was of the least use to me in the education of my mind. I did not at that time trouble myself about Paley's premises; and taking these in trust, I was charmed and convinced by the long line of argumentation." He acknowledges his inability in later life to follow trains of abstract reasoning, such as make the matter of metaphysics; but he was quite aware of his aptitude for inductive reasoning, and does not overestimate its influence in the composition of his great work. "Some of my critics have said, 'Oh, he is a good observer, but he has no power of reasoning!' I do not think that this can be true, for the Origin of Species is one long argument from the beginning to the end, and it has convinced not a few able men." His taste for collecting was a *sine qua non*, but it was this power of reasoning, however limited in range, that made him great; and it is as clearly to be seen in operation in his formative years as was the passion for collecting which was to feed it with material to work upon. His vivacity and energy no doubt counted much in winning for him the friendship of elder men, and he possessed that indefinable but potent quality of personal attractiveness; but Henslow in the beginning, as Lyell later, must have seen in him that happy conjunction of tastes and faculties which made his genius for science, or at least they must have perceived the promise of it.

All the circumstances of his life seem to have conspired to favor this special endowment. The very fact that the classics did nothing for him helped him: he was relieved from the confusion caused by complex and disturbing elements in a varied education; he had no difficulty in making his choice; he was

not afterward drawn aside by the existence of other unsatisfied tastes, artificially cultivated; he had no ambition for that roundness of development which is a fetich of modern times; he did not fritter away his time and energy in directions in which he could not excel. It is not meant to hold up his luck in this respect as exemplary good fortune, but only to emphasize the way in which it told on his success. He was not less happy in the exterior circumstances of his life, and in those things which come by a kind of hazard. His appointment to the *Beagle* was a Napoleonic opportunity, and in looking back he realized its value to the full: "The voyage of the *Beagle* has been by far the most important event in my life, and has determined my whole career; yet it depended on so small a circumstance as my uncle offering to drive me thirty miles to Shrewsbury, which few uncles would have done, and on such a trifle as the shape of my nose." But one ought not to exaggerate the element of chance; and though Captain Fitzroy had continued to disapprove of Darwin's nose, and his uncle had not interfered to overcome the elder Darwin's objection to the voyage on the score that it would be an unbecoming adventure for a prospective clergyman, and other equally good or better grounds, yet we might have had our great naturalist. The voyage of the *Beagle*, nevertheless, was the turning-point of Darwin's life. He obtained in the course of it the first real training of his mind; it brought before him several departments of science in such a way that he approached them with active and original thoughts, and was constantly forced into an inquiring and bold attitude toward the novel material he found; it gave him five years alone with science and free from any near master to whom he might have formed the habit of deferring. Huxley does not overstate the material advantages that this training brought with it: "In Physical Geography, in Geology

proper, in Geographical Distribution, and in Palæontology, he had acquired an extensive practical training during the voyage of the *Beagle*. He knew of his own knowledge the way in which the raw materials of these branches of science are acquired, and was therefore a most competent judge of the speculative strain they would bear. That which he needed, after his return to England, was a corresponding acquaintance with Anatomy and Development, and their relations to Taxonomy, and he acquired this by his Cirripede work." It is to be noticed that during his voyage in the *Beagle* he became convinced of the "wonderful superiority of Lyell's manner of treating geology" over every other author's. This is an illustration, like that drawn from Paley, of the character of his mind as primarily a reasoning mind; for what he recognized in Lyell was a method. It was on this voyage, too, that he became ambitious; he began to believe that he might add to the stock of human knowledge, and the stimulation of the welcome his success was meeting in England was evidently keenly felt. He put his whole heart into the work, and few passages are more stirring than those which describe his zeal in his first really scientific enthusiasm, after he had given up his gun as of less use than his eye, and had found sport, even with his fond love of it, an inferior pleasure to the pursuit of knowledge; then, alone in the Andes and the Southern Ocean, he came to his majority.

Mr. Huxley, in the passage cited, has noted the need Darwin had for further training, particularly as a naturalist. He obtained this by his work on the Cirripedes, an eight years' labor. This concluded his education. Of the value of it merely as training and to himself, Sir Joseph Hooker says: "Your father recognized three stages in his career as a biologist: the mere collector at Cambridge; the collector and observer in the

Beagle, and for some years afterwards; and the trained naturalist after, and only after, the Cirripede work. That he was a thinker all along is true enough." Huxley says that Darwin never did a wiser thing than when he devoted himself to these years of patient toil. Darwin himself does not indicate that he purposely chose to do this monograph in order to educate himself, and he doubts whether it was worth the time. He seems to have been gradually drawn into it, and to have finished it because he had gone so far. When he had done with it, at any rate, if not before, he was a thoroughly furnished man for such investigation as was to be his title to lasting fame. He had come to be thus equipped by the mere course of his life: by beetles at Cambridge, and the Beagle, and the Cirripedes. Yet if he had planned his education from the start for the express purpose of dealing in the most masterly way with the mass of diversified details out of which the *Origin of Species* and the other derivative coördinate works grew, it is hard to see in what way his course could have been improved. The ill-health which seized him so soon was almost a blessing in disguise, since it isolated him from the distractions of modern London, made him value his life and his time, and possibly, by the economy of his strength which it necessitated, aided as much as it hindered him.

It is not within the scope of this notice to follow him through the composition of his books, or even through the elaboration of the theory of natural selection, during the many years that it was growing in his laboratory of notes. For him the formulating of that theory was inevitable: it seems, as one observes him, natural enough to have been foretold of him; but it followed, not from his position, which another man might have occupied, but from his genius. The qualities of mind which it required were not many, and one understands

readily why it is so commonly said that all is explained by his power of observation and its vast range; but it did require one high faculty of the mind, and a rare one at that, which Darwin had preëminently among the men of his time, — the faculty, namely, of discerning the lines of inquiry in a mass of as yet unrelated facts. He somewhere says that he had found it harder, perhaps, to put the question than it was to reach the answer. This power is the great economizer of mental energy, in any branch of investigation; it is, to the man who has it, equivalent to a compass, and to Darwin it was the one talent without which his stores of knowledge would have been no more than a heap of unclassified specimens in a museum cellar. Moral and physical qualities he had, besides; his patience and his practiced vision were invaluable; but it was the intellectual part that penetrated the secrets of nature. This sense of the problem, this eye for the question, was most serviceable to his success. His acuteness in perceiving the importance of the infinitely little, which is often mentioned as one of his distinguishing traits, was only an incident of this larger endowment; and his power to make other men useful to him, specialists in horticulture or physiology, or even common observing men, was only the knowledge of how to put practical questions. The point is worth emphasizing, because in this age of the accumulation of scientific detail it is too apt to be forgotten that the thinking mind is as rare in science as in other departments, and is, nevertheless, the indispensable thing which makes a man great.

Here it is worth while to advert to that persistent discussion respecting the nature of a modern education, which Darwin's autobiography is bound to bring to the fore with new vigor. His testimony, both in the chart of himself which he gave Mr. Galton and in the account he wrote for his children, is un-

equivocal. He says he was self-taught; that his training at the university was of no use to him, speaking generally; and that the classics in particular were barren. He seems to be quite correct in his statement; the claim that his powers of observation and comparison were really developed by schoolboy attention to Latin and Greek terminations is purely pedagogical; nor is there any reason to question that men of genius can be successful, achieve eminent greatness for themselves, and do work of the highest value to society without immediate obligation to those studies usually called the humanities. This is nothing new. Instances of self-education for special careers are to be found in other walks than those of science: in war, in administration, and generally in active life, and not infrequently in literature itself. But it is worth observing what testimony these volumes bear to the wonderful vitality of the Greek intelligence. Speaking of the theory of Pangenesis, Darwin writes to a correspondent that the views of Hippocrates "seem almost identical with mine, — merely a change of terms, and an application of them to classes of facts necessarily unknown to the old philosopher." Again, he writes of Aristotle: "From quotations which I had seen I had a high notion of Aristotle's merits, but I had not the most remote notion what a wonderful man he was. Linnæus and Cuvier have been my two gods, though in very different ways, but they were mere schoolboys to old Aristotle. . . . I never realized, before reading your book, to what an enormous consummation of labor we owe even our common knowledge." A more striking passage is that of Huxley's, where he says: "The oldest of all philosophies, that of evolution, was bound hand and foot and cast into utter darkness during the millennium of theological scholasticism. But Darwin poured new life-blood into the ancient frame; the bonds burst, and the revived thought of an-

cient Greece has proved itself to be a more adequate expression of the universal order of things than any of the schemes which have been accepted by the credulity and welcomed by the superstition of seventy later generations of men." Rediscovery, however, is not obligation; and perhaps, if Darwin had been thoroughly imbued with the Greek mode of looking upon the universe, he would not have been really indebted to it for his own views; for he went upon different grounds in forming his conceptions. The real question is not whether Darwin succeeded without Greek influences, but whether he lost anything because of his failure to assimilate them. The answer seems to us plain. It is written all over these pages, and is expressly given by Darwin in more than one passage.

No words can be too strong to express the loveliness of Darwin's personality, or the moral beauty of his character. In these volumes, it is true, he is presented as the man of science; but he is seen occasionally in other aspects. He was a dutiful, respectful, and affectionate son, at the outset of his life. He thought his father was sometimes unjust, but he always spoke of him as "the wisest man he ever knew;" and there is a touching passage in one of his letters home, when his father had sent him a note: "I almost cried for pleasure at receiving it; it was very kind, thinking of writing to me." He was also, in his turn, an admirable father, considerate, patient, and more tender. One of his sons tells a most significant anecdote of once having drawn on himself some indignant exclamation "almost with fury," and the end of it being that "next morning, at seven o'clock or so, he came into my bedroom and sat on my bed, and said he had not been able to sleep, from the thought that he had been so angry with me, and after a few more kind words he left me." His description of his little daughter who died is of itself enough

to show the extraordinarily fine quality of his affections; and in general his relations with his children are almost ideal in gentleness, kindness, and companionableness. He was also a good friend and acquaintance. In a word, in his private social relations he was exemplary, judged by the standard of a high civilization. He was not without a sense, too, of public duty. He felt strongly only upon the subject of slavery, and this was largely because of his travels in slave countries. He was interested in philanthropic efforts to some degree, and especially in furthering the increase of kindness to animals. But he was remote from public affairs, and led even in his sympathies a life somewhat narrowly confined to his own circle and his work in science. In other parts of his character there is nothing to displease. He was modest, and just, and free from envy, conscientious to an extreme, and as ready to give as to receive help in all ways. He was more pleased with his fame than he acknowledged; he cared deeply for the success of his theory, and was well aware of its influence on his own reputation as one to be classed with Newton's; he liked praise and distinction, though he limited his desire to the commendation and respect of naturalists; but this is only to wish to be approved by the most competent judges. He was fair to Wallace, and exhibited the best of tempers toward him; but between the lines one reads that he was nettled and annoyed by the incident, and it must be concluded that as he was ambitious in youth, he was desirous of having his due in manhood, and valued fame.

This was a character which might well spare the humanities. The fact remains that he did spare them. What he lost was culture. The confession that he makes of the gradual atrophy of his æsthetic tastes will be long quoted as one of the most remarkable facts of his life. He began with a susceptibility

to music, which by his son's account he did not lose; with a liking for poetry, such that he read *The Excursion* twice, and he would not have read it except for pleasure; and he used to take Milton with him in his pocket. In art he went but a little way, if indeed he ever really had any eye for it. He was religious, as an English boy usually is; but his interest in belief regarding religious subjects died out, and, what is of more consequence, the emotions which were called out by it in early life ceased to be exercised. There was a deadening, in other words, of all his nature, except so far as it was fed by his work, his family, and his friends in his intellectual and social parts. So complete was this change that it affected even his appreciation of beautiful scenery, which had evidently given him keen delight in his youth and travels. He dates this change from just after his thirtieth year, when he became absorbed in scientific pursuits as his profession. Something, no doubt, and perhaps much, is to be set down to the effect of his ill-health, which left him with diminished energies for any recreation; his strength was exhausted in his few hours of work. He was himself so convinced that his life had been narrowed in these ways that he says if he had it to live over he would have planned to give a certain time habitually to poetry.

It would be too much to say that the failure of Darwin to appropriate the humane elements in his university education accounts in any perceptible degree for these defects. In culture as in science, the self-making power of the man counts heavily; and there is such inefficiency in those whose duty it is to give youth a liberal education from classical sources, there are such wrong methods and unintelligent aims in the universities, that it might easily prove to be the case that a student with the most cordial temperament toward the humanities would profit only imperfectly by his res-

idence at seats of learning. In spite of these reservations, however, the Greek culture is the historical source of what are traditionally the higher elements in our intellectual life, and has been for most cultivated men the practical discipline of their minds. But it is to be further observed that the example of Darwin, if it should be set up as showing that Greek culture is unnecessary in modern days, goes just as directly and completely to prove that all literary education, as well by modern as by ancient authors, is superfluous. It is enough to indicate to what a length the argument must be carried, if it is at all admitted. The important matter is rather the question, How much was Darwin's life injured for himself by his loss of culture, in the fact that some of those sources of intellectual delight which are reputed the most precious for civilized man were closed to him?

The blank page in this charming biography is the page of spiritual life. There is nothing written there. The entire absence of an element which enters commonly into all men's lives in some degree is a circumstance as significant as it is astonishing. Never was a man more alive to what is visible and tangible or in any way matter of sensation; on the sides of his nature where an appeal could be made, never was a man more responsive; but there were parts in which he was blind and dull. Just as the boy failed to be interested in many things, the man failed, too; and he disregarded what did not interest him with the same ease at sixty as at twenty. What did interest him was the

immediately present, and he dealt with it admirably, both in the intellectual and the moral world; but what was remote was as if it were not. The spiritual element in life is not remote, but it is not matter of sensation, and Darwin lived as if there were no such thing; it belongs to the region of emotion and imagination, and those perceptions which deal with the nature of man in its contrast with the material world. Poetry, art, music, the emotional influences of nature, the idealizations of moral life, are the means by which men take possession of this inner world of man; to which, for man at least, nature in all its immensity is subsidiary. Darwin's insensibility to the higher life—for so men agree to call it—was partly, if not wholly, induced by his absorption in scientific pursuits in the spirit of materialism. We praise him for his achievements, we admire his character, and we feel the full charm of his temperament; he delights us in every active manifestation of his nature. We do not now learn for the first time that a man may be good without being religious, and successful without being liberally educated, and worthy of honor without being spiritual; but a man may be all this, and yet be incomplete. Great as Darwin was as a thinker, and winning as he remains as a man, those elements in which he was deficient are the noblest part of our nature.

On finishing the story of his life, the reflection rises involuntarily in the mind that this man, in Wordsworth's line, "hath faculties that he has never used."

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Winter
Problem.

THERE is an international tradition of a tourist who had devoted a lifetime to the comparative study of pleasure resorts, and was asked to summarize the result of his inquiries. "If you are traveling in quest of comfort," said he, "just watch the flight of migratory birds, and *go in the opposite direction.*" If we confine our comparison to the comforts of city life, the apparent paradox must, indeed, be accepted as a practical truism. In the course of the last fifty years, the polytechnic science of our Northland cities has accomplished miracles in perfecting the contrivances for making home life pleasant. Weather-tight roofs, moisture-proof walls, ingenious window-frames, self-regulating stoves, faultless lamps, carpets, parlor gardens, and musical automata combine to sweeten the austerities of climate with an artificial summer, decidedly preferable to the season of mosquitoes and sweltering nights; and at the very time when our summer birds seek refuge in the distant South, many thousands of our migratory fellow-men voluntarily return to their homes in the icy North.

Yet in the mean time the progress of another science has rather complicated the winter problem for a large number of our Northern city dwellers. Modern hygiene has demonstrated, with arguments supported by the logic of an ever-widening experience, that habitual indoor life is incompatible with the cure of respiratory disorders. Consumption has proved to be a house disease. On both sides of the Atlantic, the prevalence of pulmonary affections has been found to bear an exact proportion to the prevalence of out-door occupations. On the prairies of our northwestern territories, as well as in the deserts of Tunis and Turkestan, the tent life of pastoral

nomads has been ascertained to afford an almost absolute immunity from lung diseases.

And yet the results of practical experiments have hardly encouraged the plan of sending our consumptives to the winter resorts of the lower latitudes. Four out of five visitors of our Southern sanitariums return before the end of winter, or hibernate in the hostleries of the next larger city. After New Year the health resorts of our southern Gulf-coast are patronized chiefly by sportsmen and land-prospectors. The fact is that the territories of civilization do not comprise a perennial summerland. The genial winter of our Southern frontier is at best but a mild, rainy season. Lounging on a dripping veranda is dreary fun, and in a crowded rendezvous of consumptives even the pluckiest patients are apt to succumb to the dismal influence of an "atmosphere of mutual condolence and mutual infection." Sleet-storms range a hundred miles beyond the valley of the Rio Grande, and in a choice between the alternatives of indoor life the home method naturally gets the preference.

Home cures thus rise in demand; and science assures us that *cold* pure air, as a lung specific, excels *warm* pure air, as well as warm impure air. Cold is a tonic and an antiseptic, and the same frosts that terminate the mosquito season also destroy or neutralize countless disease germs, in the slums of our reeking factory towns as in the fever swamps of Florida and Arkansas. The intense cold of the highest latitudes so thoroughly expurgates the morbid elements of the human organism that the natives of the Arctic regions know lung diseases only from hearsay, and in extreme cases intelligent physicians have actually begun to send consumptives to the winter-camps of the Adirondac highlands. Pure

air, though, might be found nearer home, and the temperature of the "northerners" that visit the cities of our snow States should be supposed to guarantee their entire freedom from disease germs.

The trouble is that disagreeable remedies are apt to reconcile the patient to the consequences of the let-alone plan. Experience will teach even medical enthusiasts to renounce the prescription of heroic specifics. A friend of mine for years urged the possibility of removing digestive disorders by fasting-cures, but at last concluded to leave an unredeemable world to its fate. "I have done what I could," he writes, "but find I must let the Sybarites join their idols. In stress of extremes they shriek for help, and their letters really could make one believe in their willingness to earn it; but after weeks of correspondence I cannot resist the conclusion that they are *fishing for pills*. They decline to let me cure the evil by the removal of the cause, but would pay me a liberal premium for working a miracle and mixing up a nostrum enabling them to indulge their surfeits with impunity." He ended by compromising the difficulty, and limiting his prescriptions of abstinence to a rather popular and, as he sorely feared, rather ineffectual minimum. The cold-air cure, too, can avoid ostracism only by homœopathic doses. The pupils of civilization will consent to a stroll on a sunny promenade, or a brief sleigh-ride; but the mere idea of a protracted foot-tour in a snowstorm would take away their breath in a way to make asthma seem a lesser evil. Cold indoor air would prove equally objectionable. Mechanics would be hampered by a load of warm clothing. The arguments against frozen ink and frost-numbed fingers could not be refuted with a fur cloak.

There remains, however, one obvious expedient, equally unexceptionable from a theoretical and experimental point of view, and prejudiced only by the in-

fluence of the *night-air superstition*. The genesis of that superstition is a suggestive study. Its root, like that of numerous other popular delusions, is the intellectual bias which the schoolmen of old used to define as the *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* fallacy, — the disposition to mistake a coincidence for a causal connection. Woodpeckers are found on dead branches, and thus incur the suspicion of having *caused* the decay of the tree, the common speckled variety of the genus *picus* being widely known as the "sap-sucker." After a long drought, small frogs leave their hiding-places during the first brisk shower; hence the irrepressible myth of "frog-rains." Lung complaints are more frequent in winter than in summer for the simple reason that winter is the season of habitual indoor life. But the coincidence of frosts and catarrhs evolved the theory of their causal connection; and that tenet once established, night-air, as nearly always *colder* than day-air, became the scape-goat of innumerable sins against the health laws of nature.

Yet that Upas of popular superstition might become a panacea of respiratory disorders. The instinctive shudder in the draught of a cold-air current should certainly warn us against the danger of a direct exposure to the influence of a low temperature, just as the shivering discomfort of a cold winter bath should refute the arguments of the cold-air extremists. But to the lungs cold, pure air is as welcome as cold spring water to the stomach. Boiler-makers, who ply their trade in a temperature of more than a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, find constant sips of cold water a positive luxury, and when the body is warmed in a snug cover of bed-clothes the respiratory organs imbibe cold air with a pleasure that must convert a believer in oracle of instinct at the first experiment. In a warm Turkish bath, a small stream of fresh water will cool the outstretched arm so delightfully that it requires some

effort of will-force to withdraw it; but the cold-air thirst of congested lungs has a motive besides the craving for refrigeration. With every breath of fresh air the purifying element is brought in contact with every fibre of the respiratory apparatus, and thus exerts an expurgative influence which, in the course of six hours, suffices to neutralize all the morbid tendencies of the preceding day. Three warm blankets, supplemented by head-shawls and neck-wrapers, make the direct influx of the cool night-air a luxury which *habitués* will not readily forego. A week's experiment is almost sure to lead to the permanent adoption of a plan which, to many thousands, would for the first time reveal all the sweetness of perfect sleep; and the expediency of closing the bedroom windows during the coldest nights is justified only by the circumstance that the influence of a severe frost will expurgate the indoor atmosphere in spite of such obstacles.

The question remains whether the benefits of the night-air cure could not be excelled by the advantages of a climate making out-door exercise a perennial pleasure, and superseding pulmonary specifics by obviating their necessity. With the addition of a few social inducements, certain regions of Central America might possibly answer that purpose; but it is quite certain that no portion of our national territory or adjoining countries combines the requisite climatic conditions, and that the plan of semi-annual migrations must be excluded from a list of staple remedies. Matamoras enjoys a protracted Indian summer, but broils in August, and drips from New Year to April. The tableland cities of Central Mexico are shrouded in winter mists; Jalapa, for instance, often for six consecutive weeks. The rainless winters of the Gila Valley are offset by sandstorms and superheated dogdays; the heavenly summers of the Southern Alleghanies by dreary winters.

The project of Baron Lesseps, however, promises to transform the social status of the Isthmus countries, and in the Elysian terrace-lands of Honduras and Nicaragua the children of the American colonists would soon forget the winter sorrows of their ancestors. Forest culture may ultimately reclaim the drought climate of Southern California sufficiently to make San Diego a perennial sanitarium. Nor is it impossible that the progress of hygienic chemistry may yet teach us a method for making the air of our winter dwellings both comfortable and uninfecious; but in the mean time the practical solution of the winter problem will depend on the chance of opening an Isthmus canal, unless we should prefer the alternative of opening our bedroom windows.

Pleasant People. — What a boon to all his

ple. friends and acquaintance a pleasant person is! It may be hard to define pleasantness, but we find no difficulty in recognizing it when we meet with it. Pleasant people are not always by any means the most admirable of mankind, nor the most interesting; for it often happens that the qualities in a man which are worthiest of esteem are, for lack of other modifying elements, the very ones which make against his agreeableness as a companion; and a person who does not impress us as particularly pleasant may nevertheless interest us very much by the display of unusual mental or moral characteristics, or from a complexity of nature which seems to offer itself as an enigma we are curious to solve. Pleasant people may not even be the most truly lovable, but they are *likable*; we perhaps have no desire to make friends of them, in the deeper sense of friendship, but we are glad when we meet them, and enjoy ourselves while in their society. The tie thus formed, though slight, is a real one, and I believe that we should all do well to remember, in the interest of our closer friendships, the attractive and cohesive

force of mere pleasantness. The highest virtues and offices of friendship we are not called on to exercise every day, and in familiar intercourse we have not less, but rather the more, need of making ourselves pleasant, because of the times when our friends will have to answer our drafts on their patience and sympathy.

If we question what it is that goes to constitute a man or woman pleasant, it appears to be a result of both temperament and character. It is hardly necessary to say that these are not the same thing, and yet they are not distinguished in common thought and speech as clearly as they might be. Without attempting any close analysis, we may perhaps say that temperament is a certain combination of elements given us at birth, while character is another set of powers and dispositions, slowly acquired and grown in us: for the first nature is responsible, our parents and ourselves for the second.

It seems easiest to describe a pleasant person by negatives, although assuredly his pleasantness affects us as a most positive quality. To begin with, such a person must not be too much "shut up in his own individuality," to use the phrase of an English writer. That is, he must not be very reserved and concentrated in his emotions and affections, but have a certain expansiveness of nature and openness of manner. He must not be too fastidious, but able to take people for what they are, and what they are worth to him for the passing moment and the needs of the social hour. He must not be of too intense a nature, nor so preoccupied with the serious aspects and duties of life that he is unable to put them aside temporarily, and lend himself to lighter thoughts and lighter people. One of the pleasantest men I ever met was one of the most hard-working, devoted to a dozen good causes and public interests beside his personal and professional ones. None of these

were made a bore to others, and his equable and kindly disposition, his readiness to enter into other persons' ideas, his interest in literature and art as well as weightier matters of politics and science, made him able to please and be pleased by men and women of the most diverse sorts. It has sometimes struck me forcibly with respect to such a man, How pleasant he must be to himself, — how comfortable to live with every day!

But as has been said, many a person may be a delightful companion who is far from possessing solid qualities like those of my friend above mentioned. Selfishness is obviously incompatible with pleasantness in any of its more marked and open manifestations; yet of two persons, one may be as radically selfish as the other, and the first be found pleasant, while the second is not. In greater matters, the former acts with as keen an eye to his own advantage as the latter; but he is willing to forego a trifling advantage, or to do a little service that does not cost too much, out of a surface kindness of disposition which the other lacks. Or take two women, one rather shallow and cold in her emotions, the other capable of deeper and truer feeling: it may be that she whom we would least count on for real affection has an adaptable and easy-going temper, and an instinct of pleasing that render her the more agreeable of the two to live with or to go on a journey with. The genuinely pleasant person, I take it, is such from a sort of natural necessity, and therefore at all times and to all persons alike.

One trait of such a man may be noted in the words of a writer who impresses me with the belief that he himself would be found on acquaintance eminently pleasant. Mr. Stevenson says in one of his essays, "It is a useful accomplishment to be able to say No, but it is surely the essence of amiability to prefer to say Yes. There is something

wanting in the man who does not hate himself whenever he is constrained to say No to another."

There are degrees of pleasantness, and in its highest manifestations the power to please is doubtless due to something more than a mere natural instinct or gift, and implies a happy balance of moral and intellectual qualities. We might all be much pleasanter than our friends find us, — there is no question of that. Yet it remains true that the simple wish and effort to please are not always enough; little foibles and faults we are unconscious of, sometimes our very virtues, stand in the way of many a well-meant attempt.

The late Dean Stanley was, like Shakespeare's heroine, "of so free, so kind, so apt a disposition" that he made, and kept, an unusually large number of warm friends among men of all sorts. Mr. Lowell has paid him a tribute by applying to the Dean the sentiment of an epitaph which was found in a New England graveyard, where it was written over an obscure woman by her sorrowing relatives, "She was so pleasant." One smiles at the simplicity of the phrase, but is it not touching too? The good woman's friends could hardly have said more for her human quality than in the few words that told the impress she had made on those around her.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. In the series *The Lives of the Presidents*, W. O. Stoddard has reached the third volume, containing the lives of Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams. (Stokes.) Like their predecessors, these lives are plain, unvarnished tales, deriving what value they have from their negative virtue of freedom from excessive detail and moralizing. They have no charm of style, but will give young readers a fairly good account of the main incidents in the careers of the men treated. — *Madame de Staël*, by Bella Duffy, is the sixteenth volume in the series of *Famous Women*. (Roberts.) A readable book, written with an English respect for the subject, and with a masculine discernment of its limitations. Recent women writers have been showing a coolness of air about their subjects which threatens to deprive us of our old privilege of smiling at feminine enthusiasm. — *Life and Labor, or Characteristics of Men of Industry, Culture, and Genius*, by Samuel Smiles. (Harpers.) Mr. Smiles's method is well known. He has applied it hitherto chiefly to muscle-workmen; now he takes up brain-workers, and making a few bags, labeled Great Young Men, Town and Country Life, Health and Hobbies, Great Old Men, Single and Married, and the like, he stuffs them with anecdotes, incidents, and quotations. The result is a book which one can dip into at any point and pull out a plum; of batter there is very little.

— *The Kentucky Resolutions of 1798*, by Ethelbert Dudley Warfield. (Putnams.) A careful and apparently impartial study of an important subject. The importance is less noticeable in the North than in the South, and less to be studied, perhaps, in popular consciousness than in the thinking of professional politicians who have transmitted the influence received by them. — *Reminiscences of Winfield Scott Hancock*, by his wife. (Charles L. Webster & Co., New York.) The title is correct, though the hasty reader might expect another book. Mrs. Hancock has recorded her recollections of the life which she passed with her husband. She was a true soldier's wife, and thus is able to set down many incidents strictly connected with Hancock's military career. Too much must not be asked of the author, who evidently writes out of a full heart, and not from a familiarity with book-making. — *Robert Southey, the story of his life* written in his letters, edited by John Dennis. (Lothrop.) Southey's letters are interesting as full records of a busy man of letters, who was greatly overrated by his neighbors and by himself, but who will always be regarded with respect and a certain affection by men of letters themselves. He was brave, hard-working, pitifully mistaken about his verse, an honest gentleman. — *The Genesis of the Civil War, the Story of Sumter*, by Samuel Wylie Crawford. (Webster.) Dr. Crawford was one of

Major Anderson's staff, and brings to his task a personal connection with the incidents of the historic attack on Sumter. He has used also the documents in the case, and has not spared to enter upon the political tangle which makes so interesting a preliminary to the actual conflict. The reader will find abundant detail, and will be especially interested in the narrative of events at Charleston in the initiation of the Secession movement. — *Matthew Calbraith Perry, a Typical American Naval Officer*, by William Elliot Griffis. (Cupples & Hurd.) A biography which has been written with painstaking care, with great diligence in the collection of material, and out of a real affection for the subject. Mr. Griffis is not always simple in his language, and he somewhat lacks clear perspective in his treatment, but his book is a good addition to our stock of naval and patriotic biographies. — *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*, by Henry Charles Lea. (Harpers.) This work is planned for three volumes, of which two now appear, covering the period preceding the Reformation. It is a learned work, packed with detailed information, and fortified with foot-notes. It taxes the reader, but it rewards him not only with a history which moves steadily toward definite ends, but with frequent suggestions of the interpretation of the human mind. American scholarship has already been honorably represented by Mr. Lea in his strong essays in the same general field, and this work is likely to receive more respect at a distance than familiar acquaintance by the general reader. — *The Scottish Pulpit, from the Reformation to the Present Day*, by William M. Taylor. (Harpers.) In effect, lectures upon Scottish ecclesiastical history, as illustrated by the careers of Knox, Melville, Rutherford, Dickson, Livingstone, Leighton, Chalmers, the Erskines, and others. The Scottish divines had so much to do with history that personal sketches could scarcely be made without a historical background. — *Decisive Battles since Waterloo*, the most important military events from 1815 to 1887, by Thomas W. Knox. (Putnams.) A volume which undertakes to supplement Creasy. The selection seems judicious, though probably few scholars would agree in making out the same list, and the author has made the decision to affect nationalities which many readers will feel little interest in. Nevertheless, the South American and Belgic contests give the book its specific value, we think, because the subjects are less hackneyed. — *The Life and Times of John Jay*, Secretary of Foreign Affairs under the Confederation, and first Chief Justice of the United States, with a sketch of public events from the opening of the Revolution to the election of Jefferson, by William Whitelock.

(Dodd, Mead & Co.) A respectable book. Jay was rather important as an agent in great affairs than personally impressive. He did not make history, but he was on hand when history was made. — *A History of the Negro Troops in the War of the Rebellion*, by George W. Williams. (Harpers.) A studiously temperate work, in which, after a rapid survey of the use of the negro in earlier military operations, a full narrative is given of the part which he played in the war for union. It would be strange if Mr. Williams, writing of his own race, did not appear somewhat as an historical advocate, but the reader readily pardons this offense, if it be one, in consideration of the good taste and freedom from fustian which characterize the work. The eloquence which sometimes catches the writer flows naturally from the mounting emotion caused by the memory of the war. — *Horse, Foot, and Dragoons*, by Rufus F. Zogbaum (Harpers), is an entertaining account of the author's military experience in France, England, Germany, and the United States. Mr. Zogbaum enriches his text with admirable drawings by his own pencil. — *My Autobiography and Reminiscences*, by W. P. Frith, R. A., and *What I Remember*, by Thomas Adolphus Trollope (Harpers), are two very entertaining books, each having its especial charm. Mr. Frith's volume abounds in pleasant anecdote, and Mr. Trollope's is full of shrewd observation of men and manners in the first half of this century. — *A Girl's Life Eighty Years Ago*, being selections from the letters of Eliza Southgate Bowne, with an introduction by Clarence Cook (Scribner's Sons), gives us a delightful picture of certain features of American social life in 1801 and thereabouts. The text is prettily illustrated with reproductions of miniatures by Malbone and others. — *An Abridged History of Canada*, by William H. Withrow; also an *Outline History of Canadian Literature*, by G. Mercer Adam. (William Briggs, Toronto.) A modest book, which does not offend by an exaggerated view of the subject, but industriously gathers into compact form such facts of political and literary growth as are worth knowing. There is little attempt at philosophical explanation of the barrenness of the literary field, yet is it not summed up, when we refer the dearth to the same cause as that of a similar dearth in our own colonial period, — the absence of any real self-centred life? — The fifth volume of Kinglake's *The Invasion of the Crimea* (Harpers) takes up the narrative after Inkerman, and carries it to the fall of Canrobert. The binding of the volume, which is uniform with the earlier ones, is an indirect evidence of the length of time that has elapsed since the work was launched. — *Memoirs of an Arabian Princess: an autobiog-*

raphy, by Emily Ruete. (Appleton.) The princess was born in Zanzibar, became an orphan at fifteen, underwent a revolution, married a German, and removed to Germany. She could not return to her own country owing to an estrangement from her brother, and the book is chiefly a record, from recollection of her early years. There is a plaintive tone throughout, and the life described is rather a cheerless one, but the record may serve as a corrective of a too rosy view of Eastern life. — *Memorials of a Southern Planter*, by Susan Dabney Smedes. (Cushings & Bailey, Baltimore.) The record of the life of T. S. G. Dabney, a Virginian, who removed to Mississippi, written by his daughter from recollections and letters. Mr. Dabney belonged to the finer strain of Southern life, and the book is a singularly interesting exhibition of the best class of Southern planters. — *Life of Thomas Hoplins Gallaudet*, by his son, Edward Miner Gallaudet. (Holt.) A brief, carefully prepared memoir of an interesting man, who was the pioneer in the movement for teaching the deaf-mutes, wrote a number of books for children, was chaplain of an insane asylum, and in great demand among evangelical circles as secretary of benevolent societies. He must have been a man worth knowing, but his son, while not writing a strictly eulogistic life, has not wholly succeeded in taking his father out of a somewhat limited circle, or in explaining the source of his power and the full meaning of his philanthropic work. — *The sixth volume of Winsor's admirable Narrative and Critical History of America* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) covers the period of the revolt of the New England colonies against the mother country. — *The English in the West Indies, or the Bow of Ulysses*, by James Anthony Froude (Harper & Bros.), is an essay of political intent in the disguise of a very delightful record of travel. We have been waiting a great many years for Mr. Froude to write a dull book.

Holiday Books and Books on Art. Charles Wesley's Hark, the Herald Angels Sing is issued in a little ribbon-tied book, with photogravures from rather interesting designs by Frederick W. Freer. (Stokes.) — *A Short History of Architecture*, by Arthur Lyman Tuckerman. (Scribners.) A modest contribution, which appears to rest upon a good historical knowledge and discrimination of styles, but we miss indications of that perception of art which penetrates the underlying thought. The book is good as far as it goes, but it is not an inspiring book. — *Olden-Time Music*, a Compilation from Newspapers and Books, by Henry M. Brooks. (Ticknor.) A scrap-book of advertisements, programmes, reminiscences, and the editor's own brief digests, relating to

music, chiefly in Salem. Readers of *The Atlantic* who recall Mr. Dwight's article on *Our Dark Age in Music*, in December, 1882, will find this little book a further illustration of Mr. Dwight's thesis, but not nearly so interesting. — *The White Ribbon Birthday Book*, a selection for each day from the best writers among women: edited by Anna A. Gordon; illustrated by Mary A. Lathbury. (Woman's Temp. Pub. Association, Chicago.) This is the first birthday book, we are told, composed, compiled, illustrated, and published solely by women. It is in truth an Adamless paradise sown with milkweed. — *The Cross and the Grail*, by Lucy Larcom; with selections from the poets Shakespeare, Longfellow, Whittier, and Phœbe and Alice Cary. Illustrated by Dora Wheeler. (Woman's Temp. Pub. Association, Chicago.) The poems selected are in the interest of temperance. The pictures have the same intention, but we are afraid that the young man in the last picture, who is no St. Anthony, would set up his goblet once more if he thought he should again have so interesting an angel call upon him. — *Eudora, a Tale of Love*, by M. B. M. Toland; with drawings by H. Siddons Mowbray and W. H. Gibson, and decorations in the text by L. S. Ipsen. (Lippincott.) Mr. Mowbray, in his desire, apparently, to make his figures natural, has made them uninteresting, but they are no more uninteresting than the same people in the verse. Mr. Gibson had a better chance, since there was no definite description of landscape which he was obliged to reproduce in line, and one or two of his scenes are fresh and effective. — *The Standard Cantatas*, their stories, their music, and their composers, by George P. Upton. (McClurg.) Mr. Upton has done for the cantatas what he had already done for oratorios and operas. This book is marked by the same industry, care, and good taste as its companion volumes. It is interesting to see how fair a proportion of American names appears among the list of composers of cantatas.

Government and National Development. The State, the Rudiments of New Zealand Sociology, for the use of beginners, by James H. Pope. (George Didsbury, Government Printer, Wellington, New Zealand.) A singular work, which is likely to have an interest centuries hence for the antiquarians of New Zealand. The author set out to instruct the Maoris in the elements of English political and sociological doctrine; he found this a somewhat incomplete end, and proceeded to help the older Maoris; and then he found that what he was teaching was equally needed by the English boys and young men. The oddity consists in the interesting attempt to impart notions of the most complex subjects of modern civilization to those

who are just emerging from savagery, and in the consequent use of illustrations drawn from local life. The author is very much in earnest and somewhat confused, we think, besides being a little of a doctrinaire. He says naively of the United States: "It is a great country still, but not nearly so great as it might easily be." — *Natural Resources of the United States*, by Jacob Harris Patton. (Appleton.) Mr. Patton has previously treated the same subject in brief in a primer, and now covers the same field more fully. He very properly takes up the separate subjects, such as coal, petroleum, iron, building stones, and follows each over the whole surface of the country. The book will be found full of suggestion, but seems to be lacking in scientific precision. It has no diagrams, which would have shown to the eye the distribution of products, though this has been done so well on a large scale in the statistical atlases that it would scarcely have been possible to repeat it here on a small scale to any great advantage: but the book is really unfinished, since it has no index, — an unpardonable sin in a work of this character. — From the Government Printing Office at Washington comes a volume of the Geological Survey upon the Mineral Resources of the United States, by David T. Day, which will give the reader of Mr. Patton's book, who is eager for more facts, all the facts, figures, and tables of which he may stand in need. — *Administrative Reform as an Issue in the Next Presidential Canvass*, by General C. C. Andrews, of Minnesota. (Riverside Press, Cambridge.) The subject is limited to reform of the civil service. — The volumes issued by the government upon the operations of the United States Life-Saving Service are always interesting reading, and the latest report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1886 (Government Printing Office, Washington), contains, besides the customary statistics and detailed narratives, interesting instructions to mariners in case of shipwreck, and directions for saving drowning persons. The narratives, however, are what make these volumes books of thrilling adventure. — *The Handbook of New Zealand Mines*. (George Didsbury, Government Printer, Wellington.) A stout volume of five hundred pages or so, issued by the colonial government, giving the history and results of the survey of the gold, silver, copper, antimony, and coal mines of New Zealand, with maps and illustrations, and an appendix devoted to schools of mines, principal forest trees, building materials, mineral waters, mineral leases, etc. The book is something more than a dry statistical compend, and has the fullness of detail and general readability which belong rather to the seductive pamphlets of mining companies. — *Sketch of American Finances, 1789-1835*, by John Watts

Kearny (Putnams), is a careful study of the subject with a view to an intelligent comprehension of the present financial problems. — *What shall We do with It?* is the title of a pamphlet (Harpers) in which taxation and revenue are discussed by President Cleveland in his message, by Blaine, Watterson, and Edmunds in interview and articles. The *it* of the title is the surplus. The question of the surplus is somewhat incidental, in this discussion, to the more comprehensive question, *How shall we stop having a surplus?* — The *Old South* and the *New* is a series of letters by William D. Kelley, and is Number XLV. of *Questions of the Day*. (Putnams.) These letters give detailed reports of personal observation in a large number of industrial centres at the South, and contain the author's hopeful view of the situation.

Poetry and the Drama. Moly, a Book of Poems, by Curtis May. (Putnams.) A volume of more than a hundred short poems. One finds here a good word, there a faint catch at a thought or a passing sentiment, but is obliged finally to say, *Some one with sensitiveness, but without creative power, has tried to use an art which he has not learned, to express feelings which he has not determined.* — *Heart Lyrics*, by Jessie F. O'Donnell. (Putnams.) Another book of verse. — *Poems, Dramatic and Lyric*, by Constance Faunt Le Roy Runcie. (Putnams.) The dramatic poems have ever so much fury, and the lyrics have in some instances been set to music by the author; but fury is not strength, and a lyric must be sung without music to be a lyric at all. — *Robert Emmet, a Tragedy of Irish History*, by Joseph J. C. Clarke. (Putnams.) Mr. Clarke has dramatized Emmet's short history, but has confined himself to prose. The incidents are in themselves dramatic, but the language of the dramatist is prosaic, and he seems more desirous of realizing the successive situations than of infusing his characters with life. *Naturalism in a drama must be something more than narrative turned into dialogue.* — *The Holy Child, or the Flight into Egypt*, by Thomas E. Van Bibber. (Putnams.) A versified and amplified narrative of the incident which is barely mentioned in scripture, and has been so often the subject of pictorial art. The book is illustrated by prints from famous pictures. — *Poems and Translations*, by Mary Morgan. (J. Theo. Robinson, Montreal.) The translations are from French, German, and Italian. The poems are some of them hymns. The author has merely mechanical facility. — *Fifty Years of English Song*, edited and arranged by Henry F. Randolph (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.), is an admirable compilation of poems selected from the poets of the Victorian period. The editor,

who has done his task with exceptional taste and thoroughness, seems to have got the suggestion of his anthology from Mr. Stedman's Victorian Poets. At all events, Mr. Randolph's volumes form a fitting pendant to Mr. Stedman's critical survey. The numerous notes, biographical and bibliographical, give a special value to the work. — Poems, by "Josiah Allen's Wife," Marietta Holley; illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson and others. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The thoughts and emotions expressed in this book gain nothing by being given in metrical form. — The Passion of Life, by Jessie Wilson Manning. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) The story of two lives, in their separate attraction and repulsion, told in smooth verse. The reader picks out the story from the poems, and has no great fault to find with it as a study of self-restraint. It is when he comes to inquire into the poetry of the thing that he begins at once to doubt. — Poems and Translations, by Lewis Frederick Starrett. (Rand Avery Co., Boston.) The larger part of the book is occupied with translations from Rückert, Uhland, Freiligrath, Bürger, Lenau, Heine, and other German lyrists. Mr. Starrett versifies freely, and he seems to keep pretty closely to the original, but there is a lack of that finish in form which is indispensable to successful translation. — Beyond the Shadow, and Other Poems, by Stuart Sterne. (Houghton.) The earnestness and intensity of this poet elicit a respectful attention when she sings, but one is likely to turn aside to blither songs. It requires a very sympathetic mood, if one would be in tune with this voice. In other words, she does not attract the ear, though one in just the same mood with the singer might respond. — From Heart and Nature, by Sarah Knowles Bolton and Charles Knowles Bolton. (Crowell.) Poems, we think, by mother and son. — Lotus and Jewel, containing In an Indian Temple, A Casket of Gems, A Queen's Revenge, with other poems, by Edwin Arnold. (Roberts.) It seems odd to see an acrostic of gems making out the name of the poet's sweetheart. It strikes one as Brummagem orientalism. Mr. Arnold uses Indian legend and myth freely, but there is such a thing as an abundance of orientalism producing the effect of an untranslatable poem in a foreign tongue. — Lyrics of the Ideal and the Real, by Coates Kinney. (From Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) A good deal of vigor has gone to the making of this book, and the effect is often narrowly near good poetry, as in the final poem of Ships Coming In. But a good deal of the vigor is noise and confusion.

Literature and Criticism. Wit, Wisdom, and Beauties of Shakespeare, edited by Clarence

Stuart Ward. (Houghton.) A handy little volume, which attracts by its reserve. Most readers will look for their favorite passages in a play; and whether or not they find all they want, they are not likely to find any indifferent ones. But it is a little doubtful if the demand for such books is as great as it was when literature was the accompaniment of elegant leisure. — Books Which Have Influenced Me. (Pott.) The authors of this brochure are Gladstone, Stevenson, Besant, Stead, Ruskin, Hamerton, Haggard, Blackie, Farrar, Smith, Dods (the Rev. Marcus Dods, D. D., if you want to know who Dods is), and Parker (the Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D.). Bits of autobiography, written thus to order, have an interest, but only occasionally throw any real light. If each one wrote about the books which no one else had read, there would be more point to the revelation, but necessarily the mental food of one man is largely that of all men in his general circumstance. — The third series of *The Best Reading*, edited by Lynd E. Jones, has been issued. (Putnam's.) It is a priced and classified bibliography, for easy reference, of the more important English and American publications for the five years ending December 1, 1886. The classification is by subjects, and the brevity of reference enables the editor to make his list very full. By means of abundant cross-references, he helps the dullest reader to track the book he is after. — *A History of Elizabethan Literature*, by George Saintsbury. (Macmillan.) The issue of Ward's English Poets may have suggested the series of four volumes upon the history of English literature of which this is the second in order, though the first to appear. It will be preceded in the final order by one on the Earliest Period of English Literature, by Stopford Brooke, and followed by the Literature of the Eighteenth Century, by Edmund Gosse, and Modern Literature, by Edward Dowden. Mr. Saintsbury's volume covers the period, substantially, from 1560 to 1660. He writes out of large learning, and holds his pen in a firm hand. Within the space at his command he manages to crowd a remarkable number of illustrations of his theme, without losing sight of the more general prospect, and there is a personal note often struck which indicates, we think, the influence upon a writer of so steadfastly connecting his own name with criticism. — *Slips of Tongue and Pen*, by J. H. Long. (Appleton.) A don't book, or, more correctly, a do not book. There is a collection of offenses against grammar and good taste, and the reader becomes somewhat bewildered by the succession of petty and grave errors. We notice the omission of one objectionable phrase, the use of "up" in unnecessary connection with

verbs, as ate up, or, worse still, cured up. — *Women and Men*, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. (Harpers.) A collection of sixty brief essays upon subjects which suggest themselves to a cultivated man of letters when addressing weekly an audience composed more of women than of men. The grace with which Colonel Higginson touches large subjects does not desert him when he takes up these minor and occasional themes; indeed, his lightness of touch does him special service here, and enables him to hold readers to some bit of ethics or good manners which might otherwise miss its mark. We would give more for the style of a person who read attentively this little book than for that of one who committed to memory the whole of such books as *Slips of Tongue and Pen*. — *Harvard Reminiscences*, by Andrew P. Peabody. (Ticknor.) Dr. Peabody's direct connection with the university has extended not much over a quarter of a century, we believe, but he has never been outside of its penumbra since he graduated from it, a mere boy, sixty years or so ago. Accordingly, he is able to speak at first hand of Kirkland, the Wares, Popkin, Quincy, Story, Willard, Farrar, Norton, and others, some seventy in all, whose names are still within the memory of living men, though, unlike stars, their light is receding as they retire in time. His sketches are not wholly matters of reminiscence, but are in effect brief biographies, and are marked by that charity of judgment and generous sympathy which have made him the welcome companion of three generations of men. — *Essays chiefly on Poetry*, by Aubrey de Vere (Macmillan & Co.), is a work of which we shall speak in detail in a future number.

Text-Books and Education. *Animal Life in the Sea and on the Land*, a zoölogy for young people, by Sarah Cooper. (Harpers.) The writer begins with sponges, and ends with man. The chapter about man, however, is only fifteen lines long, and there is a discreet absence of connection with the previous chapter on monkeys. There is a good deal attempted in the book, and teachers would probably find it most useful as a skeleton to work from. — *Elocution for Advanced Pupils*, a practical treatise, by John Murray. (Putnams.) Different from the ordinary treatises on this subject in that it deals little with technicalities, and aims at applying directly such rules as would occur to a person well at home in the meaning of what is to be read or spoken, and gifted with delicacy of discrimination. — *Classic German Course in English*, by William Cleaver Wilkinson. (Chautauqua Press, New York.)

A convenient hand-book for those who do not read German, and wish to get as close and rapid a knowledge as they can of the body of classic German literature. The plan of the book is to give a sketch of German literature as marked by the great writers, illustrated by translations of verse and prose, sometimes the author's, sometimes borrowed from recognized sources. — *Platform Voices*, choice temperance recitations for old and young, edited by Julia A. Ames. (Woman's Temperance Publication Association.) What should we do without specialists in morals, and what can we do with them? Here is a collection of poems and prose extracts which appear to be absolutely free from all intoxicating qualities, yet just as devoid of any literary merit. We should as soon expect a patient to eat his mustard plaster as that the inebriate, or the ebriate either, would be goaded into temperance principles by having this doggerel recited to him. — *Hand-Book of Volapük*, by Charles E. Sprague. (The Office Company, New York.) If the ordinary English-speaking person can really master Volapük by attentively studying this small book, the enthusiasts who are advocating the use of this international language ought not to despair of seeing a race of clerks who can correspond in it. — *Volapük, a Guide for Learning the Universal Language*, by Samuel Huebsch. (435 East 86th St., New York.) A still smaller book, but we should say one that made a teacher somewhat more necessary. — *Higher Ground, Hints toward settling the Labor Troubles*, by Augustus Jacobson. (McClurg.) A neatly printed book, by a strong advocate of industrial education. We can hardly imagine a more demoralizing policy than that suggested by the writer, who would have the State keep the children of the poor longer at school by paying a sum of money to the parents, the amount being equivalent to what the child might be expected to earn during the same period if set at work. If we go on eliminating the element of sacrifice in education, we shall find ourselves at last with selfishness at the top and bottom of our whole civil order. — *Industrial Instruction*, a pedagogic and social necessity, together with a critique upon objections advanced, by Robert Seidel; translated by Margaret K. Smith. (Heath.) This little book deals with the subject largely in its relation to prevalent social questions, — an important consideration; yet will not the permanence of industrial education as a component part of a public-school system depend upon its essential relation to education psychologically considered?